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Charles F. Warner (Charles Forbes)

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PICTURESQUE DETROIT

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AND ENVIRONS

1,000 ILLUSTRATIONS

COMPLIMENTS OF

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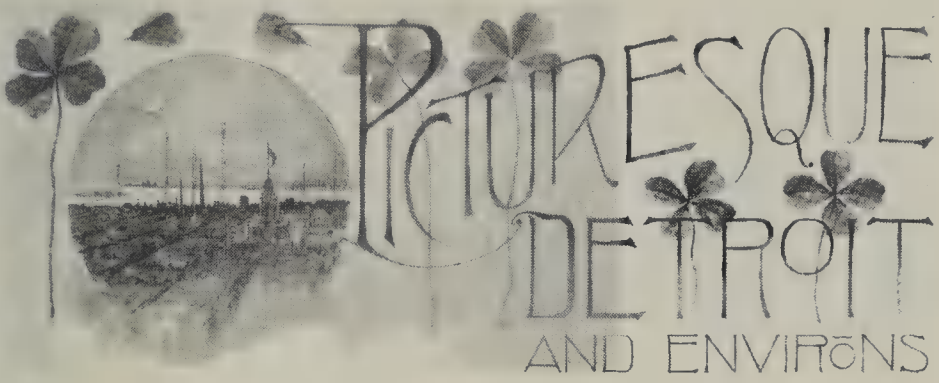
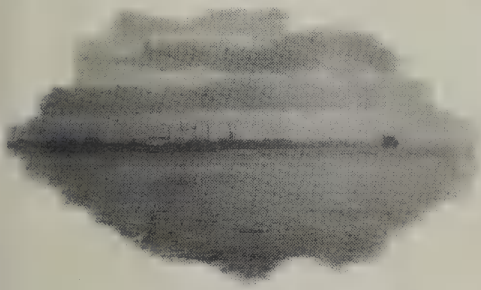

PICTURESQUE
DETROIT
AND ENVIRONS

INTRODUCTORY

Reference to Baedecker's U. S., to innumerable summer-tour publications, to the guide books published by the Appletons and other well known establishments, discloses the undeniable fact that the city of Detroit is, by comparison with other and much less favored localities, practically unknown to the masses among those who travel. It has a general reputation as a beautiful city and prosperous business center, but aside from a most desirable local time, it does not begin to receive the attention which by reason of its remarkably varied resources, it deserves.

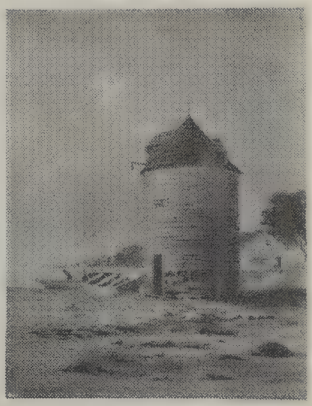


LOOKING DOWN SANDWICH POINT

That Detroit has the admiration, favor and loyalty of its own citizens and of those residents of immediately adjacent cities—Cleveland, Toledo, Grand Rapids and the like, is proof positive that her attractions are much more than common because it is only such extraordinary conditions as exist in Detroit, that are competent to disprove the force of the old axiom: "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country."

[illegible]

By virtue of unqualified faith in the uncommon and undeniable beauties of Detroit as a home, as a summer resort and as a commercial center and because of a firm conviction that that city is the central point of as interesting and delightful a section—consisting of Michigan and her great Lakes—as is in America, the publishers, assisted by friends of the city and this work have caused the enterprise forward with sincerity according to the best means practicable. The purpose has been to avoid, as much as possible, the conventionalities of the business directory and the guide book and to indulge as little as consistent, in the details of history, the chief aim being to present, pictorially and interestingly, the many attractive features of the neighborhood in question; to produce a volume which will show to persons not acquainted with this region, the incontrovertible fact that here is a topic, a lesson, an opportunity well worth their attention.

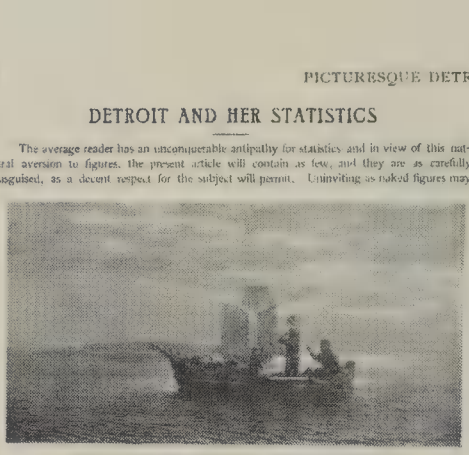


[illegible]

For that man or woman who desires to locate permanently, pleasantly and profitably, for the fortunate individual, who, having acquired a competence seeks a pleasant home, for the traveler from over the seas or from distant portions of our own land, for the summer tourist, for the fisherman, the huntsman or the yachtsman, there is, as is demonstrated by the presentation made in this book, no better place in America. It is to prove this fact that this enterprise has been carried forward to completion and it is because that we believe that we have made out our case, conclusively, that we have faith that the people of Detroit and adjacent cities will rally loyally and numerously to the support of "Picturesque Detroit and Environs."

DETROIT AND HER STATISTICS

The average reader has an unconquerable antipathy for statistics and in view of this natural aversion to figures, the present article will contain as few, and they are as carefully disguised, as a decent respect for the subject will permit. Uninviting as naked figures may



SCENE OF THE OLD FRENCH MARKET BOAT—FORT WAYNE IN THE DISTANCE

appear, they still form the only accurate scale by which to measure the progress or retrogression of cities, states, and nations. To glance at the history of Detroit and apply this gauge to its past development and present status, may not be entirely devoid of interest.

Detroit is the oldest permanent settlement in the North-west Territory, assuming any importance as a modern city, and its history is surrounded by the charm that always results from intimate association with a remote past, while Indian legends and the mingled history and tradition of pioneer life, cast an irresistible spell over its early existence. Long ere the white man invaded the Western solitudes, the native red man seems to have possessed a lively appreciation of the natural resources and beauty of the Detroit River and the contiguous territory. In 1603, many years before either military daring or religious enthusiasm had pierced the wilderness which enveloped the Great Lakes, the intrepid French leader, Champlain, had received from his Indian allies, the most favorable account of the land where, a century later, his countrymen should plant the out-post of civilization, under the benign protection of the Lily and the Cross. In 1670, Fathers Galinée and Dollier visited this region, and confirmed the good reports already received, concerning its riches and beauty. In 1679, "The Griffon," the first sail-boat on the Great Lakes, passed through the river. In 1694, Antoine Laumet De La Mothe Cadillac was appointed governor of Mackinaw, and his attention was at once arrested by the great natural advantages of Detroit, as a site for a military and trading post. After years of effort, he at last obtained authority from the French Government to found such a post. On the 24th of July, 1701, he arrived with fifty artisans and fifty soldiers to plant in the wilderness, an embryo city. Two days later, the foundations of St. Anne's Church were laid, and, hand in hand, Church and State began, in the heart of a savage continent, the struggle for life.

THE CAMPAU HOMESTEAD

The site selected for Detroit is on the north bank of a western bend in the river, whose general course is from north to south. The river is twenty-seven miles in length, having a fall of only three feet in its entire course; yet its mean velocity is 1.79 miles per hour. It is the outlet of the largest bodies of fresh water in the world, aggregating eighty-two thousand square miles of lake surface, and these lakes, in turn, drain one hundred twenty-five thousand square miles of land. The land upon which the city is built, is gently undulating, increasing in altitude with the distance from the river. At the intersection of Jefferson and Woodward Avenues, near the river, the elevation is twenty-two feet, while, at the intersection of Woodward Avenue and the Holden Road, two and one-half miles farther from the river, the elevation is fifty-two feet. The altitude of the city above the sea is six hundred feet.

THE GABRIEL RICHARD HOUSE, FRONT VIEW

It is not the province of this article to insist on the historical, and as the statistics of the first century of growth are meager, that period will be rapidly passed over. St. Anne's Church, one of the first buildings to be erected in the settlement, was burned in 1703, but re-built the following year. Its records preserved from that date are the oldest in the West, save the similar records of the Roman Catholic churches at St. Ignace and Kaskaska in Michigan. The French remained in possession of Detroit until 1760, when it passed from French to English control on the 29th of November. The early French traders and missionaries were generally successful in living on amicable terms with the aboriginals; and when the tri-color of France fell before English prowess, the Indians still remained attached to their former allies. This sentiment culminated in 1763, in the "Conspiracy of Pontiac," which, stripped of all its romance, was a serious affair for the English garrison, to which the ambush of Bloody Run came very near furnishing a tragic climax.

SCENE OF THE OLD GLASS WORKS, FROM THE RIVER

An important event in Detroit history occurred in 1796, when the stars and stripes were raised, for the first time, over the city—thirteen years after its acquisition by the treaty of 1783, terminating the Revolution. From August 15th, 1812, to September 29th, 1813, Detroit was again in possession of the British forces. On the latter day, the American flag was once more unfurled over Detroit—let us hope never again to be lowered. In 1824, Detroit became a city by virtue of a charter granted by the Territorial Council, and when, thirteen years later, Michigan was admitted to the Union, Detroit enjoyed the double distinction of capital and metropolis of the Wolverine State. Her worth and popularity since have proved that it might well have been continued.

POPULATION

If a logical arrangement of a statistical article be possible, perhaps, in this case, the subject of "Population" would first engage attention. Through the courtesy of Mr. C. M. Burton, who possesses the most valuable historical library in the city, and who has spared neither time nor money to complete his collection of local historical data, I have examined Mss. copies of the first three enumerations, so far as known, ever made of Detroit's population. The first is dated September 22nd, 1773, and gives many details, of which the following is a summary:

THE OLD HANCKMER HOUSE

REAR VIEW OF THE LABADIE HOUSE

Men	298
Women	225
Young men from 10 to 20 years	84
Young women from 10 to 20 years	58
Boys under 10 years	284
Girls under 10 years	240
Servants	93
Male slaves	46
Female slaves	39
Total	1,367

The above does not include the soldiers, sailors, and officers in the Government Service, but does include, the writer quaintly adds, one man, one woman, and three servants residing on Hog (Belle) Island.

The second census record is dated April 20th, 1778, and shows an increase of over 50 per cent in the five intervening years. The totals are:—

Men	564
Women	474
Young men and boys	530
Young women and girls	438
Male servants	172
Female servants	59
Slaves	107
Total	2,144

The third of these unique records is dated July 20th, 1782, and the totals are as follows:

Heads of families	391
Married women	254
Widows and hired women	72
Young and hired men	363
Boys	526
Girls	503
Male slaves	78
Female slaves	101
Total	2,191

This is stated not to include about one hundred persons employed in the King's Service. It is also added that 13,770 acres of land are under cultivation, an area equal to about three-quarters of the territory within the present city limits. The fact of so slight an increase during the four years between the second and third census, is owing, doubtless, to the war then in progress, and the consequent dangers of frontier residence. One item which comes as an unpleasant reminder of an evil long since past, is the enumeration of slaves; their number increased from 85, in 1773, to 106, 1778, and 179 four years later. It will be understood that these figures do not apply to the village itself. Indeed, its limits at this time, were not clearly defined; but these enumerations embrace the entire settlement, extending for several miles each way along the river bank. In addition to these figures, a large amount of information is given concerning the crops raised, the number of domestic animals owned, and other agricultural items.

CITY HALL, HAMMOND AND McGRAW BUILDINGS

The first official census of the city was taken by the United States Government in 1810, and each decade since has witnessed a careful enumeration as follows:

1810	1,650	
1820	1,442	
1830	2,222,	an increase of 54 per cent.
1840	9,100	an increase of 317 per cent.
1850	21,019,	an increase of 142 per cent.
1860	45,619,	an increase of 117 per cent.
1870	79,599,	an increase of 75 per cent.
1880	116,342,	an increase of 46 per cent.
1890	205,875,	an increase of 77 per cent.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CAMPAU HOUSE—MR. CAMPAU IN DOORWAY

The State Census of 1884 gave 132,956, showing an average increase of over 9 per cent, during the last six years of the decade. It is generally admitted that, in the three years since 1890, the city has grown more rapidly than ever before. The Post-Office Mail Department shows an increase in business of eleven and two-thirds per cent, for the fiscal year ending March 31st, 1893, over the previous year. If the same rate of increase be maintained in population since the last census, a simple computation gives 285,000 as the city's population in 1893.

As to the character of this population, much might be said. In 1892, the factories and work-shops of Detroit gave employment to 45,000 persons, of whom 37,000 were males. It is a conservative estimate to suppose these employes, with their families, constitute fully one-half of our population. That this great industrial population is prosperous, is evidenced by the fact that a very large percentage are home owners, and by the farther fact that the savings deposits in our city banks amount to $100, *per capita*, of the entire population. The city limits embrace twenty-nine square miles, or 18,500 acres, which would afford one acre of ground to each 15.25 persons on the above estimate of numbers. Of the sixteen wards, into which the city is divided, the 9th is the most populous, followed by the 5th, 10th, 7th, and 12th, in the order named, the 15th having the smallest population.

In 1890, nearly 40 per cent. of the population were foreign born, as follows:

Born in Germany	35,481
Born in Canada and Newfoundland	18,791
Born in Ireland	7,447
Born in England	7,168
Born in Poland	5,351
Born in Scotland	2,459
Born in other countries	5,012
Total	81,709

MANUFACTURES

In view of the statement just made, that fully one-half of the population is dependent upon the manufacturing industries of the city, no apology need be offered for introducing manufacturing statistics as second only to population in importance. The explanation of Detroit's success as an industrial center may be epitomized in a single word, "location." The city presents seven and one-half miles front to the greatest commercial highway of the world, affording direct communication with the forests of Canada and Michigan, the largest in Christendom. By the same channel, the mines of Michigan, producing nearly one-half of the iron and copper ore of the entire country, are made tributary to the furnaces and work-shops of the city. The location of Detroit also makes it the gate-way between two empires, giving her manufactures preference in the Canadian markets. Intelligent labor at reasonable rates, cheap building material, exceedingly low water rates, and

favorable factory sites, with either water or railroad frontage, are other advantages enjoyed by the industrial interests of Detroit.

The majority of the great industries here have started from small beginnings, and grown with the city; thus affording, from the records of the past, the best evidence of their stability. The Michigan Car Co. began its career in 1865, and the Peninsular Car Co. in 1870. These

OLD HOUSE ON DETROIT RIVER

two concerns are now consolidated, having the most extensive plant, and producing the largest number of freight and refrigerator cars, of any organization in the world. The Detroit Bridge & Iron Works were established in 1863.—The Fulton Iron & Engine Works in 1850. Safes were first manufactured in 1865, and stoves one year earlier. The first Lake Superior iron was smelted here in 1854, when the Eureka Iron & Steel Works were built. Copper Smelting Works were established in 1850. What is now the largest factory in the world for the manufacture of drugs and medicines, was established here in 1867, while the largest varnish factory was started in 1858. One of the largest tobacco factories originated in 1848, and the largest one in the West, dates its existence from 1856. The manufacture of organs was begun in 1850, and of matches in 1856. Hundreds of others might be called to witness the permanence of Detroit's great industries. The following is a summary of the industrial situation of the city in the three years given:—

	1880	1890	1892
Factories	[illegible]	1,544	2,200
Capital	$15,504,170	$45,073,043	$60,000,000
Employes	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wages	[illegible]	$18,[illegible]	$20,[illegible]
Value of Product	[illegible]	77,[illegible]	[illegible]

[illegible]

The figures for 1880 and 1890 are taken from the United States Census Reports; the figures for 1892 are from a thorough canvass made by the writer, under the auspices of the Detroit Real Estate Board, and believed to be quite as reliable as the census figures, with which they correspond very closely, after making due allowance for the natural increase of the two years. It is probable that the amounts given for 1892, increased by about fifteen per cent., would furnish a very accurate statement of the situation for 1893.

AMONG INDIVIDUAL INDUSTRIES

The most important is that of manufacturing cars. The various shops devoted to this industry employ over six thousand men, and the product, comprising all kinds of freight and refrigerator cars, and all classes of coaches, amounts to over $15,000,000 annually.

In the production of stoves, Detroit stands absolutely without a rival. Its factories are more extensive, and their product greater than those of any other city in the world. In the four great factories, 2,100 men are constantly employed, receiving in monthly wages, $130,000. The annual out-put is valued at $3,375,000, comprising 165,000 stoves and ranges, besides, a large number of warm air furnaces, of which Detroit contains the only factory in the North-west.

The manufacture of lumber in its various forms gives employment to 2,100 men, whose monthly pay amounts to $81,300. The annual out-put, which includes dressed lumber, sash, doors, blinds, etc., is valued at $4,270,000, representing $3,100,000 of invested capital.

The manufacture of furniture, including chairs, employs 1,200 operatives, and the annual out-put amounts to $1,500,000.

The paint and varnish product amounts to $5,270,000, and finds a market in every quarter of the globe.

Brick-yards, within or near the city confines, produce 100,000,000 brick annually.

[illegible] THE OLD HOUSE INTO THE NEW OLD CITY HALL

WOODWARD AVENUE, FROM WINDER STREET

Detroit has the largest establishment for the production and distribution of seeds in the world. The seeds are grown on every continent, wherever suitable soil and climate can be found, and the product is distributed from the immense warehouses in this city to every land.

In 1892, there was manufactured, in this Internal Revenue District, 18,755,350 lbs. of tobacco, valued at $4,000,000. Fully 68 per cent. of this amount was the out-put of Detroit factories. In the same period and territory, 100,782,035 cigars, of a value of $4,270,000, were produced, about 75 per cent. of which were the product of Detroit factories. In 1892, the total amount of internal revenue collected in the district, exceeded $2,000,000, about $1,720,000 being levied upon products of Detroit factories.

In no branch of manufacturing industry, is Detroit more widely or favorably known than in the production of drugs, chemicals, perfumes, and medicines. It boasts the largest factory of this class in the world, with several

[illegible] HIGH SCHOOL [illegible]

others that also stand at the head of particular branches of the trade. These houses give employment to 1,020 people, about equally divided as to sex, who receive $71,500 in monthly wages. The annual output is $8,100,000, and over $2,000,000 is invested in the business.

There are many other interesting details at hand, concerning the various manufacturing industries of the city, but the limits of this article forbid their further consideration.

REAL ESTATE

In its relation to the growth and expansion of the city, to the happiness and prosperity of the people, the real estate interest is second to none other in importance. It is one of the happiest circumstances attending the development of Detroit, that there never has been a time in its history when pleasant and comfortable homes could not be secured by the humblest laborer, at small cost, and on the most lenient terms. This fact has resulted in the building of a city of homes, in the encouragement of economy and sobriety, and in building up a great industrial army of quiet, law-abiding citizens, each one of whom feels that he has a tangible interest in the good name and good government of the city, and the preservation of law and order. There is no present indication that this condition of cheap homes will be altered in the future.

For the past decade, the value of real estate transfers, as shown by the recorded deeds, is as follows:

VIEW ON GRISWOLD STREET DURING NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT, G. A. R., 1891

ALONG THE DECKS

[illegible]	$ [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]

A comparison of these figures, with those given under other lines of business, will reveal a remarkable uniformity of increase, and show that the real estate business of the city has, for the most part, been legitimate and *bona fide*, not speculative. So far as it is possible to make an intelligent comparison between this and other cities, such comparison will show that, for the advantages offered, the price of real estate is lower in Detroit than in any other city of the country. This fact is owing, largely, to the city's having free room for expansion on three sides, the territory in each direction being suitable for business and residence.

In 1893, the assessed value of Detroit real estate was $145,041,000, of which sum the bare land was supposed to represent $102,008,150, or an average of $8,833 per acre. At 50 per cent of the actual values, this would make the average value on land within the city limits, about $7,000 per acre. The highest price at which a transfer has ever been recorded is a little less than $35 per square foot for Woodward Avenue frontage. In 1892, there were recorded 150 plats, representing 17,285 lots.

BUILDING

Closely allied to real estate is the builders' trade. The figures published regarding this industry are very misleading, since they only cover the territory within the city limits, while the owners of thousands of factories and dwellings, just without the imaginary line, are so closely identified with the city as their neighbors within. The following tells the tale of the last seven years:

	New buildings	Repairs	Cost
1887	[illegible]	437	$[illegible]
1888	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1889	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1890	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1891	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1892	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1893	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

A PICTURE AT THE FOOT OF WOODWARD AVENUE

The present year, thus far, shows a large increase over the corresponding months of 1892. The new Union Depot, and Hotel St. Clair, just completed, the Chamber of Commerce, the Union Trust Co's Block, the Home Savings Bank Block, and the magnificent Government building, all in process of erection, form important additions to the city's architectural beauty.

FINANCIAL

All peoples, in all ages of the world, have found some medium of exchange, and some system of finance, however rude, a necessity. A view of its financial history forms a very reliable index to the progress and prosperity of any locality. The first bank of Michigan was established in 1806, and was known as the Detroit Bank. Its brief career of two years does not point to unqualified success. The Bank of Michigan was organized in 1818, and weathered the financial storms for about fifteen years, when it succumbed. Those were precarious years for financiers. Other banks opened and closed with bewildering rapidity. Finally, in 1840, the Detroit Savings Fund Institute was chartered. This was re-organized in 1871, being called the Detroit Savings Bank, and is the oldest bank now in existence in the city. In 1883, a clearing-house was established, the business of which, for successive years, is shown below:

1883	$131,415,950
1884	133,570,835
1885	142,284,004
1886	165,798,938
1887	198,085,925
1888	227,508,339
1889	247,414,800
1890	300,658,010
1891	317,054,765
1892	364,180,629

The report for 1892 covers the operations of twenty-one banks; two savings banks and the Union Trust Co. not being included. The resources of the twenty-four banking institutions amounted, at the close of 1892, to $60,200,558.82, the total deposits to $56,850,916.82, of which $20,028,501.74 were savings deposits; the capital to $8,150,000, and loans and discounts to $34,075,854.25.

A brief glance at municipal finance will be of interest. In 1885, the gross debt amounted to $850,500, the sinking fund to $838,238, leaving a net debt of $12,262. Since that date, the gross debt has steadily increased, while the sinking fund has diminished, until, on May 1st, 1893, the net debt of the municipality amounted to $2,279,008.42, which sum will be increased more than one-half, the present year. Extensive public improvements, of undoubted worth, are supposed to furnish ample apology for the debt thus assumed. In the same period, the assessed value of property has increased from $110,240,045 in 1885, to $100,079,210, in 1893, and the tax levy from $1,252,353, to $3,015,817.72, or from ten and seventy-seven one-hundredths to fifteen and sixteen one-hundredths dollars per thousand. Compared with last year, the present year shows a gratifying decrease in rate of taxation, the rate being $1.47 less, and the total amount raised, $45,000 less than in 1892.

THE CITY'S LARDER — CENTRAL MARKET

"ALL ABOARD FOR THE ISLAND!"

TRANSPORTATION AND TRADE

Few cities have such splendid commercial facilities. The Detroit River is the world's greatest commercial high-way, and carries an annual tonnage equal to that clearing from the three greatest salt water ports of the world—London, New York, and Liverpool.

The figures of the river tonnage for 1892 are not at hand, but in 1891 there were 34,251 vessels, of a registered tonnage of 22,160,000, passed through the Detroit River. These figures include only vessels clearing at United States Custom Houses. For 1890, Brig. Gen. O. M. Poe, of the United States engineers, estimated the total tonnage at 28,000,000, and for 1892, 30,000,000 is doubtless a conservative estimate. The annual tonnage of the Suez Canal, that great international water-way, is about 7,000,000, is scarcely one-quarter the volume of commerce passing Detroit.

The railroads are also quite as important factors in the city's commercial life. In 1892, 357,775 loaded freight cars crossed the Detroit River at this point. That was an average of 980 cars, and more than 10,000 tons of freight for each day of the year. Detroit has practically twelve distinct lines of railroad, affording communication with every point North, South, East, and West. The lines are, The Detroit, Lansing & Northern; Wabash; Canadian Pacific; Grand Trunk; Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee; Detroit, Bay City, & Alpena; Lake Shore & Michigan Southern; Flint & Pere Marquette; and the Michigan Central, with its four branches—Canadian, Jackson, Bay City, and Toledo. Another road is sure to be built in the near future, giving the city connection with the Great Pennsylvania System, and direct communication with the coal and oil fields of that section. The value of imports at this point for 1892 was $4,610,815, of exports, $5,855,130, making a total of $10,474,005 in foreign trade.

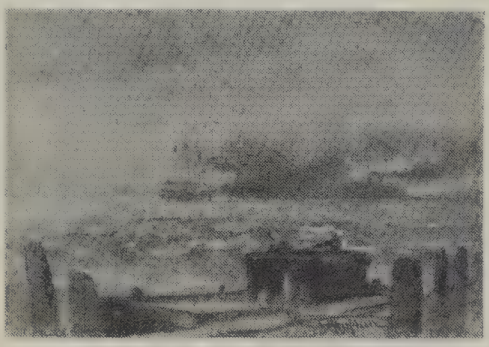
SCHOOL, CHURCH AND PRESS

The clergyman, the school-teacher, and the printer form the trinity which molds the destinies of Christendom. Remove either, and a serious blow is struck at civilization; remove all, and the blow is a fatal one. Detroit is favored in the high character of church, school and press, each of which has done well its allotted work. The first newspaper was "The Michigan Essay," or "The Impartial Observer"—established in 1809. At present, there are eighty periodicals issued in the city, each having a *bona fide* circulation, and filling its proper sphere. There are four English daily, two morning, and two evening papers, and one German evening paper which are powerful factors in the city's development.

Detroit has fifty-seven public schools, which registered, at the commencement of the year 1892-3, 21,833 pupils, an increase of 1,030 over the previous year. It has sixty-five private schools, colleges, etc., besides

several art schools. The public schools employ 020 teachers.

As already stated, St. Anne's Church was among the first buildings in the new settlement. For sixty years, Detroit remained distinctly Catholic. With the English, in 1700, came Protestantism, although it was not until 1820 that the first Protestant Church edifice was formally dedicated. From its earliest days, until the present, the Church has exerted a powerful influence in molding the character of the city, and the strength of this influence has kept full pace with the city's growth. In 1802, there were 150 churches and missions, of which 24 were Roman Catholic, 23 Episcopal, 22 Methodist Episcopal, 21 Lutheran, 15 Presbyterian, 14 Baptist, and 31 of various other denominations. These figures have been somewhat increased during the current year. The various church edifices have sittings for over 100,000 worshipers. Many of the building are models of architectural art.



VIEW ON THE RIVER, FOOT OF FIRST STREET (FROM A PAINTING BY HOPKINS)

MISCELLANEOUS

Detroit has fifteen parks, containing 750 acres, of which Belle Isle contains 700 acres. Another park of 100 acres awaits acceptance, when the city can secure the right to receive it. The Grand Boulevard, 12 miles long, and from 200 to 300 feet wide, is practically one great park, extending from Belle Isle Bridge on the east, to the river bank on the west, and encircling the city upon three sides, a distance of about 12 miles.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF MICHIGAN AVENUE

Many of the finest residence avenues are bordered on either hand by grassy plats and great shade trees, giving the street all the charms of a park, while thousands of residences, both of the palatial and the cottage type, are embowered in shrubbery and lawns that surpass in beauty the best of public parks.

The city has nine theatres, museums, and rinks, affording amusement of endless variety.

There are three public libraries, containing 120,000 volumes, the principal library being one of the finest in the country.

No city has a purer or more certain water supply. The works are ample, and the water is furnished in unlimited quantity, at exceedingly low rates; 430 miles of mains distribute the water throughout the city.

THE McGRAW BUILDING

The death rate in Detroit is among the lowest of any city. For years, the annual death rate has fallen between 19 and 20 to the thousand, in 1800 being 19.3. The other large cities of the country grade upward from this rate, until New York caps the climax with a death rate of 28.8 to the thousand.

The city has an equable climate, the temperature not showing the variations recorded in neighboring cities. Thus, for the past four years, Detroit's range in temperature has been 8 degrees less than Chicago's, 12 degrees less than Milwaukee's, and 26.5 degrees less than St. Paul's.

* * * * *

From the mass of statistical matter at hand, an attempt has been made to present herewith a few of the most important facts relating to Detroit. The reader, whose patience has enabled him to peruse the article to the end, will have discovered that the past record and the present condition of Detroit justify the presentation of four distinct claims for the consideration of all people. Detroit, as a prosperous manufacturing center, as a beautiful residence city, as a city for summer rest and recreation, as a safe and desirable investment field, challenges the attention of the world, and invites the most thorough investigation. The city's claim to pre-eminence in each of these directions is not based upon prospective, but upon the existing conditions. The residence feature belongs to a descriptive, rather than to a statistical article, hence, no attempt has been made to elucidate that portion of the subject. But if the figures herewith presented fail to convey a favorable idea of the city's industrial life and opportunities, the fault is that of the statistician, and not of the facts with which he has attempted to deal.

J. C. Ferry.

FOOT OF [illegible] STREET, FROM M. C. R. R. DEPOT

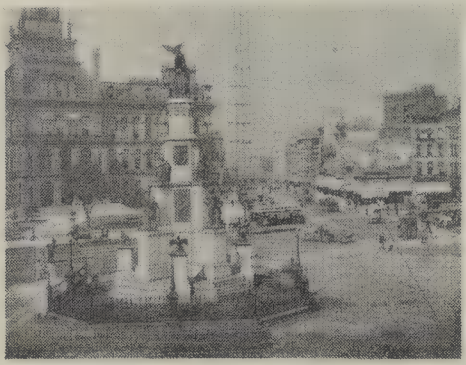
OUR OFFERING

We of the present day, by reason of a certain indefinite license, accorded poets and painters, seldom think of La Sieur Cadillac and his confreres except as personages somewhat stately and very much emphasized in appearance by gilt trimmed, square-cut coats, knee breeches of velvet with jet embellishment, lace frills and cuffs and picturesque chapeaux above long curling and well kept hair.

The probable truth is, that the little band of 100 pioneers who, on that sultry, clear 24th day of July, 1701, guided their quaint fleet of canoes from the waters of the St. Clair to a landing place on the Strait just above the mouth of the River Savoyard, presented no such appearance. They had been several weeks on the journey from Montreal and it is most likely that even when they left that city they were attired in accordance with their environment; that the Sieur Cadillac, the captain, Mons. Tonty, the sub-officers, the M. M. Chacornacle and Dugue, the soldiers and the woodsmen and even the

priests, Rev. Fr. del Halle and Valient, were all wearers of garments of leather and coarse woolen stuffs, more or less tried by hard wear and but slightly decorated.

But what mattered it? Beneath those leathern jerkins throbbed strong hearts, warm with unity of purpose, sustained by honest ambitions and irresistible wills. They found a natural place of refuge because upon their arrival at Detroit they saw on either bank of the river, large and populous Indian villages; especially brilliant judgment was not required in order to decide



SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT AND VIEW ON MICHIGAN AVENUE

as to where they should plant their flag and their cross, because the location already had the stamp of approval at the hands of and by the traditions of the aborigines. The extent and resources of the Great Lake Country, north and west of the Strait, were well known to Cadillac and his followers and they appreciated the fact that thus situated, they must command all egress therefrom to the water-ways and marts below.

Nearly 200 years of tremendous progress and development has served to emphasize this proposition so that to-day, whether one approaches Detroit from Lake Erie or from the Superior region, from the east or from the west, its position as a commercial center is at once apparent. The great island of beauty at the head of the river which Cadillac and his men saw in its best garb of natural glory, is to-day unique as a wondrously delightful municipal park; the little knoll but a stone's throw back from the river bank and near to where the pioneers erected their first little chapel is to-day a spacious level Campus Martius, — a striking middle point to the business center of a thrifty, progressive and altogether lovely metropolis, where nearly 300,000 persons now find permanent abiding places.

DEPARTING THE LAST TOW — DETROIT DOCKS

It is to such a city as this that the readers of this volume are invited and that the description thereof may, in its effectiveness, be as near to nature as possible, counterfeit reproductions of the city's treasures in landscape, marine views, woodland, park beauties, architectural triumphs and the like, have been the chief reliance. While there has been no desire to deal in the stereotyped tables of the business directory, no effort to duplicate the monuments of geography or the incunabilia of the guide books, enough will be found pertaining to the general outlines of history, it is hoped, to serve as a sufficient setting for the salient characteristics of a region second to none in its interesting career in the past, its present and most satisfactory condition and its undeniably hopeful prospects. The able text contributions by Rt. Rev. John Foley, Bishop of Detroit, by Chas. M. Burton, Richard R. Elliot and James C. Perry; the excellent works by those history preservers — the artists — Messrs. Hopkins, Dunstmore, Mylne, Conely, Packbauer, Owen, Butterfield, Clark and Dow; the skilled results from the hands of the photographers, all combine in an effort, which we believe, has been very successful, to make a showing that is commensurate with the merits of the topic.

DETROIT RESIDENCE — P. L. S. 626387

WATER WORKS AND PARK

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF DETROIT

The word "Detroit" as used by early French inhabitants, comprehended the entire country from Lake Erie to Lake Huron, and the first settlement that bore the name of Detroit was situated on St. Clair River, somewhere in the vicinity of Fort Gratiot. This settlement was founded by Dulaith on 1688 under the instructions of Marquis de Denonville, Governor of Canada, in order to prevent the English from passing from Lake Erie to the fur country of the north, and for some years succeeding this date there are frequent references in the letters and orders of the French officers to "The Detroit of Lake Erie."

In an official communication of Louis Hector de Callieres, Governor of Canada, to Louis Phelipeaux, de Pontchartrain, Controller General and Minister of Justice, on the 16th of October, 1703, he says that he will send Sieurs de la Mothe and de Tonte, in the Spring to construct a fort at Detroit. They were to come down the river from Lake Huron so as to avoid the Iroquois Indians at Niagara

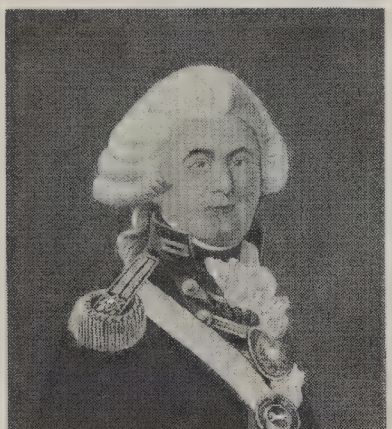
FIGURE — LOOKING THE WAY OF THE CITY OF DETROIT

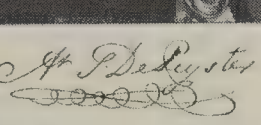
SKETCH OF THE OLD BRIDGE AGAIN

While it was in obedience to such instructions as are here indicated that Cadillac constructed the fort, there was in all probability, quite a settlement along the border of the river, on both sides, before Cadillac came. It was the constant effort of the early French settlers to live at peace with the Indians, and they lived with them and became like them; not infrequently members of their tribes and sometimes even chiefs.

The one good result that came from this was that their lives and the lives of their families were generally spared when the French soldiers were in peril. It was in a country already sparsely settled with this class of people, half civilized, half savage, that Cadillac was sent to erect a new fort as a defense against the encroachments of the English. Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac was a gentleman from Gascony, who had served in France; had resided in Acadia; and, as a captain in Canada, had been Commandant of Michillimackinac, from 1694 to 1697, and came here, as we have seen, in 1701. He was a man of considerable ability, and in 1697, at the suggestion of de Chenay and de Lagny, would have been appointed to command an expedition to take Boston from the English, if the affair had been undertaken as was contemplated.

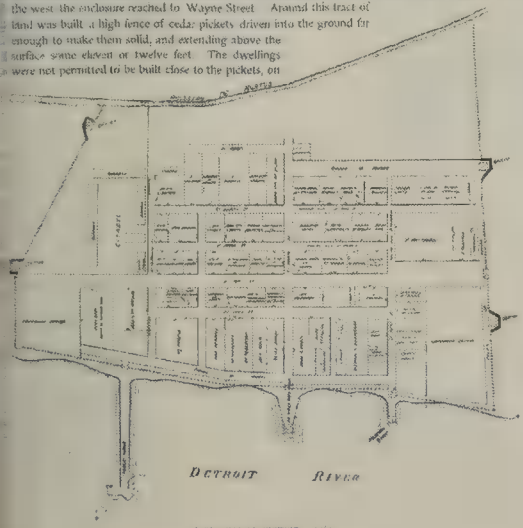
He was a controversial writer of some ability, and, although a Roman Catholic, he detested and feared the Jesuits, and undertook to limit their powers in the New World, but the Jesuits were too powerful to be controlled by him, though he succeeded in keeping them from the new post he was about to found on the banks of the Detroit.





The fort so established by Cadillac, was founded for business and military purposes only, and no missionary purposes entered into the affair, and consequently, instead of giving the new location the name of some patron saint, as was usually done, it was given the name of its real founder, Pontchartrain, and bore the official designation of Fort Pontchartrain *du detroit*. This is its usual designation on the older maps and in official correspondence, and the single word "Detroit" is of more recent application.

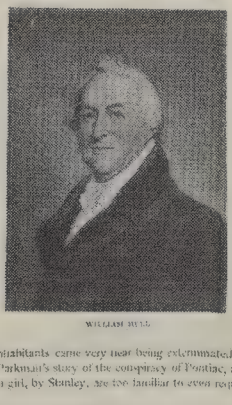
The fort, or enclosure, included only sufficient ground to contain the houses of the few people then living here. The river ran at the foot of the high bank that then existed at about the present line of Woodbridge Street; the easterly line of the fort was nearly the present line of Griswold Street; the northerly line not far from the present line of Larned Street, and on the west the enclosure reached to Wayne Street. Around this tract of land was built a high fence of cedar pickets driven into the ground far enough to make them solid, and extending above the surface some eleven or twelve feet. The dwellings were not permitted to be built close to the pickets, on the inside, but a passageway was left around the entire village, called the "*Chemin du ronde*." Within this enclosure were some half-dozen narrow alleys, termed streets, the widest of which was only twenty feet in width, each bearing the name of some saint, as St. Anne, St. Honore, St. Jacques, and St. Anthony, thus sufficiently attesting the fact that if the priests were not permitted to name the village, they would leave their mark on the internal affairs of the post. The first church was not built within the enclosure, but on the easterly side, and the earliest record in St. Anne's church bears the date 1704, two years after the founding of the village. It is probable that the various Catholic churches were built on the same site, and the one which was pulled down in 1712, as likely to afford a rendezvous for hostile Indians during the siege of that year, and which was located outside of the picket line, occupied the land at the north-west corner of Griswold Street and Jefferson Avenue, and when the church was about to be re-erected on the same site, the picket line was enlarged to enclose it.



A OLD MAP OF DETROIT — 1760

There is very little of interest to the casual reader in the history of our city for the first half century of its existence. Peace with the Indians generally prevailed, and even when war existed the French civilians on the farms outside the fort were generally safe. There were many farm owners, however, who lived in the enclosure and left their families there continually, though they visited and worked on their farms every day.

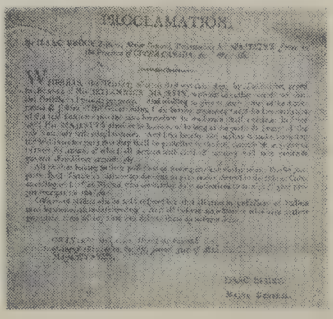
When the Acadians were driven from their homes by the English, some of them came to Detroit and established new homes along the banks of our river, feeling themselves contented among a people who were of kindred blood and belonged to the same church, but they were hardly well established here when the conqueror, who had despoiled their old home, came to drive them from their new one.



WILLIAM HULL

As a result of the wars between France and England, Detroit became British property, and was taken possession of by the troops under Major Rogers in 1760.

The English were not as skillful in pacifying the Indians as the French had been, and the place and inhabitants came very near being exterminated by Pontiac and his followers, in 1763. Parkman's story of the conspiracy of Pontiac, and the painting of Gladwin and the Indian girl, by Stanley, are too familiar to even require reference, but they tell of one of the most startling and romantic events in the history of our village. They tell the story of the ambitious Indian Pontiac, who proposed an attack by the different tribes on all of the forts held by the English in the Indian country, and the utter destruction of the English; the attempt was nearly successful in all places except Detroit, but here the conspiracy was divulged to Gladwin



PROCLAMATION.

by the Indian girl who had fallen in love with the commandant. The discontent that existed in the Atlantic colonies and which resulted in the Revolutionary War and establishment of the United States government, was not apparent among the English speaking citizens here. In fact there were only a few English here. The civilians were nearly all French and the English were soldiers and traders, intimately connected with England, through their trade relations. The French were inclined to side with the Americans and did so covertly on many occasions; openly they were as neutral as circumstances would permit. The village had not grown very much up to the year 1780. The King's Commons, as the public property was called, extended from the river nearly to the present line of Adams Avenue, and from the village line on the west to about Bates Street on the east. This land had long been cleared of trees and underbrush to prevent the collection of hostile Indians

houses of the [illegible] owners were situated on this road and almost within hailing distance of ea[illegible] other. The river itself furnished a highway for a considerable portion of the year, in sum[illegible] mer by canoes with which the French inhabitants were very skillful, and in winter by sle[illegible] drawn by the fleet-footed and wiry mustang.

Henry Hamilton was Lieutenant Governor in charge of Detroit, a[illegible] the threatened approach of the troops of the United States army caus[illegible] him to propose to build a new fort here in 1780, and under his directi[illegible] Captain Henry Bird set about the improvement in that year.

The site for the new fort was a hill back of the village where our ne[illegible] Post Office is being built, and in order to include the fort and village

under cover. Belle Isle, or Hog Island, as the English called it, *Ile au Cochons*, was also a part of the King's Commons or public property. There was a private grant of a farm just west of the present line of Randolph Street, extending in depth from the river about a mile and a half, but this private grant had in some way been sequestered and the land added to the King's Commons. There were no houses outside of the narrow picket line in the immediate neighborhood of the village. The farms were all narrow strips of land, each with a river frontage, and extending from one and a half miles to three miles in depth. On the front of the farms and close to the water's edge, a narrow road ran along the shore line, and dwelling

one enclosure, a new picket line was erected, including all of the la[illegible] south of Michigan Avenue, and between Griswold Street and the [illegible] Farm. This was the most considerable addition that our village [illegible] had. The work on the new fort commenced at once, and although [illegible] two occasions the work was nearly ruined by long continued ra[illegible] seasons, it was pretty well perfec[illegible] in two years.

The Indian bands employed [illegible] the British frequently brought [illegible] prisoners and these were set at w[illegible] on the fortifications, and so k[illegible] employed until an opportunity co[illegible] be found to send them to Mont[illegible] Under Hamilton's directions two [illegible] three persons had been hanged [illegible] upon a trial and conviction befo[illegible] justice of the peace and Hamil[illegible] and the justice, Dejean, had b[illegible] indicted by a grand jury at Mont[illegible] Fearing an arrest, Hamilton haste[illegible] to the Illinois country ostensibly [illegible] take Vincennes and was taken p[illegible] over by General Clark. He [illegible] retained the office of govern[illegible] though Major Richard S. Lern[illegible] was in actual charge of the vill[illegible]

it was while Hamilton was still absent as a prisoner of war, that the fort was completed, and it was [illegible] the name of Lernoult.

Lernoult remained in charge until Arent Schuyler de Peyster arrived in October, 1779. De Peyster did [illegible] until after peace was declared and John Hay came as civil governor. The governor's house was [illegible] near the site of the First National Bank on the south-west corner of Jefferson Avenue and Griswold [illegible], and it was here that Hay lived, and it was on these premises that he was buried when he died.

Although by the terms of the treaty of 1783 this part of the country belonged to the United States,

[illegible]

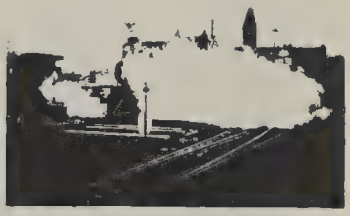
[illegible]

the town on its old site with its narrow and inconvenient streets, and the adjacent commons belonged to the United States, and the governor and judges had no authority to divide it into lots and dispose of it to the inhabitants. A plan of a new village was decided on and the people were permitted to take each a lot, but upon the understanding that no valid title could be given without further action of Congress. When Congress assembled, an act was passed giving the governor and judges authority to lay out a town and dispose of the lots, and a new plan was then made by Judge Woodward, and adopted by the governor and judges.

and refused to surrender possession, [illegible] it was not until the consummation [illegible] y's treaty in 1796, that the United [illegible] s troops, a part of the army of [illegible] eral "Mad Anthony" Wayne, [illegible] mpanied by Winthrop Sargeant, [illegible] g governor of the North-west Ter- [illegible] took actual possession and [illegible] lished the new government. The [illegible] sion of the North-western Territory [illegible] 800, preparatory to the admission [illegible] ohio as a state, threw us into the [illegible] na Territory, of which William [illegible] y Harrison was governor, and we [illegible] ned a part of this territory until [illegible], when Michigan was formed as a [illegible] ate territorial government, and [illegible] am Hull was appointed governor. [illegible] the eleventh of June in that year [illegible] before Governor Hull had reached [illegible] illage a fire had destroyed nearly every house in it, and the governor found, on his arrival, the [illegible] us encamped on the commons, and living in such rude quarters as they could hastily devise [illegible] on the new government and set the wheels properly in motion, was indeed a difficult task for [illegible] ew governor. The judges who were to operate with him were Augustus B. Woodward, Fred- [illegible] lates and John Griffin.

The destruction of the village had presented a state of affairs not contemplated at the time of [illegible] appointment, and for which their powers were not adequate. It was impracticable to re-bund

[illegible]



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Judge Woodward was eccentric, but a capable man, after whom Woodward Avenue is called, and who gave the name to Ypsilanti, but he and Governor Hull could never agree, and they succeeded in

[illegible]

[illegible]

drawing the other judges into their quarrels, so that the entire remainder of the official life of Governor Hull was embittered by contentions here.

In the war of 1812, when Governor Hull surrendered Detroit to the British, the connection between Hull and Woodward bore fruit, and one of the governor's most bitter enemies, and one whose testimony before the military court martial aided materially in convicting the general, was Judge Woodward.

Lewis Cass was our next governor, and he retained the office until made a member of Jackson's Cabinet in 1831. Cass and Woodward did not disagree, merely because Woodward was afraid to combat the governor, but the quarrelsome nature of Woodward led to continual disagreements with the other judges, and business in both legislative and judicial departments was continually obstructed. Woodward attempted to get elected as delegate to Congress on two or three occasions, but was badly defeated at the polls. He was called upon to resign his position as judge, but refused to comply, and finding that they were unable to get rid of him in any other manner, the people finally succeeded in getting the entire form of government changed, and thus legislated him out of office in 1824.

In the intervening years the city had made material increase. A printing press had been brought here in 1800, and some printing had been done with it. A few books were printed and an attempt was made to start a paper, but it was not successful. In 1817, June 24th, the Detroit Gazette issued its first number. This was the first paper of the territory and was published continuously until the office was destroyed by fire in 1840.

The Walk-in-the-Water, the first steamboat on Lake Erie, started from Black Rock on Sunday, August 22d, 1818, and reached Detroit on Thursday the 27th.

The corner stone of the first hall at the University of Michigan was laid by Judge Augustus B. Woodward, September 21, 1817.

In 1820 the general government donated the entire military reservation to the city and thus the available territory was materially increased.

The population of the city, by the census of 1820, was 1,422, and in 1830 we had 2,222. In 1837, Michigan claimed a right to be admitted as a state, and although Congress delayed for some time before acknowledging

KIRK'S OLD VIEW WEST OF POST OFFICE

OLD SECOND STORE, CAMPBELL & FRENCH, CORNER WOODWARD AND JEFFERSON AVENUE

SENATOR THOMAS W. PALMER'S RESIDENCE

FOUNTAIN, ST. WALL, GRAND RIVER PARK

AN OLD LANDMARK

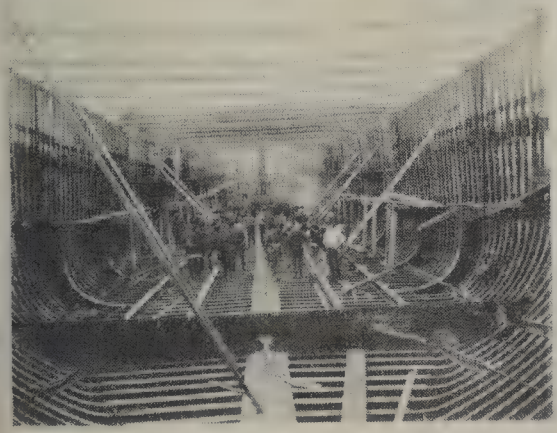
AN IRONSIDE NEARLY READY FOR BATTLE

his right, it was finally obtained, and for all legal purposes the date of admission is 1838.

The contest with Ohio over the location of our southern boundary, which was the occasion of the "Toledo War," resulted in giving the Toledo district to Ohio, and we received the Upper Peninsula in satisfaction.

Steven T. Mason, the boy governor, under our territorial form of government, was our first state governor.

"HOUSEHOLD CONSTRUCTION" — MADE WITH THE AXE



BUILDING A MAMMOTH LAKE CANNON — INSIDE DRY DOCK

Detroit was always the metropolis of the state and was the capital until 1847, when Lansing was chosen as being more centrally located. Although emigration commenced as early as the formation of our territorial government, in 1805, it did not attain to any great importance until the opening of government lands for sale to settlers in 1818, but from that date until 1836 it yearly increased in volume until, in the latter year, it is estimated that one thousand strangers landed every day at the wharves on our river front. There were no railroads, but a daily line of large steamers and the numberless sail boats brought a vast population to the city. These people did not all intend to remain here, but pushed on further west. Many remained, however, and the city and the county grew rapidly. The building of railroad lines to the west permitted more to pass by us unobserved as the years went along, but the tide increased rather than diminished.

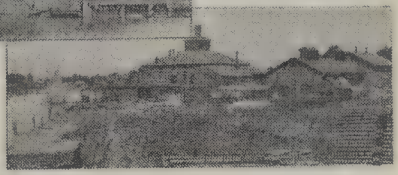
"WEALTHOUSE" CROSSING THE FLATS

The history of the succeeding years is full of interest. The history of Detroit is the history of Michigan — of a great state abounding in wealth and increasing in population; true to the Federal Government and devoted in her allegiance to the nation, she was foremost in the war of the Rebellion and one of the first to forgive when the war was ended; but these matters are of too recent transaction to be considered history yet. Of the city itself, its splendid location; the rich country that lies behind it and is tributary to it; the magnificent river that flows by it, all tends to give notice to the future that it will continue to be one of the most important inland cities of America.

C. M. Burton.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF FATHER RICHARD — 1798-1832

An equally distinguished contemporary of General Lewis Cass, during the first decades of the history of Detroit, and during the present century, was the Very Reverend Gabriel Richard, the vicarial representative of Bishop Carroll of Baltimore, and the spiritual ruler of Detroit and its dependencies, comprising at that time, the Northwest Territory. He was the apostle of its state and culture to Detroit, and his name is inseparably connected with the history of education in the city.

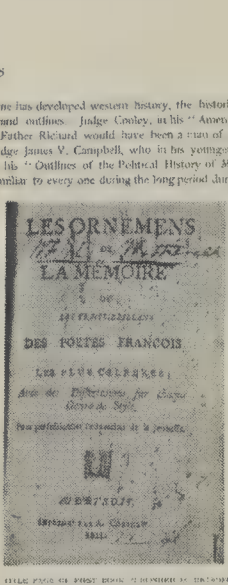


[illegible] HOUSE WHERE FATHER RICHARD DIED

Father Richard's participation in the important events of his time was so prominent that no histories of importance have neglected to mention his name as honorable place in the early history of Americanism, in the history of religion, and in the Northwest Territory. As

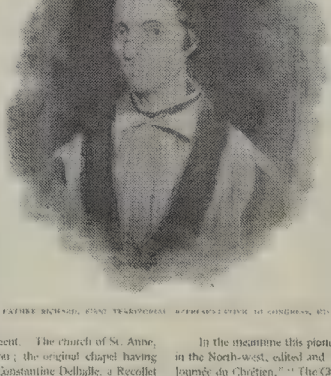
[illegible] WORKS AT DETROIT

tene has developed western history, the historic form of Richard becomes more distinct in its grand outlines. Judge Cooley, in his "American Commonwealths, Michigan," says of him, "Father Richard would have been a man of mark in almost any community at any time." Judge James V. Campbell, who in his younger days was a contemporary of Richard, says in his "Outlines of the Political History of Michigan:" "His tall and sepulchral figure was familiar to every one during the long period during which he filled his sacred mission. He was not only a man of elegant learning, but of excellent common sense and a very public-spirited citizen. He encouraged education in every way, not only by organizing and patronizing schools for the immediate training of his own people, but by favoring all schemes for general intelligence. He brought to Detroit the earliest printing press that was known in the territory, and compiled and published some religious and educational works for his own flock, and some selections from French authors for reading. He was an early officer of the University (the University of Michigan, now at Ann Arbor) and a teacher and professor in it. His acquaintance was prized among Protestants as well as Catholics. His quaint humor and shrewd sense, in no way weakened by his imperfect pronunciation of English, are pleasantly remembered by all who had the good fortune to know him; while his brief prayer for the legislature, that they "might make laws for the people and not for themselves" was a very comprehensive summary of sound political philosophy.



TITLE PAGE OF FIRST BOOK PRINTED IN DETROIT

When in 1780-92 the church in France, the monarchy, the nobility, and the aristocracy of the robe and of the sword had been engulfed in the whirlpool of blood and terror, while it was still possible for a priest to leave France, a group of young and distinguished Sulpicians, by a previous arrangement with L'Abbe Emery, chief of the Sulpician order in Paris, and Bishop Carroll of Baltimore, left France and came to the latter city. This was in 1792. Among this group of young gentlemen was the Rev. Gabriel Richard, scion of a good old Catholic stock, having been born in Saintes, France in 1764. He was soon after assigned to missionary work in Kaskaskia, Illinois; where he remained until 1798, when he was appointed assistant to the Very Rev. Michael Levadoux, pastor of St. Anne's church in Detroit, and the first incumbent under American hierarchical jurisdiction. Father Levadoux was also a Sulpician, as was Father John Dilhet, who had accompanied Father Richard.



FATHER RICHARD, FIRST TERRITORIAL REPRESENTATIVE TO CONGRESS, ETC.

Detroit at the time was an old French Catholic city, which had recently fallen under the jurisdiction of the Federal government. The church of St. Anne, at the time, was the fourth of its name in the line of succession; the original chapel having been dedicated to the mother of the Blessed Virgin by Father Constantine Delhalle, a Recollet monk, in 1701. Its four-der was killed by an Indian bullet six years later; the chapel and its successors were in their turn destroyed, the present church, (the St. Anne of 1798) having been built by Father Simplicius Bonpuet, another Recollet monk, in 1754, and consecrated in 1755 by the Bishop of Quebec.

The vicarial jurisdiction of Detroit included the care of the French race living on the water-line, beginning at Lake Erie and extending upwards to Lake St. Clair. Its dependencies embraced the old missionary stations on the islands and shores of Lake Huron and Michigan. In 1800 Father Richard commenced a tour of the lake dependencies, taking passage on a government vessel on June 20th, and after a stormy voyage reached Mackinac Island June 26th. He remained on the island about two months, teaching and administering the sacraments; he then visited the Ottawas on Lake Huron, visited St. Joseph's Island, ascended the St Mary's river to the Sault, and returned in October to Detroit. He wrote an account of his mission to Bishop Carroll. The Indians had mostly lapsed into Paganism and had to a great extent become brutalized from debauchery. He described the condition of the half-breeds and explained the great necessity existing for missionary laborers in the lake regions of Michigan, Wisconsin and Illinois. In the meantime Father Levadoux, whose health began to fail, had applied for and obtained permission from Bishop Carroll to return to France. Father Richard succeeded to the pastorate and vicarial power, having Father John Dilhet as his assistant. The latter was a devoted priest, of fine literary culture and a gentleman.

Looking into the spiritual condition of the parish, Father Richard found some irregularities growing out of the annual visits of the fur-trading employes and the convocations of the Indian tribes; these he corrected as far as lay in his power. He enlarged the church, presbytery and schoolhouse; but having no suitable teachers available he instructed and prepared four young ladies of wealthy families as teachers, and placed them in charge of a seminary for the higher branches of education of their sex. Not unmindful of the intellectual wants of the young men of his parish, he opened a seminary in which he and Father Dilhet taught the higher branches and lectured upon religious history, literature and the sciences.

This was the condition of the parish, when on the 11th of June, 1805, Detroit was stricken with a calamity as sudden as it was overwhelming. The city was entirely destroyed by fire — and as Father Dilhet writes, "in three hours, between o'clock and noon, nothing was to be seen of the city except a mass of burning debris and chimney tops stretching like pyramids into the air. We had barely time to remove the vestments and furniture of the church and the movable property of the schools." Father Richard had witnessed in this brief time the destruction of the material evidence of his six years' hard work; of church, presbytery and schools, as well as the homes of his parishioners, there remained only smoking ruins. The old colonial city was completely wiped out of existence. Much inconvenience and suffering among the people ensued, but the indomitable pastor was equal to the emergency. He at once procured shelter tents from the fort for the women and children who had no refuge, and using not only his personal means but his credit as well, he purchased food and other temporary necessities for the homeless and destitute, without regard to creed or race. St. Anne's church, presbytery and schools were soon after located in improvised buildings in Spring Wells, about a mile below the ancient church; these premises continued to be used until 1820, when the basement in the new church was dedicated.

In 1807, there being no other minister in Detroit, Governor Hull invited Father Richard to hold non-Catholic meetings, if such a term may be permitted, in the new Council House on Sundays; these meetings were regularly held at noon, and were attended by the Governor and family, by the officers of the garrison with their families, by most of the officials and by the non-Catholic merchants. The lectures, delivered in the English language, were upon Christianity and kindred topics without controversial allusions.

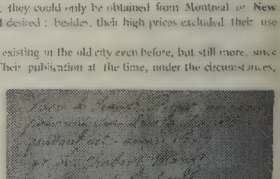
In 1808, Father Richard set up in the first printing press erected in the North-west Territory, having brought from the east the first practical printer known in the West, Mr. Alfred Crossbawe. The same year the educational establishments were completed, and comprised: primary schools for boys and girls, a seminary for young ladies under charge of the four young ladies referred to as having been instructed and prepared to teach, whose names were, Angelique Campau, Monique Labadie, Elizabeth Lyon, and Elizabeth Williams. Miss Labadie subsequently married Antoine Beaubien, a wealthy proprietor, and in 1854 as a proof of her estimation of the value of the higher education of her sex, she endowed the convent of the Sacred Heart in Detroit with a property valued at the time at $100,000. An academy for young men, under the learned pastor's direction, was assisted by M. Sahere, a young professor of literature chemistry and astronomy, whom Father Richard had brought from France; and a school for the technical education of Indian girls.

The attention of the promoters of literary culture at the present day is directed to the fact that eighty-six years ago in Detroit, Father Richard's seminary for young ladies, taught by the very crème de la crème of the old families of this old city, and the academy for young men, having besides the pastor, a French professor of ability, were both supplied with astronomical, chemical and geographical apparatus; while in the school for teaching useful arts to Indian girls, it may be mentioned, that among other appliances used, were a score or more of spinning wheels.

In the meantime this pioneer Catholic priest, this apostle and promoter of literary culture in the North-west, edited and published the following works:— "L'Ame Penitente," "La Journée du Chrétien," "The Child's Spelling Book," "Les Ornements de la Mémoire," "Epitres et Evangiles, pour dimanches et fêtes," "Francais et Anglais," "Petite Catéchisme Historique," "Journal des Enfants."

At the period of the publication of these works, (the preparation of which for the press — their editing as well as their proof reading — involving a vast amount of labor,) suitable books were exceedingly rare in Detroit; they could only be obtained from Montreal or New York, and were not always of the kind desired; besides, their high prices excluded their use amongst most families.

These books supplied a great want existing in the old city even before, but still more, since the destruction of the city in 1805. Their publication at the time, under the circumstances, accomplished a double purpose, while attesting the aim of their pastor-editor to have been to teach, to edify, and to perfect intellectually, as well as morally and religiously, the youth of his own generation of pastoral care. Father Richard is claimed the honor of editing and publishing the first devotional, educational, and literary books in the North-west Territory; and the honor of editing



A RECEIPT — FATHER RICHARD'S AUTOGRAPH

antury, in English, the Epistles and Gospels. In 1842 ts. I believe, no one who questions this In his introduction to Les Chemineaux de nonie, Father Richard says: "Dans les ge d'ouvrier, et que le commencement de ie de l'avenir, j'ai eu distingué dans le une somme d'éducation. Les leçons que ne l'ont la moralité et le plaisir de Lecture, conversation, mouvement de compagnie, créées, les esprits, étend dement la sphère, plus connaissances elle produit dans l'ame les sentiments ux. Mais cette lecture, pour être utile de ses chers indicat et de sages précau sentout pour cequi regarde la pureté des

of the and a grievous calamity was ling over Detroit. This was the war of The old city, far removed from the f of the older States, was founded, suffer First serious blow fell was the sin order pose by the Governor

ts are regarded by Christian patriots ng themselves, as indispensable tents Richard was every inch a priest, but f those inches was as thoroughly and ully American as mostly be. His ce was attested by the British General ff on tions to the military prison cross s, where he remained until peace was d. After the evacuation of the city by sh and their Indian allies, the occupants ed were threatened with a time having been stripped of their own idle possessions by oken savages. Were it not for assistance, rendered by Father Richard, some of the have slaved and other died of neglect, to plant until he produced for them. In numerous apostolic work, had experienced Detroit set-back, which, as we have seen, and

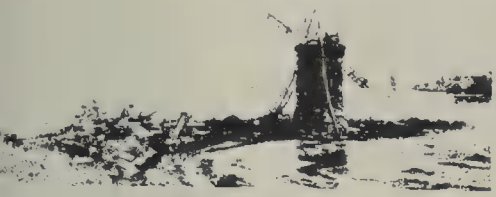
Labor to overcome. Before their normal condition could be restored, but previous to the breaking out of the hostilities there arrived in this city the first organ ever seen in the North-west Territory. Father Richard had imported it from France.

The condition of the French race and the humane conduct of Father Richard after the war have already been mentioned. The condition of that section of the flock residing on the shores of the upper Lakes has also been described. His call for missionaries was responded to in time. Those were prepared, taught Ojibwa, and dialects, and sent to evangelize the aborigines, people and others in the lake regions.

In 1808 Paul Maloche donated his farm on the river bank about two

miles. Near the site of old St. Anne, on which was built, in 1809, a chapel and school for the servants and prisoners living, in Lorette district. According to the custom of the country this parish was organized with churchwardens or trustees. In 1857, a disagreement occurred between the latter and Father Richard. The case was referred to Bishop Rese,

sustained his Vicar, and on the refusal of the magistrates to consult, the Bishop placed the obstructed chapel under interdict, in which state it remained until the following year. The paternal and venerable Bishop came all the way from Bardstown, Ky., on horseback, to be in the interest of peace; his mission was successful. To render the ceremony of



removal of the interdicted building (a grand procession) escorted the Bishop from St. Anne's to its usual chapel, the distance being about three miles. As a sign of the times it may be noted that the music of the U. S. regimental band added to the eclat of the ceremony, and the procession passed the fort, it was saluted by a salvo of artillery. The occasion was one of general rejoicing, and an affecting reconciliation took place between the two factions and their venerable pastor. This event occurred June 24th, 1828, and on the same day Bishop Flaget laid the corner-stone of the fifth church of St. Anne, which was not completed until ten years later, 1838.

Missionary work in the Lake regions and in the interior had been vigorously conducted by Fathers Rolleny, Badin (Francis Vi de Jean) and Mazzuchelli and the Frederic Ross, under the direct supervision of Father Richard. In 1823 he was elected representative of Michigan territory to Congress, serving one term only. The results of missionary work in the dependencies of Detroit, among the Indians and half-breeds, may be seen in the accounts given by Bishop Fenwick of Cincinnati, in whose diocese Michigan had been placed, who made his episcopal visitation to an

THE CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION

THE REV. FATHER RICHARD

Bishop was spent among the Ottawa and Potowatamie Indians.

Probably the credit for the greatest missionary work accomplished under the direction of any one priest in this country during the last three decades of this century, may be claimed for the Very Rev. Gabriel Richard. Certainly in no part of the United States was there a field so extensive or so difficult of access as that confided to his care by the Metropolitan, Carroll, Neale, Marechal, and Whitfield and under Bishops Flaget and Fenwick. Nor were his merits unrecognized by the American hierarchy, who sent his name to Rome as their choice for Detroit's first Bishop. But Father Richard was not destined to wear the mitre on the scene of his labors. His apostolic career was to end in a manner becoming the devoted priest he had been all his sacerdotal life.

When in 1832 the Asiatic cholera decimated the Catholic population of Detroit, Father Richard and his venerable assistant, Father Francis Vincent

THE CHURCH OF ST. ANNE, 1888

Badin, labored among the sick and dying day and night, until the plague had ceased its ravages. Worn out with hardship, he fell, the last of the distinguished victims of that fatal year. He was stricken with the disease and succumbed Sept. 13th, 1832. He had been pastor of St. Anne's for thirty-four years, and had occupied a leading place in the history of events during that period, as a priest, as an educator, as a philanthropist, as a legislator, as an apostle of literature, as a citizen and as a patriot. Fifty years after the death of Father Richard, Bela Hubbard placed four statues on the east and west facades of the City Hall of Detroit. These sculptured images represent four great French Catholics, whom the city is proud to honor,—two zealous missionaries, Fathers James Marquette and Gabriel Richard, and two representatives of the genius and chivalry of Catholic France, Cavalier de la Salle and Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac.

RICHARD R. ELLIOTT.

THE PAGLIA FOUNTAIN

and the construction of the fort, begun in 1842, was not finished until about 1851.

The fort is a square bastioned structure with walls of brick and concrete, 22 feet high and 7 1-2 feet thick and the whole is surrounded by a very extensive embankment of sand. Inside the walls is the barracks building, while outside—as will be seen by reference to the illustrations—are the officers' quarters, the hospital, guard house, amusement hall and so on, the parade ground and street in front of the officers' quarters, commanding most attractive prospects up and down the river. Fort Wayne, by reason of its sightly position and the proverbial elegance and courtesy of the officers of the U. S. Army, has long been one of the chief social centers about Detroit, while, as the establishment is under slight military restrictions, open to the public, it is generally a very popular and interesting resort.

RESIDENCE OF JAMES F. SCRIPPS, ESQ.

FRENCH SEA COMPANY'S FIRST GARDEN

CHARLOTTE AVENUE NEAR SECOND AVENUE

FORT WAYNE

A trifle more than three miles below Woodward Avenue, where the Detroit river turns to the south—its only bend—and where it is narrowest, is situated the chief military fortification in Michigan,—Fort Wayne. The entire military reservation on which the fort is built consists at present of 66 acres

DETROIT AS AN EXCURSION CENTRE

The water-way between Lakes Huron and Erie consists of the St. Clair River, Lake St. Clair and the Detroit River, the aggregate distance being 50 miles. In the beauty of its shores and slands, the purity and volume of its waters, the picturesqueness and importance of its cities and the wondrous variety of its facilities for comfort and pleasure during the summer months, the channel mentioned is unrivalled and Detroit is its centre.

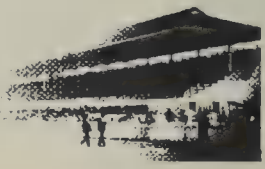
From Detroit, boats leave daily for Cleveland, Sandusky and Put-in-Bay, Toledo, Grosse Isle, Amherstberg, Chatham, Mt. Clemens, New Baltimore, Port Huron, the

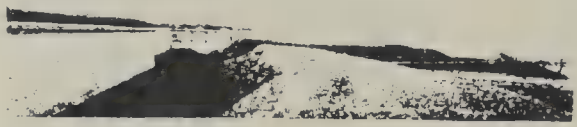
OLD ROUND HOUSE, M. C. R. R.

OLD DOUGLAS FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Flats and all intermediate ports. Daily boats sail also from Detroit for Mackinaw and other ports along Lake Huron, while at frequent intervals other boats leave for the Soo and Lake Superior ports. Thus is indicated, meagerly, the city's resources as an excursion centre. In keeping with such an abundance of facilities is the fact that the best of boat service is available at prices suiting any ability. Ten cents will pay for an afternoon's ride up and down the

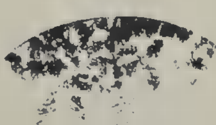
JEFFERSON AVENUE WEST FROM WOODWARD AVENUE

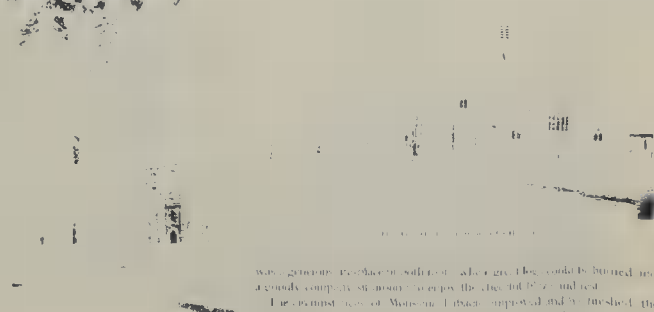




Father and son owned it jointly, and also in 1824 the son, who became sole owner, sold it to General Porter. The latter, after a short time, sold it to a man named Dorr. About 1850 Dorr added the circular wings at either end of the house, and made some other improvements.

The house has changed hands a number of times and is now owned by several legatees, one of whom rents and controls the house but does not occupy it. The center and main part of the house was built of logs. The ground floor consisted of two large rooms running lengthwise of the house, each opening at either end into a square hall, which in turn opened out on a veranda, one in the front, facing the river, and another at the back. Filling in the space between the two halls was an immense chimney built of stone. This had its foundation in the cellar, where it filled up a goodly space, and then sloped gradually up to the peak of the house and through it, just for a squint at the outside world. There





and Lake of Pines [illegible], all of which are within two [illegible]

THE LABADIE HOUSE

[illegible] Woodward [illegible] street, just west of the [illegible] of [illegible] street [illegible] Detroit [illegible] by its steep gables and the dormer windows [illegible] belongs to the period of French style of [illegible] the Detroit River [illegible]

was a generous fireplace in which [illegible] when great logs could be burned and a goodly company sit around to enjoy the cheerful blaze and rest.

The [illegible] of Monsieur Labadie [illegible] improved and [illegible] finished the [illegible] of the house, [illegible] the work [illegible] delicacy of

THE OLD FARM CAFE — TWELFTH STREET

handicraft and a precision of joiner work that modern machinery could not excel in execution.

The panels of the doors, which are also hand-work, are of a quaint pattern, and the old brass handles and locks are still preserved, through the sentimental interest of the latest owner of the house. There are forty-six doors and windows in the house, suggesting the sunny freedom and cheerful social life of France. It has been a hospitable old house, and for many years it held out its offer of shelter to the traveler. It is not probable that it was built for a public hostelry, although there are suggestions of the rural inn in the arrangement of the rooms. It became a favorite stopping-place by the necessity of its location. The farmers from Ypsilanti and the adjoining county made the house a night's resting place, and here it was that they started out early the next morning, laden with goods which they had received in exchange for their produce.

In the early days, when the water-way was the only way, the boats were fastened here for the night and the owners found rest and refreshment under the hospitable roof. Later, when a road was cut through to that hospitable section, the farmer stopped with his wagon and his team and waited for the first faint ray of morning to resume his journey.

By aid of the imagination one may put himself back in fancy to that early time for a moment and take the character of one of the French owners of the old house in those primitive days. If this feeling is strong enough one might imagine himself standing on Monsieur Labadie's lawn on a morning in the year 1810. Just a little distance off 800 or 1,000 Indians are standing silently together. Down there on the river, toward the Canadian shore, is a fleet of vessels. Gen. Harrison and his troops are on board and a light breeze is helping them slowly along. They come up nearly opposite the house, when the voice of Monsieur Labadie is heard to say to his friends and neighbors, "Resort to the back of the house. Lie flat on the ground. Harrison will fire on the Indians."

They all obey, the sound of firing guns is heard, and the Indians disperse. The front door is open, and two shots are found to have lodged in the wall. The family and neighbors are safe, and this is verified fact, not imagination, so history tells us.

THE OLD FORSITT PLACE

SWEET MORGAN CHURCH

THE OLD JAMES SMITH LOG HOUSE — FOURTH STREET

BELLE ISLE PARK

The matchless municipal park owned by the city of Detroit and called Belle Isle Park, consists of a natural island of 600 acres, a trifle over two miles long and half a mile wide at its points of greatest measurement. It lies midway between the Michigan and Canadian shores, the international boundary line passing along the middle of the Canadian channel. It is two and one-half miles, at its lower and nearest point, from the city hall, and occupies a position at the point where Lake St. Clair ends and the Detroit river begins. From its lower end a superb perspective view is had down the river a distance of about seven miles, while at its upper end the view across Lake St. Clair to the horizon is unbroken.

This island, absolutely level over its entire area and only about five feet above water level, is covered with a glorious growth of old forest trees — hickory, oak, elm, maple and beech, except at its lower end and on its Canadian side. Here are beautiful lawns, parade grounds, tennis courts and ball fields, which are separated from the river and from themselves by a picturesque system of lakes and canals which extends entirely around the park.

It is the presence of such artificial attractions, coupled with the various buildings of choice design and excellent construction — the Casino, the skaters' pavilion, the long wharf, the boat houses, bridges, police station and the like — that have combined with the natural glories so plentiful, in the evolution of a people's playground second to none on earth.

The father of Belle Isle Park is Levi L. Barbour, an honorable, loyal, energetic and prosperous citizen who, still on the safe side of middle age, will probably live to be more fully and more fairly recognized as the originator of the plan to secure Belle Isle to the city for use as a municipal park.

OLD JAMES SMITH LOG HOUSE — A COLONIAL IN CORK

Connected to the city by a simply fine bridge over a [illegible] mile in length and visited among the summer months every ten minutes by ferry boats from Detroit, Windsor and Walkerville. The park is almost every one of access to thousands of citizens visit it daily. It is a surprise and a delight to strangers and a blessing and source of unqualified pride to the citizens.

GROSSE POINTE

Grosse Pointe is the name given to the west shore of Lake St. Clair, a charming coast line territory of about ten miles in length, which, with its superb roads and [illegible] beauty, constitutes most the ideal suburban resort of Detroit. It is a high rolling plateau, which is perfectly level, and from which a full view is had of a continuous [illegible] view of the passage of the most extensive and magnificent [illegible] in the world.

The location is reached by an excellent railway system, by a well built macadamized road and by boat, so that for either residence or pleasure resort purposes, it is most accessible.

It is here that United States Senator James McMillan, Hon. L. V. N. Bishop, ex-Postmaster, United States Minister Russell, Hugh M. Miller, Wm. R. Mercer, Geo. S. Davis, and many other leading citizens have extensive and very beautiful estates. It is doubtless that one finds the most agreeable development of Detroit, and it is here also that is located the Convent of the Sacred Heart, one of the old educational institutions in Michigan. All of these attractives, with a glorious environment of forest, lawn and lake, enhanced by the picturesque profile of the lighthouses and the shipping, combine to make of the section one of the most strikingly attractive views along the entire chain of the great lakes. The settlement of Grosse Pointe began with the settlement of Detroit, so that the traditions and the histories of the two places are most closely interwoven.

THE FLATS

The waters of Lake Michigan, Superior and Huron, discharging through the river St. Clair into Lake St. Clair—a lake nearly circular in form and about 25

miles in diameter. The St. Clair River has a delta mouth with three main outlets and it is subject to these outlets that is located a great area of submerged land which is known generally as "The Flats of St. Clair" and which is the home of all kinds of water fowl and innumerable quantities of bass, pickerel, pike, white fish and lake trout. "The Flats" are about 30 miles above Detroit and are equal distance from Port Huron and they are reached only by boat. It is at this point that is located the United States Government canal, a

very extensive structure built to expedite and render more safe the passage of lake commerce. And above, muse and ramble along, the main channel of the delta, for a distance of five or six miles, are located club houses, public hotels and private residences — all built on "made" land, until the most notable Venice in America is shown. It is a veritable canal city, comprising over 600 buildings and, during the summer season, having a population of upwards of 2,000 people.

It is the most popular resort by reason of the bathing

Island House are the principal objects of interest. In the, although the many delightful homes, the steam yacht, the bathing courts, the bathing parties and the groups of women, all combine in an interesting, exhilarating, unanswerable evidences as to the pleasing, resonant, invariable coolness of temperature, the purity and vigor, in brief, the general hot weather excellence of Clair.

THE HAMTRAMCK HOUSE

On the bank of the Detroit river, just above the home of the late William B. Wesson, stands one of the most landmarks of Detroit — the Hamtramck house. The house stands about forty feet from the Detroit river, shaded by beautiful trees and the foliage of a small vine. It is built of logs, covered with weather-board, fronting

fishing and shooting facilities, out of Detroit, while for those who seek only quiet and rest, it is matchless. It is not reached by telegraph or telephone; the pedestrian cannot walk to it and no horse drawn vehicle can be taken there. One must allow swift, though go by boat, so that the place lacks even a suggestion of the vexatious, busy, business centre. Tiny St. Clair Hollow, on page before which is constantly, but silently passing a perpetual parade of the great commerce of the Lakes. The houses of the Lake St. Clair Fishing and Shooting Club, the Rustmere Club, the Mooney Club, Joe Bedore, the Stu-

[illegible] MANY, [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

two feet on the river, with a depth of twenty-six feet and is one and a half stories high.

At present it is in a dilapidated condition, which is caused more by the vandalistic propensities of young hoodlums than the hand of time. The window panes are all broken, the shutters have been wrenched off, the doors are shaky and portions of the weather-

[illegible]

[illegible]

white pine boards, and some of those remaining are thirty inches in width and probably sawed and planed by hand. A cellar underlies the whole length and breadth of the house. The front of the house is almost obscured by a rank growth of small bushes and creeping vines which add to its unique and interesting appearance.

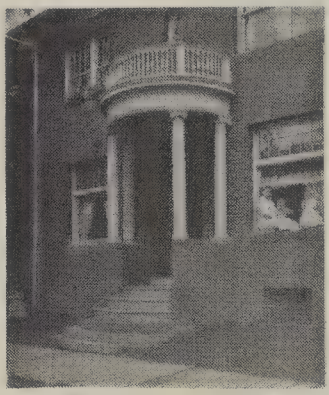
Here lived Col. John Francis Hamtranck, a revolutionary soldier of fame, the first American commandant of Detroit, and a voluntary alien defender of our liberty and independence, who is entitled to rank with Kosciusko, Lafayette, Pulaski, De Kalb and Steuben; for Hamtranck was one of the Canadian [illegible] Nova Scotian

[illegible]

[illegible]

board have been taken away. Two large stone chimneys stand at either extremity of the house, each with a wide fire-place large enough to accommodate full lengths of cordwood. The kitchen chimney, however, has been taken down at the ceiling of the first floor, on account of the settling of the foundation.

The lower floor is divided into three living rooms and a kitchen. The upper floor is now only one room, but shows that it was formerly partitioned into several sleeping apartments. At some time the upper story was sealed with



A COLONIAL MANSION ON CHARLOTTE AVENUE

refugees who came to New York and espoused the cause of the feeble colonies in 1779. Nothing is known of the exact place of his birth, but his tombstone in Mt. Elliott cemetery discloses the fact that he was born on Aug. 13th, 1757. He was in northern New York when he joined the army — a boy of less than twenty years. He fought till the close of hostilities, and was under St. Clair and Wayne in the Indian wars which continued after the revolutionary struggle had closed, and which were largely fomented by the defeated British authorities in Canada. His soldierly qualities won him rapid promotion. He was made a major in the United States army in 1786; promoted to lieutenant-colonel in 1792; commanded the left wing of Gen. "Mad" Anthony Wayne's army at the battle of Maumee in 1794; was subsequently promoted to colonel of the First regiment of United States infantry and entered Detroit after the British evacuation on July 11th, 1796, with 300 soldiers.

In "Legends of Le Detroit," by the late Mrs. Handin, one of the romantic tales is entitled "Hamtramck's Love." It tells how the colonel (then major) while at Marietta, Ohio, met and loved Marianne Nevaire, who was then on a visit to her friend Louisa St. Clair, daughter of Arthur St. Clair, governor of the North-west territory. Governor St. Clair, however, wished his daughter to marry Hamtramck, and when Marianne learned this she cut short her visit and returned to Detroit. Louisa was loved by Joseph Brant, the great chief of the Six Nations, then at war with the United States, but the old governor haughtily refused to consider his suit. When Brant's Indians defeated St. Clair's forces in 1791 the latter was only saved from annihilation by Col. Hamtramck and his regulars. Brant's object was to capture St. Clair alive, and he hoped by sparing his life and making him sensible of his generosity, to finally gain his suit, and win Louisa from Hamtramck, his supposed rival. The latter he called "Le Gaspeau a Cheval," the frog on horseback." This jealous epithet had a little foundation in truth, as Hamtramck was small in stature and rather round-shouldered. In 1796, when Colonel Hamtramck came to Detroit, he was a widower. He renewed his devotion to Marianne, but she refused him, as her heart was a tomb, whereon lay the ashes of buried hopes and bright illusions.

THE OLD PAYNE HOUSE, EAST — SITE OF THE MODERN BOLLEVARD

"Mademoiselle," said Hamtramck, "since we cannot be united in life, in death I shall be near you."

"Oh, that is romantic, colonel," she laughingly replied; "but you are a soldier and cannot say where your last sleep shall overtake you."

"No matter; mark me, I shall slumber within the shadow of your tomb."

The legend tells how Hamtramck's remains were buried in St. Anne's churchyard, and afterward removed to Mt. Elliott cemetery; and how, after his loved Marianne had died, fifty years after, her remains were removed a few years before to the Godfrey lot in the same cemetery, which is opposite the spot where Hamtramck lies buried, and he now "slumbers within the shadow of her tomb."

Unfortunately, however, the facts do not sustain the story. Hamtramck was married and had a family when he came to Detroit — in 1796 — and he, therefore, could not have renewed his suit nor uttered the above prophecy.

A NOOK AND STUDY

MANSION OF HENRY WINDSOR, JR., WOODWARD AVENUE

THE CENTRAL M. E. CHURCH, AT CHURCH AND ANDERSON STS.

HOME OF THE MICHIGAN CLUB

and was purchased by Hentranck from Jacques Campau and Len. The house was built in 1[illegible] the hardships and exposure of the war did undermine Colonel Hentranck's constitution which was not very strong, and he died on April 17th, 1818, aged [illegible] years, [illegible] and twenty-eight days. The records of the Wayne county probate court show that he died [illegible] and for a maximum of a certain position in straightened circumstances. His widow, Rebecca [illegible] the only Stone [illegible] and the total valuation of the estate, which included his library and even domestic effects, footed up only $2,[illegible]. The household effects were [illegible] and were consumed in the great fire of 1805, which laid Detroit in ashes.

[illegible] were interred in the cemetery of St. Anne's church, which was located exactly [illegible] Jefferson Avenue, nearly opposite the [illegible] Heavenly Bodies. The remains were [illegible] placed in the new cemetery a few yards east of the church. [illegible] Richard

[illegible] with historic reverence, obtained permission from [illegible] to remove the remains to his family lot in Mt. [illegible] where they now rest under the massive [illegible] by his fellow officers of the Order of Elk death.

TWO IMPORTANT INSTITUTIONS

The library and the museum of art are the two most [illegible] public institutions in Detroit and they will compare [illegible] with any similar establishments in the country and [illegible] with all of its privileges is here for any one desiring to [illegible] for themselves. They are located within [illegible] of the business center of the city [illegible] a handsome building especially erected for the purpose.

The public library is a combination of the Young Men's Society Library and the Mechanics' Association Library, [illegible] during the past fifteen years, under the management of a Public Library Commission. The Museum of Art is the result of a great fair exhibition held in 1884, which was conceived and conducted to a successful fulfillment by William L. Brearly. It is now managed by a Board of Trustees appointed annually by the governor of Michigan and the mayor of Detroit. It is [illegible] [illegible] Connected with the museum is an [illegible] which is well sustained. The public library has upward of [illegible] volumes and the museum of art contains the Scripps collection of original [illegible] — one of the finest in America — the Scripps collection of [illegible] masters, the collections of the Detroit Scientific Association and a number of choice modern paintings.

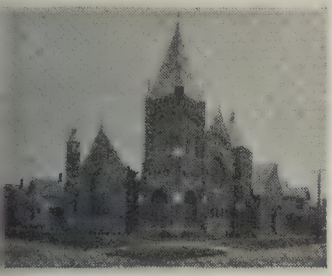
AN INDIAN'S PHILOSOPHY

John Sabin, who came to Detroit in 1833 and who is still living, was, as a boy, quite religious in his tendencies and when the Indian chief, Black Hawk, visited Detroit, the boy attempted to convert him. The chief was on the way to the fort when young Sabine asked:

"Don't you fear death?"

Black Hawk, a powerful, finely proportioned savage, looked down upon the undersized lad.

"Boy, I am only the white man who teach the fear of death," he said. "The Indian fears nothing. He takes what comes. If he has food, he eats it; if he has none, he goes without." And then he proceeded with a dissertation on the glories of death that took away the boy's desire to



CLINTON AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH

...missionary. There was something profoundly ...ching in the Indian's philosophy. After that, Mr. ...ine did not try to convert any more Indians.

THE GREAT TUNNEL

...he following few facts give a comprehensive idea ...he hole under the St. Clair river, through which ...h day, passes the traffic of the Grand Trunk Rail... of Canada.

...he length of the tunnel from portal to portal is ...15 feet.

...ength from portal on the American side to river ...k 1,720 feet.

...ength from portal on Canadian side to river bank ...90 feet.

...ength under river bed 2,290 feet.

...he tunnel is a perfect circle with an interior diam... of 10 feet 10 inches.

...he segment filled in at the bottom for the railway ...l bed has a flat surface from side to side of 11 feet ...ches.

...he length of the cutting on the American side to ...

GEN. RUSSELL A. ALGER

...rtal is 2,487 feet. The depth at the portal to ...ad bed, below the natural surface, is 50 feet. ...e length of the cutting on the Canadian side to ...portal is 3,110 feet, and the depth at the portal ...feet.

...grade on the American side is 1 in 50, or 105.00 ...r mile.

...grade on the Canadian side is 1 in 50, or 105.00 ...r mile.

CONCEPTION OF THE WORK

The idea of the tunnel was conceived, and the work was projected by Sir Henry Tyler, president of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, and through his efforts the money to construct it has been secured. Mr. Hobson is a member of the Institute of Civil Engineers and of the American and the Canadian Societies of Civil Engineers; and has been connected with the engineering department of the Grand Trunk Railway since 1870. His assistants in charge of the instrumental work were Messrs. T. E. Hillman and M. S. Blaiklock. Mr. J. T. Eames was the mechanical superintendent of the work, and Mr. Thomas Murphy was superintendent of excavation.

COST OF THE WORK

The total actual cost of the whole work will approximate very closely to $2,700,000. The subsidy given in aid of the enterprise by the Dominion Government amounts to $775,000. The following is a statement of the chief items which make up the cost of the work:

Expended on preliminary work	$250,000
Machinery and plant used in construction	250,000
Labor, all classes	300,000
Cast iron for lining	800,000
Other materials	100,000
Real estate, land damages, legal expenses, etc.	110,000
Permanent equipment (tracks, locomotives, etc.)	50,000
Approaches	200,000
Engineering, superintendence, etc.	40,000
	$2,700,000

SECOND AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

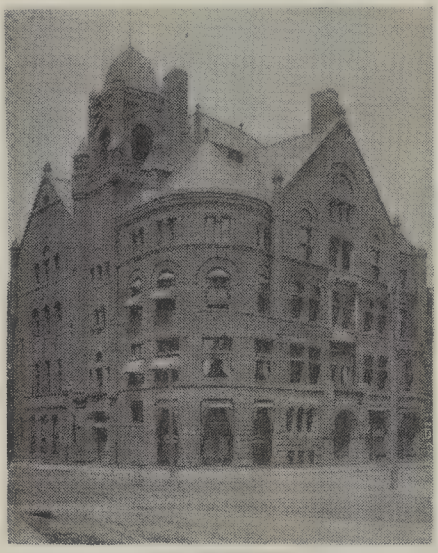
CENTRAL M. E. CHURCH

ZACHARIAH CHANDLER

MEMORIAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, SOUTH-EAST CORNER CLINTON AND CANTAL AVENUES

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

As the chief purpose of this work has been the presentation pictorially of the many beautiful features in Detroit and about the several localities adjacent to Michigan's metropolis, I feel that it is due those who have so kindly aided me with their works, that I should make acknowledgement of my appreciation. This I do most heartily, to the following gentlemen: Messrs. C. M. Burton, J. C. Ferry, and Richard R. Elliott, of Detroit and C. Luce of Monroe, for valuable manuscript contributions; to Rt. Rev. John Foley, Bishop of the Diocese of Detroit; to the following artists, Robert Hopkin, Wm. Myine, John Ward Dunsmore, Wm. B. Conely, John Owen,



Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, DETROIT

J. E. Packbauer, Mr. Dow N. C. Bullock, W. D. Butterfield, E. C. Sheriff, and to Louis Stanley (son of the late J. M. Stanley) for sketches and finished paintings; and finally to the following photographers: E. H. Husher & Co., C. W. Earle, C. C. Randall, Bayes Photo Co., Jex Bardwell, Messrs. Whitmore, Alvord, Gardiner, Holcomb, Dr. Ives, Clarence Weed, Herman Strassburg, J. C. Midford, Walter E. Campbell, Bert Noble, Wm. Jupp, Forrest Campbell, S. K. Tillotson and Mr. Mead of Detroit; to J. M. Hall of Flint, H. Randall of Ann Arbor, Messrs. Hill and Richardson of Monroe, White of Port Huron, Novess of Mt. Clemens, Westrich of St. Clair and to all others who have in any way assisted me.

CHAS. L. CLARK.

SOBUCZNER, PHOTO

the place a delightful home for those seeking a cool, quiet and comfortable home. As attractions immediately adjacent, Algonac has Walpole Island with its Canadian Indians — the island being an Indian reservation, — while upon Harsen's Island is the fine hotel and grounds of the Grande Pointe Club, an organization consisting chiefly of Detroit people. Further down the river — between Grande Pointe and the Flats are the homes and grounds of the Sans Souci and other prosperous delightful clubs.

Up the river still further, the traveler will

E. A. BROCKER

T. A. W. PALMER, PRESIDENT WORLD'S FAIR COMMISSION

pass Marine City, a delightful little city with a symmetrical plan and enterprising and progressive. Marine City is first a place of business and afterward a summer resort, but it is the equal in the latter capacity of any place on the St. Clair.

The City of St. Clair is the next important point up the river and it is here that the famous Oakland Hotel and the St. Clair Mineral Springs are located. Like all of its sister cities it commands a view of the shipping as it passes and it is, perhaps, chief, in a social way, of any resort between the Flats and Mackinaw.

HON. M. DICKINSON

UP THE ST. CLAIR

The river St. Clair, along its entire length, is dotted with thrifty, growing towns and delightful riverside resorts, and with its attractive shores and its busy, invigorating array of shipping is at once free from monotony and most interesting. Algonac, a cosy little town just above the Flats and once the scene of a considerable ship building interest, is now a peaceful, homelike resort full of rural interest and provided with ample boating and fishing facilities. It is within easy access of all points on the flats; a short drive back through the country, will carry one to the railroad, while the several daily boats up the river give frequent transportation to the Oakland and Port Huron. Here many of the citizens of Detroit and Port Huron have their summer homes and here also is the popular resort of innumerable excursion parties. Wholly informal, there is a sufficient absence of the demands of fashion to make of

THE MUNICIPAL REPORTER

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

BOIS BLANC ISLAND

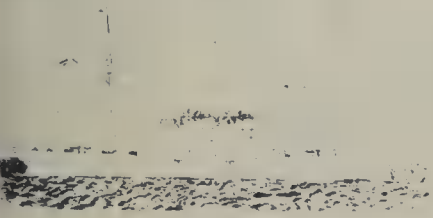
[illegible] island home, or even as a place to visit, the [illegible] of Bois Blanc is inexpressibly sweet, gracious [illegible]. About one and a quarter miles in length [illegible] about one-third of a mile wide at its greatest [illegible] its banks all around are bordered by a bold [illegible] ten to twelve feet in height. Its surface [illegible] places in flatness, but is agreeably varied [illegible] where the hickory predominates, but the [illegible] poplar, oak, as i, elm and basswood also give a fair share of delicious shade. On the banks near the water, are a continuous fringe of hawthorns, sumacs and willows.

Bois Blanc literally means "white wood," but the French term was applied to basswood, with which the island was heavily wooded prior to the Canadian rebellion, sometimes called the patriot war, in 1837-8. At that time the forest was cut down to allow the guns of Fort Malden, at Amherstburg, an unobstructed range over Bois Blanc to the islands on the American side, as the latter were at one time a base of operations in the rebel plan of invading Canada.

The island comprises exactly 207 acres of good clay land, of which two acres belong to the Canadian government and used as a light-house site. There are also two range lights at the head of the island, occupying fourteen and twenty-four square feet respectively, which are also owned by the

[illegible]

[illegible]



[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

government. Over 100 acres are cleared and fenced without a single stump. The greater portion of this is devoted to pasture, but Col. John Atkinson, its owner, also raises the oats and millet for his horses, some forty in number, which were mostly bred on the island; and also the vegetables and fruit for his household. He has also the finest head of jersey cattle in this region, and the milk and butter of Bois Blanc are a revelation to the guests of his house. There is also a good half-mile track, where he speeds his equines.

A number of wild turkeys have made the island their habitation for more than ten years. McKee Rankin, while he was owner, received a present of some wild turkey eggs from "Long John" Wentworth, once mayor of Chicago. The eggs were hatched on the island and the birds have multiplied. At present there are three flocks aggregating 125. No care is taken of them, and they pick up their own food, and are never disturbed save when one of their number is doomed to furnish a succulent dish.

The elder Rankin purchased the island from the Canadian government in 1874, when he was a member of parliament, for $[illegible], or $50. He sold it to his son, McKee Rankin, for $[illegible], in 1877. Mr. Rankin made many improvements on the island and kept open

house there for his many friends for several years. Afterward he conveyed it to Mrs. Rankin, and by her it was sold in January, 1877, to Col. John Atkinson and James A. Randall for $40,000. The latter sold out to the former, retaining about 1,000 feet of shore frontage upon which his elegant summer residence "Lookout Cottage," is situated, and the colonel is now the proprietor of Bois Blanc. James T. Keena and O. W. Wardell purchased park lots and also erected summer residences. Other summer homes owned by the colonel have been rented for the season to A. E. Visger and others.

Bois Blanc Island is sixteen miles south of Detroit on the Detroit river, and opposite and about 1,200 feet distant from the ancient town of Amherstburg. Like that town it is in Maiden township, Essex county, Ontario.

They love their land because it is their own,
And scorn to give ought other reason why.

[illegible]

THE DEVIL'S GRIST—A LEGEND OF WINDMILL P[illegible]

Fort Pontchartrain, from its advantageous position as [illegible] the Upper Lakes, was coveted by the English who [illegible] their efforts until whilst so jealously guarded by France, [illegible] mined to wear until the rigid watchfulness of the garrison [illegible] relax by apparent security. In the early spring of 17[illegible]

WIND[illegible]

[illegible] seemed to present itself. The [illegible] the success of La Motte Cadillac [illegible] instigated in Quebec, the Hurons, [illegible] and other Indian allies of the [illegible] not [illegible] [illegible] in the gloomy forests of the [illegible] whilst the fort was manned by a [illegible] of men sent Du Buisson as [illegible] commander.

[illegible] of Mascoutins and Outagamies were sent by the English, with [illegible] the benefit the [illegible] of [illegible] pitched their tents in so near [illegible] within the range of [illegible] But Du Buisson [illegible] well aware [illegible] of the Indians, and [illegible] in their [illegible] [illegible] war. We deceived by this semblance [illegible]ship. Nor did [illegible] neglect the [illegible] of prudence and forethought [illegible] against [illegible] [illegible] attack [illegible] [illegible] the grant to [illegible] the stockades, [illegible] outside of the fortifications [illegible] the buildings to be destroyed [illegible] against fire [illegible] to the Hurons and Pottawattomies [illegible] were in danger and to hasten [illegible] Daily [illegible] of Foxes [illegible] and scouting. But their lawless acts met with no punishment, they became more and more insolent. The little fort held heavily on, [illegible] wounded and [illegible]. For lay crouching [illegible] watch, [illegible] every movement, and ready to pounce on its prey, the garrison seemed not to notice it, and went along its daily routine.

But beneath that calm and indifferent exterior many were the wild and weary hearts; for all were under the influence of a feeling which was calculated to paralyze the energies of the boldest, since, unless success should soon arise, the blood-lust of Foxes, consumed by their [illegible] Island, would be replaced by the cross of St. [illegible] and their reckless valor, lying at the stakes [illegible] would be [illegible] History of Fort Pontchartrain. The brave Du Buisson would try to cause them to be [illegible] [illegible] the dozen French soldiers [illegible] and [illegible], noisy, warlike, the gentle chaplain, Dominic, would fill an [illegible] their trust in God, to remember their absent loves and their loved ones. A new light would come to their eyes, heavy from long, weary vigils, and new courage steal into their hearts and nerve them to deeds of arms.

At last Saginaw Chief of the Ottawas, and Makwabe Chief of the Pottawattomies, with their dusky warriors in all the full regalia of war, and the haughty warring est-

DRAWING-ROOM, [illegible]

DRESSING-ROOM, [illegible]

[illegible]

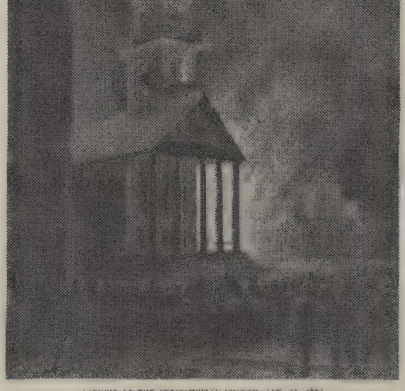
of the eagle and their bright sashes of vermilion, lit up the landscape, while their savage war whoops awoke the echoes of the forests, and found a response in the anxious hearts of the besieged garrison. Branches of the Sacs, Illinois, and, even Osages and Missouris, had hastened to the relief of the fort, borne along by a spirit of hereditary warfare against the restless Foxes and Macoutins, or "dwellers in the prairies," who were the roaming brigands of the wilds of America. Saguing presented himself at the fort and said to Du Buisson: "Father, behold thy children compass thee round. We will, if need be, gladly die for our father, only take care of our wives and our children, and spread a little grass over our bodies to protect them against the flies."

THE CHIEF OF RED JACKET — FROM PAINTING BY STANLEY

The Foxes were driven back and forced to throw up entrenchments and were reduced to the last extremity. Availing themselves of a stormy night they crept away under the friendly shelter of the darkness, and fortified themselves at Presque Isle, near Windmill Point, eight miles distant from Detroit, and at the entrance of Lake St. Clair. When the Hurons and other French allies discovered their flight they were soon in pursuit. For some days the Foxes held their fort, but at last fell beneath the tomahawk of the besieger. In vain Du Buisson endeavored to stop the fearful massacre, but his voice fell on ears open only to catch the agonizing wails of the victims, the sweetest music to the Indian warrior. The ground was saturated with blood, and the dead as numerous as the leaves of the forest; the blood-curdling yells of the conquerors, mingled with the groans of the dying, made so fearful a picture that the French soldiers, accustomed to war and carnage, turned away with sickened hearts. The allies carried away their dead and wounded, but left the remains of the conquered to the mercy of the elements and to become the prey of the birds. Shortly afterwards the last remnants of the Fox nation came to Presque Isle to "hold the feast of the dead" and to cover the bones of their warriors that they would no longer be excluded from the happy hunting ground of their ancestors. To-day their bleached bones are exposed by the ruthless plow, and any one interested in Indian antiquities can have that interest gratified by a visit to Presque Isle.

Years after the dreadful massacre which converted the beautiful spot called Presque Isle into the grave of the Fox nation, a stone mill was built there by a French settler, who came to reside with his sister Josette, undaunted by the current traditions which peopled it with the spirits of the departed warriors. Jean was a quiet, morose man, different from the laughing, careless, pleasure-loving Canadians, — for rare were his visits to the fort, and it was noticed that he never lingered over his *cidre*, nor spoke to the smiling, piquante daughters of the habitants. Men shrugged their shoulders, and the fair damsels pouting their pretty lips would cluster around the *coureur des bois*, who, going everywhere, was the recognized gossip of the day, and ask him why Jean was so different from others, while with a wise look on his face, the coureur would reply that Jean had met with a disappointment in his early youth, and had since kept shy of the fair sex, by a vow which was then customary, for when a man's addresses were once refused he seldom tried a second time.

Josette was much older than her brother, and by dint of thrift and economy had saved enough to become a half owner in the mill. The favored few who had tasted her "croquecignoles" and "galette au beurre," spoke of it as an era in their existence.



EVENING OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, JAN. 19, 1854

Naught disturbed the monot-
ony of their lives; each da
was but a repetition. Th
river flowed calmly on, th
birds sang their songs — fo
nature has no moods, the
belong to man alone. A
last Josette fell sick. Jea
attended her as carefully a
he could, and like a prudent
man, would frequently as
her to whom she would leav
her interest in the mill. In
table from suffering, sh
became annoyed at his im
portunities, accused him o
taking care of her for the sak
of obtaining her money, an
told him "she would leav
it to the devil." Jean tri
in his clumsy fashion, t
soothe her. He sent f
some of his kindred to reas
with her, but they only m
furiated her the more, an
she solemnly declared th
not one of them should hav
her share in the mill, b
"she would sooner leave
to the devil."

Josette recovered, hoo
ever, and with that perversity born of stubbornness, would not relent. A few months afte
wards she was found dead in her bed, having died suddenly. That same night, whilst th
candles threw their dim shadowy light in the room of the dead, a furious storm arose, lashin
the waves against the shore, the winds howling fiercely around the point, the black clou
chasing each other across the lowering skies, as lurid gleams of lightning and deafening rev
berations of thunder, made all the habitants shudder while they crossed themselves and to
their heads. All at once there came so tremendous a shock that it seemed to swallow th
island. The old stone mill was rent in twain. A pungent smell of sulphur filled the air, an
a fiendish laugh was heard loud above the raging storm, from the shattered ruins. The ar
fiend had come to claim his share.

For years afterward, when a northeast storm bl
from the lake, making night hideous by its echoi
peals of thunder, it was said that a hairy figure, wi
a horned head and forked tail tipped with fire, b
mouth and eyes darting forth ruddy flame, could
seen in the mill, trying to put together the ruin
machinery to grind the devil's grist. And the boa
wayfarer to Grosse Pointe would see the marsh
around Presque Isle all illuminated by flames, call
by the habitants feu-follet, which would try
inveigle the unhappy traveler and bring him to he
grind the devil's grist.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PONTIAC WAR

Edward Gilbert of Carleton recently gave to
reporter of the Detroit Evening News the followi
interesting account of his father's experience in figh
ing Indians in the Pontiac war, back in 1763 — a
on. It is worth further preservation. Mr. Carlet
told of his father:

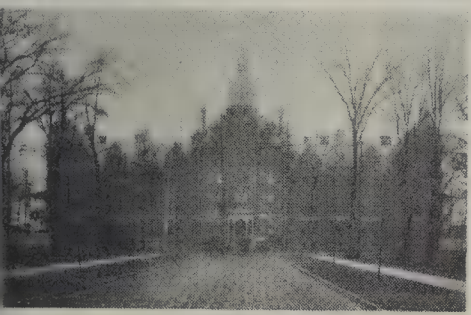
"He had been a soldier in that war, and it see
like yesterday that I saw his familiar figure sitting
the doorstep of his home, smoking his old woo
pipe that gave evidence, like himself, of approach
dissolution. 'Uncle Will' had been a soldier in G
Pontiac's war and was full of yarns about the India
One of his favorite stories he used to tell about
follows:

"'Wal, I had gone in the war to lick the India
not that I wanted to very much, but if I didn't
an' help kill them they'd very surely kill me at ho
without help. So I went an' wur took to Detr
which wasn't a very big town then. We cam
down by the river — it's all tuk up with houses n
— an' there I first learned how to fight Injuns
how to read Injun signs.

"'We wuz kep' busy, fur the redskins wuz th

ild cats, nuthin' beat in numbers, unless it wuz wolves, fur the hull wood wuz full of them critters. We camped on a Frenchman's clearing, who had settled there, an' the way we lished things made the little feller go through more motions than a trained circus donkey, but apting stopped him pretty quick by telling him if he didn't shut up he'd put him out on picket t a redskin pick off his scalp an' goatee. Nearly every night some of the boys wuz shot at on picket by some prowling redskin, an' then all would be still fur a time until it would break gain some place else, till at last it settled down by taking a man off the line every night at the place. If our capting put more than one man on picket at that place, all would be quiet, but only one man wuz put on we'd allus find him next mornin' with an arrer through him.

"Wal, at last my time came to take the post, and I wuz scared about as bad as I ever wuz.



HARPER HOSPITAL

ON THE RIDGE, BACK OF WOODMERE

oon as the guard had left, sayin', "Keep your eye out, old man," n to look around fur some kind of kiver fur me to crawl into. in front of the stack wuz a little clump of bushes an' first I thought into them, but then thinks I if a redskin sneaks up here he'll ly crawl into the same bush an' it don't look big enough fur Purty soon an idear struck me an' I dug a hole clean back into ck an' laid down, with my rifle kivering the kentry; outside it ight moonlight an' I knowed I could hit anything as big as an for I wuz purty sure I'd be dead, or at least have another place to breathe through in the mornin'. The place wuz down by a little stack of straw, which the little Frenchman had stacked there,

MICHIGAN CENTRAL DEPOT CLOCK TOWER

VIEW ON THE HUBBARD BOULEVARD

THE SENIOR FOURS AT DETROIT

Injun that showed up. Wal, I laid there, hour after hour, an' nuthin' came, an' my eyes wuz 'ginnin' to get tired watchin' when I seed somethin' movin' along jist beyond the little clump of bushes. I watched it awhile, an' first it would stop an' then go ahead, crouchin' all the while close to the ground.

"The old man would always grow excited over this and illustrate it in pantomime.

"'I remember afterwards,' he continued, 'that it looked a blame sight more like a

THE LANE TO THE SHEEP PEN

ST. JOSEPH'S MEMORIAL (EPISCOPAL) CHURCH, MEDBURY AVENUE

woll than an Injun, but I wuz too excited to think of anything excep' how I wuz to kill him when he got clus enough fur me to be sure, fur I wuz purty sartin if I didn't kill him first shot, i'd be likely to be the one myself to get kilt. Wal, he kep' gittin' nearer and nearer, creepin' along like a dog, till he finally got up to the bushes, an' then went into

OVER THE ROOFS TOWARD WALKERVILLE

THE FLYING UP TOWN

them an' stopped jist in front of what I wuz. I could see him purty plain an' I waited awhile fur him to stan' up, but he didn't, an' so I drawed a bead on him an' pulled the trigger. He jumped an' give a yell an' then laid still after kickin' a little. Wal, out come a squad from the camp, an I crawled out of my hole an' told them I'd settled the redskin which had had so much fun on that post an' showed them what he laid. We could just see his body an' one of the boys dove into the bushes, an' what do you think he found? Nuthin' but a tamed gray wolf, an' an uncommon small one at that. Wal, you bet I wuz beat, I wuz called 'Wolfie' a good deal by the boys an' I felt purty sheepish.

"That wuz the the first Injun I ever kilt, but that wuzn't the last of the trouble, fur the very next night a man wuz shot in the side at that same picket, an' it only stopped when our picket line wuz doubled."

"GREAT FIRE" TO THE CITY HALL

days, but as a part of the history of time it should be preserved. It reads:

GREAT CONFLAGRATION.

NINE BUILDINGS BURNED.

ONE TO ONE FAMILIES HOUSELESS.

LOSS FROM $200,000 TO $300,000 AT A LOW ESTIMATE.

The City of Detroit was yesterday visi with a most disastrous conflagration. It estimated that the loss cannot fall sh

"LOOK OUT YONDER"

DOORWAY OF GEMMING'S SECONDHAND BUILDING, WITCH STREET

"Grandfather used to visit Detroit," said Mr. Gilbert, "and he never failed to go to the place, which was somewhere down on Fort street, and when he came back he always told it over again with fresh emphasis."

DETROIT'S GREAT FIRE IN 1848

Some of the older residents of Detroit can undoubtedly remember the excitement which the great fire of 1848 caused, and can probably also recall the primitive methods then in use for fire fighting — a hint of which is given in our illustration, on another page, of the burning of the old Duffield Presbyterian church. Then the old hand fire engines were used and the emphatic command to "Pump her down!" frequently issued from the lips of the one who had authority over the men at the handles.

The following account of the great fire in Detroit is taken from the Free Press of May 10th, 1848, and lacks the details which would distinguish a newspaper account of such a matter now-a-

TRINITY CHURCH — JEFFERSON AVENUE

ACCEPTED DESIGN FOR CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING

MONROE AVENUE, HOTEL ST. CLAIR IN THE DISTANCE

...000, and at least 500 families are houseless

...ire originated in the large storehouse between ...d Randolph streets, unoccupied, by sparks from ...Selin St. Joseph, which was firing up at the time, ...half-past ten to the forenoon, and continued to ...il four o'clock in the afternoon. The Berthelet ...the Steamboat Hotel, Wales Hotel, &c. are all

Not a building is left standing below Jefferson ...between Brush street and an alley between Bates ...dolph streets, except the warehouse of Brewster ...ns, and Thompson's Hotel, and many are burned above Brush street. On Jefferson avenue every building on the south side is destroyed, from the new Campau Block, which was partially destroyed, to the second building below the Congregational church. All between that and the river is in ashes.

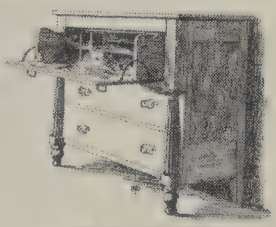
It is impossible to give the names of the sufferers, as all is excitement at the time of preparing this account.

The building in which was the Advertiser, was greatly damaged, but the materials were principally saved, but of course there will be a loss by damage and delay in publication. The citizens and firemen deserve great credit for their activity in endeavoring to arrest the flames. At one time it was thought impossible to arrest the progress of the fire, until it had burned everything on the south side of Jefferson avenue, above Bates street, but the wind shifted, which enabled the firemen to get ahead of its progress. Several buildings were blown up or torn down, in the hope of stopping its progress, but without accomplishing the object.

Jefferson avenue is almost entirely blocked up with furniture or store goods.

Mr. Wales, of Wales' Hotel, saved a great part of his costly furniture, but his loss is quite heavy, as is the loss of Major Biddle, who owned the building—probably $20,000 above insurance. This building was the first brick edifice built in Michigan, and was occupied by General Hull during the last war with England.

Mr. Eaton's loss, who was in the same building, is large. But we cannot give the names of all the sufferers, as they are many.



HOE PRESS IN THE COMPANY'S OFFICE

NEW MACHINE ENGINE

ALEXANDER MASON, OLDEST INHABITANT OF DETROIT

MRS. NANCY EATON, INQUIRER OF GOODS IN HOTEL, LOSERS

MRS. MARY JACKLIN

We are unable to say how much of the property destroyed was insured, but we presume very little, from the fact that insurance companies declined taking insurance in that neighborhood. The Steamboat Hotel, we understand, was uninsured, and the large block of Wales' Hotel was insured for only $5,000. The small wooden buildings occupied as grocery and butcher shops below Jefferson avenue were probably all uninsured. The cabinet, wagon, blacksmith and bake shops, etc., were nearly all uninsured, and their loss is large. One cabinet shop contained about $2,000 worth of finished work, which was all destroyed.

It would be just, and an act of charity, for those of our citizens who escaped the destruction incident to the fire yesterday, to lend a helping hand to the poor who have met with such severe loss. We hope measures will be taken to furnish shelter for those who are homeless. Many of them are sick, and were removed on litters.

The draymen are deserving of great praise for their free tender of their time and drays yesterday in removing furniture and the sick. We saw a great number of draymen carting furniture free of charge.

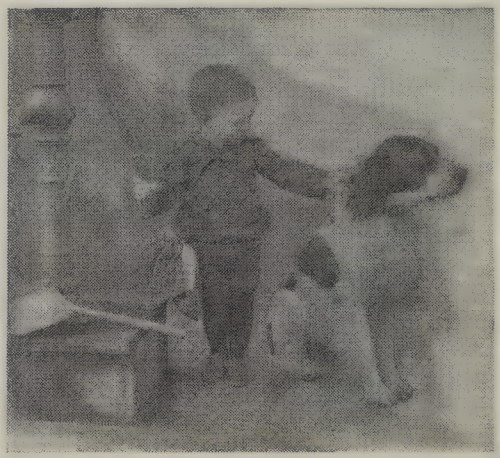
The whole city was in danger during the progress of the fire yesterday, from the sparks, which were, in every direction, to be seen in the air. Even wooden buildings as far as Congress street, were several times on fire, but put out. It was necessary to keep a sentinel on the house tops in all parts of the city east of Woodward avenue.

VIEW AT CORNER OF GRATIOT AVENUE AND RANDOLPH STREET

THE MISER PENREUX

Market Gardener Penreux, who lived on Seventh street nearly thirty years, sold garden vegetables and accumulated quite a little fortune. He was called a miser and while, like some of his class, he was known to have secreted more or less money about his house, unlike them he had the good sense to place the great bulk of his fortune in the bank. He lived in an old house pictured on the next page, "The Miser's Cottage," and finally, being well along in years, and tired of his long some life, he decided to return to his native sunny France, and this last spring he shut up his old home, and prepared to depart. He had received a considerable sum for the land on which the house stood, which is now to be the site of a foundlings' hospital, and he drew in all, it is said, about $12,000 from the bank, to take to France. He gave $1,500 to one of his friends, and when he left the house probably little dreamed of the commotion and ransacking the old cottage would endure within a few minutes after he left it. This was last March (1895) and a local paper thus describes the scene which followed:

Yesterday was a great day on Seventh street. The interest in old Penreux's departure for France was intensified by the knowledge that he was in the habit of secreting sums of money in his house, and after the carriage containing the old market gardener and his friends, Louis Richardot and John B. Gravier, drove away to the depot the house was surrounded by a



TAKE SOMETHING WITH ME?"

CORNER FRANKLIN AND ANTOINE STREETS

OLD FRENCH MARKET

CORNER GRATIOT STREET AND GRAND RIVER AVENUE

OLD FRENCH HOUSE ON THE RIVER ROAD

WOODWARD AVENUE, NORTH FROM CONGRESS STREET

MARY JUDGE

THE SANTA MARIA — THE SPANISH CARAVELS AT DETROIT

THE HOME GUARD

lly increasing crowd, mostly boys rls. Mrs. Richardot and her husbrother and his wife appeared to he old furniture, but were prevented ecking for hidden treasure

R. hardot said this morning that reating told her that when she d the furniture he would take posof the house.

ien he tailed up the door," said Mrs lot, " and wouldn't let us look any

Now old Mr. Peneux told me to ne things and look for the money nd it to him in France. I will have the law about it."

ard-set was made on the old woodchich stood at the right of the house. on ale at fifty boys and girls, with ikling of grown-up persons, were over the heaps of rubbish, sawdust ps. Their labor was soon rewarded ls of money. Peter Smith found ollars wrapped in paper, consisting silver dollars and eight quarters

THE WORK SHED AT THE "CARINE," AT DETROIT

corner behind the stove, and found a little paper package. She unrolled it and found twenty dollars in gold and silver. Jasper Davis emptied an old shoe and found eight dollars and two cents. Willie Hurley found a tarnished quarter and a lot of three-cent pieces. George Dowrie and Willie Wilson each found one dollar in silver, and Willie Power discovered one dollar and fifty-five cents. One boy found a dollar gold piece sticking in a crack of the wall, and another a cup of copper cents in the rubbish. There were rumors that a girl found eighty dollars and another forty dollars, but no names could be given. Another boy found a five dollar gold piece in the back shed.

The search lasted till darkness set in. At daylight this morning there were about fifty young persons delving and turning over the rubbish and dirt in the house, but only a few coins were found.

THE HOME OF THE OLD FRENCH MODEL
SOLD TO THE NEW YORK HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN

OLD WATERWORKS, DETROIT RIVER

Anna Jewell found an old oyster can inside the edge of the roof, which was rtly filled with [illegible]. Removing some of the [illegible] she saw some coins, and ran across in an excited way. A number of small boys followed her, tripped her up, emptied and scrambled for the coins. Willie Coffin secured three dollars and seventyits in quarters, dimes and nickels. Other boys grabbed smaller amounts, and rtly secured two dollars and seventy-five cents of her find.

side door leading from the shed was broken open, and soon the excited crowd sure-seekers got into the front part of the house in which old Peneux had lived. Baker, a girl of fourteen, living at 270 Fifth street, went poking in the dirt in the

THE [illegible] WOODWARD AVENUE

VIEW WEST ON LAFAYETTE AVENUE FROM GRISWOLD STREET (THE BUILDING OCCUPIED AS A HEADQUARTERS BY THE ORIGINAL R. C. V. R., DETROIT)

C. L. GRAND ON THE DECK

AUSTIN BLAIR, THE WAR GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN

OFF THE CUYAHOGA — "NOT MINE"

WILLIAM R. QUIMBY, U. S. MINISTER TO THE NETHERLANDS

THE MICHIGAN STATE CAPITOL BUILDING AT LANSING

Grocer Meath, at the corner below, did a thriving business in candy yesterday. Whenever a youngster made a find he darted to the grocery, followed by his friends, and there invested some of his treasure in sweetmeats.

"I think that I had twenty customers yesterday who found money in the old hut," said Mr. Meath this morning.

Up to noon to-day the house was filled with searchers, and the dust caused in turning over the rubbish was really stifling. This morning a young man named John Ernst exhumed an old pair of pants and retired to see what was in the pockets. He was seen to take out a silver medal and some coins, but hid the rest of his find.

It was evident that Perreux in his old age developed the same propensities as the magpie and the crow for hiding things. Afraid to carry money on his person, and distrusting banks, he concealed his money as he received it and then forgot about it. It is also supposed that his wife, who died in 1870, had the same propensity.

One of the persons in charge of the property said to a neighbor: "I was going to sell what was in the house to a second hand man for one dollar. I'm glad I didn't, for I found ten dollars."

[illegible] LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN

sword. He came of a family of fighters on the frontier, the name and deeds of one of them at least being preserved to all time in the northern tier by a monumental remembrance in a quiet cemetery in Lycoming county, Pennsylvania. During the Canadian rebellion of 1837, General Brady had command of the

THE LATE JOHN J. BAGLEY, EX-GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN

GENERAL BRADY AND HIS FAMOUS DUEL

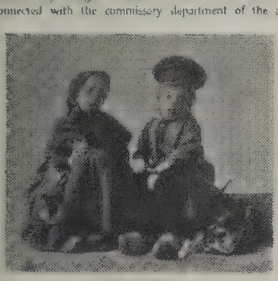
Gen. Hugh Brady was one of Detroit's famous characters for many years, a hero of the war of 1812, and his descendants are to-day among the most prominent families of Detroit society. He is described as a great raw-boned man of splendid proportions, over six feet in height, a giant in stature and courage, and a brave, impetuous fellow ever ready to back up his convictions with his

MONROE INN, ON THE RIVER

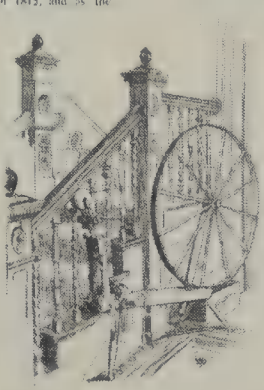
THE CAKEWALK

United States forces, and took a prominent part, at that time, in capturing the stragglers, and bringing the war to an end. He died in Detroit in 1851, at a ripe old age and one of Detroit's crack military organizations was named the Brady Guards, in his honor.

Recently, in a reminiscential article relating to the old town of Sunbury, Pa., the Philadelphia Press told the following interesting story concerning a famous duel in which Brady was a principal when he lived in Pennsylvania. The scene is laid in the old town of Sunbury, where, on a certain muster day, he rode into town probably without any thought or dream of what was to befall him before night. He was connected with the commissery department of the army of 1812, and as the



JUST LAUGHED



HARROWS AND SPINNING WHEEL IN DON. L. M. [illegible] THE CABIN

WOODWARD AVENUE, THE MAIN STREET, JUST [illegible] FROM MARCH, 1847 AND NEW BUILDING BEING REPORTED

ANNIE THE [illegible]

enlistment of recruits was still in progress, the obtaining of supplies to the growing army was of paramount importance.

The review was in progress; the militia from Point and Rush and Shamokin and the other townships were still going through their evolutions when General Hugh rode up to the door of Mike Kutzner's tavern, opposite the old court house, and dismounted. He was widely known and many a familiar salutation was exchanged as he strode into the public room of the hotel.

There was no prohibition party in that year of our Lord, 1812, in Pennsylvania. It was not considered a breach of good manners to pour out a slug of whiskey in a public tavern and drink to the health of your friend or friends, and so Gen. Hugh Brady did not scruple to stand before the low, massive, and unadorned white oak bar and call for a glass of the best in the house. If he had contented himself with this one glass, this portion of the old stories of Sunbury would never have been written. But Brady wasn't that sort of a man; he knew a good thing when he saw it, he tasted it, and so he called for another, and possibly half a dozen more during the ensuing four hours and the exchequer of Michael Kutzner, tavernkeeper, was proportionately

CASS AVENUE [illegible]

THE OLD WOOD-SAWYER

increased as the contents of his cask diminished at the bidding of the fighting Brady.

There was another man equally renowned for his courage as General Brady of the United States army. He was a lawyer by profession, a soldier by choice.

It was Capt. Daniel Levy, a man of mark and a citizen of distinction. He was of medium height, smooth face, compact build and of ready wit. It was a part of Gen. Hugh Brady's business in Sunbury to see Capt. Daniel Levy. There were some details of equipment for the army to be discussed and while Gen. Hugh Brady waited at Kutzner's, Capt. Daniel Levy watched the evolutions of the township soldiery on the southern bank of the Susquehanna in front of ex-Senator Maclay's stone mansion.

THE LATE ALANSON SHELBY

When Captain Levy at last entered the bar-room at Kutzner's, he was dusty and very dry and this condition of his no doubt tended to hasten the episode in which he was one of the principal actors.

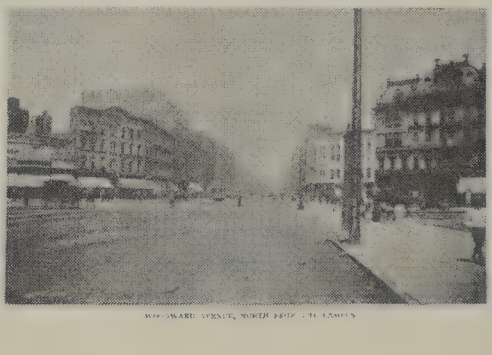
The public tap, or bar-room of Michael Kutzner's tavern, was of the characteristic kind of eighty years ago. It was about 20x25 feet, with an unusually high ceiling for a hotel. The main entrance was from the public square, and on the same side of the room two small windows with a dozen small lights of glass set in heavy sashes looked out upon the court house green. On the other, or northern side, two more windows gave an unobstructed view of the Susquehanna, 500 yards distant.

The bar-room was very plainly furnished. The light oak bar, with a dozen bottles on a shelf behind it, stood close to the east wall of the room, with a door on the left as one entered which opened into the dining-room. Around the room were arranged a half dozen wooden and rush bottomed chairs, while on either side of the rude hearth stood two broad seated wooden settees or settles.

After the two soldiers had pledged each other in mutual glances at the white oak bar they adjourned to the table between the windows. Under ordinary circumstances they would have been the cynosure of all eyes, but on this day the drinkers at the bar, the militia men and the townspeople who happened to drop in regarded them with interest at a dis-

HOTEL CADILLAC AND WASHINGTON AVENUE

VIEW ON WASHINGTON AVENUE



WOODWARD AVENUE, NORTH FROM THE CAMPUS

GEORGE V. N. LOTHROP, U. S. MINISTER TO RUS
1897-98

tance. For this reason the origin of the famo
duel was never known.

The pair had been sitting at the oaken tab
between the windows for quite a while wi
various papers spread out between them wh
the few men in the room heard a few expletiv
and the next instant the two men had leap
to their feet. The lie was passed. Of th
there is scarcely a doubt. As they spra
from the chairs two swords flashed in the lig
of the setting sun as it streamed through t
windows. Before the men who remained
the room Samuel Awl, the father of Dr. R. I
Awl, and Michael Kutzner and a couple
soldiers could stir, there was the sharp n
of steel on steel and the swords of the tw
soldiers clashed together across the table.

It was no fairy French play, that duel
Mike Kutzner's bar-room that afternoon. Th

RT. REV. JOHN FOLEY, BISHOP OF THE CATHOLIC
DIOCESE OF DETROIT

deadliest insults had passed over a questio
which has never been made known, and ea
man fought for his life. All the advanta
was in Brady's favor; he was the taller of th
two, and his arm was the longest and stron
est. But Levy never wavered or yielded
the outset. It was fatal for him to fight acro
the table, so inclining away he got clear of
and once in the middle of the floor he made
desperate lunge at his opponent's breast. Th
blow fell short, and then with his giant
strength Brady aimed a blow at his antag
nist's sword arm, hoping to disable and the

WOODBRIDGE STREET, WEST FROM GRISWOLD STREET

"TROT, TROT, TO BOSTON,
TO BUY A LOAF OF BREAD!"

kill him. The vicious assault was parried, and panting and cursing, the two men fought like madmen around the room. A single misstep, a stumble over a chair, would have been fatal to either. For with boiling blood and blending passion neither would have hesitated to commit what would have practically been murder.

To the coolness and bravery of Awl and Kutzner was due the fact that life was not sacrificed. Entreaties were in vain, and, so, as the duel waged, the spectators began the most novel efforts at peacemaking that perhaps were ever heard of on this continent. Seizing one of the wooden chairs, and watching his opportunity, Samuel Awl flung it between the two combatants. Kutzner did the same, but regardless of these obstacles the men fought across them. And at this point came the climax.

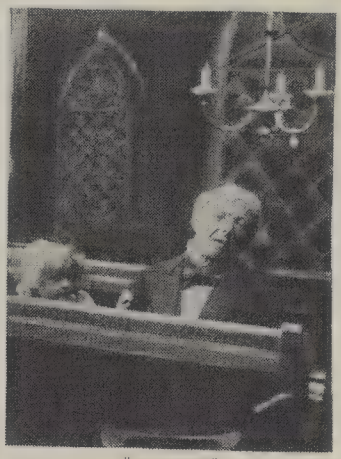
Brady had been steadily fighting down his antagonist, but the admirable defense and cleverness of Levy had enabled him to escape injury. Suddenly Brady raised himself on his tip-toes and, regardless of his unguarded position, raised his sword to bring it down with awful force upon Levy's head. The latter saw the blow coming, turned his head slightly, and raised his sword on guard to catch it. So powerful was the impetus of this assault that the sword of Brady, cleaving downward, cut off the end of Levy's queue — which he always wore, being a lawyer — and breaking down the guard of his antagonist, inflicted a severe wound on his left shoulder.

Levy staggered back, and again Brady delivered a fierce downward stroke, which missed its object, but the point of the sword scored a deep cut in the heavy sill of one of the windows. For nearly fifty years this mark of Brady's sword remained on the window sill of Kutzner's old place, and was only removed when the property was remodeled.

This ended the duel, for Awl and his companions had worked so industriously throwing up a barricade between the belligerents that they were forced to stop fighting. All the furniture in the room except the old settees was piled up between the men. When Brady sheathed his dented blade with an oath and panting called for a drink from the frightened tavernkeeper, Levy stood leaning against the wall exhausted but still defiant, with his sword point on the floor and his hand pressed to his side.

It was a duel to be proud of: one of the Three Guardsmen kind as when Athos and D'Artagnan stood up and fought their way out of the cavern between Paris and the coast.

But of all the hundreds of the curious who hung outside Mike Kutzner's place in Sunbury that afternoon and pressed their faces breathlessly against the little square panes of glass to catch a glimpse of the fierce combat within, not one thought to leave behind the story in writing of that unique event.



"FOREIGN MISSIONS"

After the lapse of two generations and forty years, after the brave and impetuous Brady had passed to his grave in Detroit, the story is told anew. Not, perhaps, as the respected Dr. Awl would and has told it in a paragraph of crisp facts, but embellished as the circumstances warrant from a liberal and romantic view. Captain Levy recovered. His wound was severe but not dangerous.

ROBERT HOPKIN, ARTIST

"GOOD SAE!"

Amicable relations were established between the duellists, but they were never the firm friends they were before that unhappy but dramatic episode.

WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

THE "GRIFFIN" AND LAKE ST. CLAIR

On Aug. 14th, 1879, many prominent people of Detroit, Grosse Pointe and vicinity celebrated the second centennial anniversary of the naming of Lake St. Clair, which took place, 1

Robert Cavalier de La Salle was the commander of the "Griffin" and the discoverer of Lake St. Clair, and a brief account of his work will be naturally looked for in this connection. In 1669 La Salle is first heard of making his way with a Seneca guide to the Ohio river, which he descended, as far as the rapids at Louisville. Here

THE LATE D. REYNOLDS DUTFIELD

ST. ALPHONSUS CHURCH (CATHOLIC), CHICAGO

[illegible] OF LAKE

he was abandoned by his men and retraced his steps alone. The following year he embarked in a canoe on Lake Erie, reached the straits of Detroit, coasted Lakes Huron and Michigan and descended the Mississippi to the 28th degree of latitude. Assured that the great river discharged not into the gulf of California (as had until then been supposed) but into that of Mexico, he returned to provide means for more extended explorations. Unfortunately his plans and maps are lost; they are known to have existed in 1726, and if accounts are correct they would have given to the world the first knowledge of the Ohio, if not the Mississippi. La Salle was eventually aided by the governor of Canada, and the two planned a post on Lake Ontario, far beyond the settlements

THE LATE JAMES S. TAYLOR

[illegible] AND CHAPEL AT REDWOOD, [illegible]

HON. [illegible] OF THE NAVY, BELGIUM, AT THE [illegible] EXPOSITION

seems, in an approved formal way, on board the ancient schooner "Griffin," off Grosse Pointe, in 1679. This vessel was to the beautiful St. Clair lake country what the ancient Spanish caravels were to the eastern (Atlantic) seashores of the new continent, and we reproduce elsewhere from an ancient print a picture of her as she appeared in 1679.

[illegible] SAN SEBASTIAN, MEXICO

of the St. Lawrence, which might overawe the Iroquois and turn to France the stream of wealth that was pouring to the Dutch and English from the fur trade. Twice La Salle visited France, where his influence at court obtained for him permission to pursue his plans at his own expense for five years. He received from the king a patent of nobility and a grant in

[illegible]

[illegible] DAVIDS, FAMILY OF THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE OF MEXICO

LOOKING AT THE ALBUM

signiory of Fort Frontenac, as the new post was called.

The place where was built the first vessel — the "Griffin" that sailed the upper lakes — is the mouth of a small stream the Cayuga, about six miles above the cataract, on the west side of the Niagara river. She was of about sixty tons burden and the drawing given on page 57 of this work made by the late Chief Justice Campbell gives a clear idea of its character. It was a two-masted schooner, built of a character peculiar to that day, having double decks and a high poop projected over the stern, where was the main cabin, and over this rose another and smaller cabin, doubtless for the use of the commander. The stern was thus carried up broad and straight to considerable height. Bulwarks protected the quarter deck. She bore on her prow a huge figure, in imitation of an heraldic monster — the arms of Count Frontenac — "and above it an eagle." This, in the representation, adorns the top of the stern. The ship "carried five small cannon, three of which were brass, and three arquebuses, and the rest of the ship had the same ornaments that men-of-war used to have." "It might have been called," adds the historiographer, Hennepin who accompanied the expedition, "a moving fortress. In fine, it "was well equipped with sails, masts, and all things necessary for navigation, besides arms, provisions and merchandise.

On the seventh day of August La Salle and his fellow-voyagers, to the number of thirty-three, embarked and having sung a Te Deum, spread their sails to a favoring breeze. The ship proved a good sailer, and on the 11th they entered "a strait thirty leagues long and one broad," called in the language of the French, the Detroit, and the next day they reached the beautiful expanse now known as Lake St. Clair.

It seems it was a custom of French voyagers in new regions to bestow upon any prominent feature of the landscape the name of the saint to whom the day of the discovery was dedicated in the church calendar. There was a saint who bore the present modernized name, and who was one of the headless saints, a martyr to his virtue, but his calendar day is November. The saint whose name was really bestowed, and whose day is August 12, is the female "Sainte Claire," the foundress of the order of Franciscan nuns of the thirteenth century, known as "Poor Claires." Clara d'Assisi was the beautiful daughter of a

"DON'T THINK FOR ME!"

nobleman of great wealth, who early dedicated herself to a religious life and went to St. Francis to ask for advice. On Palm Sunday she went to church with her family, dressed in rich attire, where St. Francis cut off her long hair with his own hands, and threw over her the coarse penitential robes of the order. She entered the convent of San Damiano in spite of the opposition of her family and friends, and was afterwards the most celebrated founder of orders in the Roman church. At a time when all the communities were extorting from the popes authorization to possess property she solicited from Innocent IV., in favor of her order of Franciscans, the privilege of perpetual poverty! F. Way, in his work on Rome, says that Ste. Claire has her tomb at the Minerva and that the house she lived in still exists between the Pantheon and the Thermæ of Agrippa — that here she was visited by the pope and on the 12th of August, 1253, while listening to the reading of the Passion, in the midst of her weeping nuns, she died, as the first abbess of the Clarisses and the founder of over 3,000 religious houses.

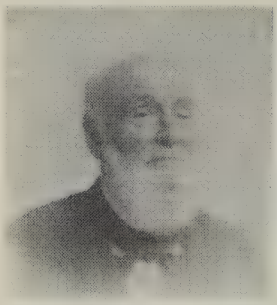
We are not told with what imposing ceremonies the christening was per-

FISHERS AT THE MOUTH OF THE DETROIT

VIEW NEAR ON DAVENPORT STREET

THE PRESENT U. S. GOVERNMENT BUILDING AND POST-OFFICE

"WHENCE, TRAMPING LITTLE STAR?"



COL. JOHN WINDER

formed, but surely some inspiration was derived from the beautiful scenes of nature through which the voyagers had just passed, which then surrounded them, and which to our eyes are now no less lovely and inviting. The natural beauty of the region lying between Lakes Huron and Erie had been recorded by all the early travelers, with words of admiration. Many of the islands were low, and some of the river margins scarcely above the water. But all was green and peaceful. Dark forests extended to the water's edge, and many a tall monarch of the wood waved its gigantic arms over the brink, and was reflected in a glassy surface which no tide or flood ever disturbed. The marshes were luxuriant with wild rice, that furnished a sumptuous repast to a great variety of birds and water fowl, and even a welcome supply to the Indians. Occasional villages and bark wigwams enlivened the shore, surrounded with gardens and corn fields, and the most elevated points were crowned with burial mounds.

The chroniclers all allude to the abundance of wild game and fruits. There were apples "as large as the Pommes d'Api," or Lady Apples, and "nuts like moderate sized oranges." La Houtan says "the pears are good but rare." The apples were probably crab, though one writer speaks of the trees as set methodically; but who can tell us what were the pears? Can it be that the famous French pear trees, whose origin no man living knows, existed here as natives at that day? The beauties of the passage filled the voyagers with rapturous delight. Hennepin records the loveliness of the shores, the prairies and the forests. The "Griffin" was covered with game and fruits which had been gathered in great abundance

SAFE TOWING ON THE RIVER

THE OLD BOAT HOUSE

A SHADY INLET

A FRENCH FOR ONE

THE BIG BEND

and with little effort, and the voyagers feasted and congratulated themselves on having found a land almost literally flowing with milk and honey.

Of the fortunes of La Salle and the Griffin, following the discovery and naming of St. Clair, it must here suffice to say that master and ship had here nearly reached the height of their usefulness. A deep-seated jealousy of La Salle pervaded the fur traders and the jesuits and made them hostile to his enterprise, since it more or less threatened their private gains. The pilot of the Griffin while on a special expedition, was either bribed and purposely sent his ship to the bottom of Lake Huron, or the vessel foundered in a storm, for it was never heard of again. La Salle continued on, but this time to the south, discovered the mouth of the Mississippi and took possession of the Louisiana country in the name of the French king. A French colony was organized in France, to settle the new country, but it became reduced by suffering and disappointment to one-fourth the original number, and La Salle himself, while on the way to Canada for relief, was shot by two men who accompanied him and had sworn vengeance on their leader.

A WOODWARD AVENUE HOME

DISTANT VIEW OF TOWER OF FIRST STATE HOSPITAL BUILDING IN MICHIGAN, VIEW FROM GRAND RIVER AVE. AND BAGLEY AVE. FROM PAINTING (1866) BY ROBERT HOPKIN

DETROIT AS A SUMMER RESORT

BY AN OLD INSIDER

Probably the proposition that Detroit, with a population of nearly 100,000 souls, is a most suitable place for a summer resort, would be met with a smile of incredulity by the people of other cities, especially the east, but we guarantee that if they will pay a visit to this place, in the most sultry month of summer, they will find not only within a few miles of the city, but in the city itself, all the general enjoyment, and salubrious air which they would find in a professional summer resort.

Regarding this city, first as a resort for invalids, we find peculiar attractions. The atmosphere is pure and free from malaria, as the land has long been subject to tillage, the sewerage is excellent, and the streets are broad. The fuel principally used is wood, so that the air is free from the clouds and dust that result from the use of bituminous coal in most western cities. The adjacent mineral springs and baths, among them the sulphur springs at Sandwich and Springwells, have been found effective in many diseases, and the Mount Clemens Springs, famous for curing rheumatic and neuralgic disorders, are within half an hour's ride.

THE STEAMER "GREYHOUND"

A TEN-OARED BARGE RACE—THE FINISH—AT DETROIT

Pleasure seekers find fishing all the year round in Lake St. Clair, and game birds, especially water-fowl, abound in the season. Pretty steamers carry the tourist to this lake, and southward to the Erie. Near the latter, in the Detroit River, which flows by clear and limpid, is the well known Grosse Isle, and further on is Put-in-Bay Island. These delightful places are as conveniently reached from Detroit as Coney Island and the Long Island beaches are from New York, and have fine hotels, thus affording a variety of pleasant trips in addition to the beauty and healthfulness of the city itself. I confess that I, an Eastern man, was greatly surprised at the unusual richness and variety of the attractions and advantages of Detroit, and I set to work to find out all I could about its natural surroundings and the way in which the people have improved them, and I am indebted to the kindness of friends as well as my own observations.

The water supply is obtained from the river at such a distance above the city that it is absolutely pure drinking water, and the force of the river performs the labor of Hercules in cleansing the city and its drains. Street railroads run to all parts of the town, and the manner in which the streets are laid out and paved and kept in order, as well as all other matters under the control of the municipal government, might set a worthy example to New York.

The society of this city is choice. Most of the residents are the fourth or fifth generation of the old French settlers, and are imbued with that delicate refinement and sociable character which mark the good families of the provincial towns of France. It is as it the older Dutch and English families of New York were a majority of the population.

A RIVER LINER

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S HOME

The social superiority is enhanced and maintained by the usual adjuncts of a well ordered community. The churches are abundant, representing the principal sects, the Roman Catholic (descended from the grand old Jesuit mission) numbering fifteen out of the seventy-four, and the Episcopalians fourteen. St. Anne's (R. C.) is the oldest ecclesiastical edifice between the Alleghenies and the Rocky Mountains, and contains relics dating back to 1805, and traditions whose origin is lost in the dim light of the pristine forests. The other church buildings present some of the finest architecture and some of the most beautifully frescoed interiors to be found in the United States.

The school system of Detroit is comprehensive and complete, and as supplements to it there are the Detroit Female Seminary, founded in 1850, and containing many students from neighboring states as well as the daughters of Michigan's best families; and the State University at Ann Arbor, an hour's ride from the city, which is as free as the public schools to residents in this state. I do not tell you about the school system as an inducement to summer pleasure-seekers, but Detroit is such a wonderful city, and so rapidly growing into importance, that everything concerning it will be of interest to all readers.

As a home Detroit can scarcely be surpassed, for the people have not grown rich through the feverish excitement of speculation or treasure hunting, but have gradually built up the city by the ordinary quiet routine of business. Consequently, there is a substantial, homelike air about them and about the town, which pervades the thoroughfares and reaches its perfection in the cheery, happy homes. Do not think I am picturing a Utopia, or trying to make you look upon this city as a Platonian Republic or one of the Isles of the

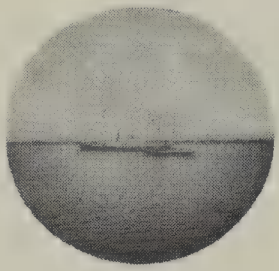
POST-OFFICE, U. S. COURT HOUSE, ETC.

Blessed, stranded during the geological changes of the continent. There are cross-tempered people here, there are faults of city government, there are political schemers, there are discontented taxpayers — there are, on all hands, in this apparent Eden of the New World, the dwarfed trees of ill nature, the knotty joints and gnarled branches which are universal in human nature. But compared with the internal dissensions of a city like New York, this is marvelously peaceful.

There are no "slums" in Detroit. The land is cheap and the building facilities are exceptional. Most well-to-do mechanics and even laborers live in neat white cottages, the tradespeople in brick structures, and a greater percentage of the people, I think, than in any other city, occupy their own houses on their own land. There are no tenements, and nearly every residence has a lawn and shade trees. There are, besides, a number of parks dotting the city, affording free passage for the fresh air, which is laden with the scent of the flowers which everybody cultivates. Some of the houses of the wealthier inhabitants are magnificent, and may well vie with your boasted Fifth and Madison avenues, and some of the streets rival the broad avenues of Washington. The exquisite taste of the

ELEVATION

[illegible]



SIGNALING THE CUTTER

DETROIT ATHLETIC CLUB HOUSE

[illegible]

ENTRANCE TO FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

TWILIGHT SCHOOL NEAR CLOCKER'S CREEK

people of Detroit is evinced not less in their homes for the dead than in their city houses. There are several beautiful cemeteries near by, in which are some of the sparkling streams and groves of fine old forest trees which skirt the town on all sides, making lovely villages of its suburbs and delicious sylvan retreats of the uncleared ground. The gentle slope of the land adds much to the varied beauty, while it is practically beneficial as a means of both irrigation and draining.

During the last thirty years the value of real estate has steadily increased, but the price asked for it is not, even now, very large, except in the business center of the city. Buildings are going up on every hand, and several hundred are projected for the coming year. All this is the result of a growth so sure and firmly planted that any investment here is certain to yield a handsome return, the prospects of future development being organized by no sudden upstarting of business, which is apt to bring as great a downfall. ANON.

[illegible]

THREE NOTABLE MARKETWOMEN

Detroit has been noted, in years past, for the excellence of its public markets, and the closing of the Central Market the present year (1893) makes an epoch in the city's history and awakens a flood of reminiscences in the minds of older residents of the city. Volumes might be written on life in the old Central Market, but none of them would be complete without more or less reference to the lives and doings there of three

[illegible]

A HOME ON WOODWARD AVENUE

BELLE ISLE PARK DURING THE RACE FALL SEASON

ALL ARCADE FOR HIGHLAND PARK — FIRST TRACK

DETROIT PUBLIC LIBRARY

of Detroit's most notable marketwomen, Nancy Martin, Mary Jacklin and Mary Judge.

It was here that Nancy Martin, a thrifty Quakeress, whose sharp tongue and kind heart are not forgotten to this day, could be seen hustling about the stalls. Not forgotten either is that piece of heroic generosity by which this kind-hearted old creature, who toiled in the stalls of the market place until she was over sixty years of age, gave all her hard-earned fortune, including the

PRESENTATION OF COLORS TO 1ST MICHIGAN VOL. INFANTRY, COL. O. S. WILCOX, COMMANDING — MAY 11, 1861.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

From a poem written by E. N. Willcox, and read at the dedication Jan. 22, 1877

Where frowned the prison, now the palace smiles
Where crime and justice wrangle, now there shines
Volume on volume, glittering piles on piles;
And here the good of all we know enshrines
Itself in alcoves, where the student pines
In longing reverie, but ere the cell
Of him who traced in glimmering, fading lines,
Each long day's history of his earth been fell,
Come ye and read his epitaph and read it well.

When Learning, tripping on the dewy lawn,
With smiles invites us to her pleasant way,
And fasting lovingly, asks us here to stay,
Here with the laurel let us crown the boy,
Here, too, the maid, with rosemary and bay;
'Tween Poetry and Prose there's no alley,
An unmixed good in each—critics alone destroy

OLD WRECK ON THE SOUGE— NEAR GLASS WORKS

MICHIGAN FLAG SONG — AN ECHO FROM SUMTER

Adapted to the "Anvil Chorus" from "Il Trovatore," by D. Bethune Duffield

Trumpet and ensign and drum-beat are calling
From hillside and valley, from mountain and river.
"Forward the flag!" E'en though heroes are falling,
Our God will his own chosen standard deliver.

CHORUS.

Star-spangled Banner! our hopes to thee are clinging;
Lead us to victory, or wrap us in death;
To thee
Staunch are we,
While yet a breath
Remains to sing thee,
Or arm to fling thee,
O'er this fair land, wide and free

VIEW ALONG WARREN AVENUE, EAST OF WOODWARD

DETROIT LAUNCH, RANDOLPH STREET

PICNIC PARTY — HEAD OF BELLE ISLE

VIEW ACROSS LAKE ST. CLAIR — HEAD OF BELLE ISLE PARK

THE FIRST BOAT HOUSE AT BELLE ISLE PARK

a young woman, in this way. A. H. Redfield was controller of Detroit in 1863, and she arrived in the city on her way from Indiana, and her guardian there — a brother of Mr. Redfield of Detroit — to Montreal, where her parents lived. She had stopped off to see her guardian's brother, and while with him learned that her father had died. It was a long journey in those days, to Montreal, and Mary decided that she would not go on. So Mr. Redfield gave her a post on the market square, let her build a little shanty there and set her up in business. She sold candy and fruit and all sorts of things for a time, but presently there came a

POLICE STATION AT BELLE ISLE

nd upon which the hospital building now stands, assist her friend, Walter Harper, in the founding Harper Hospital. Everybody knew Nancy artin, with her thrifty manners and tidy figure. e used to sell fowls in one of the inside stalls the vegetable market.

One day the public heard that a man named alter Harper had given the city 1,000 acres land to found a hospital and then a few months erwards they learned that Nancy Martin, who s his housekeeper, had given three acres of land ar Woodward avenue for a site for the hospital d fifteen acres beside, in the 10,000 acre tract. e whole amount of these gifts was $45,000. ncy Martin's contribution amounted to $15,000 d she made that small fortune selling chickens the market.

Mary Judge came to the market when she was

AN EVERY DAY HERE AT BELLE ISLE PARK

man who set up an oyster stand beside her, and then another and another. Finally there was a whole row of huts facing Bates street and a market-woman who kept a stand across the way made such a fuss that they were all compelled to go because they were squatters and had no rights there. Then Mary went into the market and kept a stall, selling flowers.

Finally, a few years ago she had grown so old and had paid so much money into the city treasury for her booth as she says, that the council allowed her to keep her stall without further rent. She has been to see the council several times. Once they admitted her and she made a speech. She

LOOKING, DOWARD GROSSE POINTE, HEAD OF BELLE ISLE PARK

CENTRAL CANAL AND (OLD) BRIDGE, AT THE PARK

CLARK KAIN-MAKER

Mary Jacklin, another of the famous market-women, also gained fame and fortune in a snug, cosy way, within the precincts of the old Central market. She is probably better known about the streets of Detroit today than either of the other market celebrities; and almost any day can be seen in the hotels and other public places, discoursing for the delivery of poultry or selling buttonhole bouquets. Withal, "Mother Jacklin," as she is commonly called, is a remarkably bright, shrewd business woman, and while she has never enjoyed educational privileges herself, she has seen to it that her children acquired and gained what she lacked in "learning." As a result her sons are men of great talent and leading lights in the ministry of the Methodist church.

The Central market has figured often in legal controversies, and a few years ago Judge Campbell, in his decision upon the market bond case, made a novel use of "legal cap" in appending to his opinion a graceful and elegant narrative of the Detroit market, with a neat allusion to the study figure of Nancy Martin and the ancient and whole he believed to be wholesome policy of establishing public

has a sort of rude art and upon this subject, which has lain next her poor old heart so many years she is positively eloquent. She was so eloquent that the aldermen promised that she should not lose her stall when the market was torn down, but that she should have another stall of her own, where she shall be looked after and saved from the general ruin which she saw overhanging the market stallkeepers when the inevitable came.

marts where the small traders could co
direct contact with their customers, and
out a touch of pathos that this good
fashioned way of trading should have
into decay, driven out by the combin
and larger and more comprehensive m
of traffic that modern invention has
The old Central market was bound up
more of the city's life than any other one
in Detroit. Fifty years ago on a bright S

ICE WATER HERE — IN THE PARK

DETROIT BOAT CLUB HOUSE, AT THE PARK

r morning that spot was gay
h a throng of pretty country
s — black-eyed, olive-
rned, with the vivacity that
y French girls know — who
ne from the Canadian shore
h their little ponies hitched
funny brown-bodied carts,
nging fruits and vegetables
l flowers to the city for sale
n those days you could buy
he Central market, as Silas
aner says, "almost anything
t lodging — confectionery,
s, shoes, poultry, stockings,
etables, laces, meat, fish —
were all displayed there for
customers who passed."
bout this one point not only
he traffic but all the gossip
olitical and social — seemed
enter. Ladies met there in
mornings to do their shop-
g and chatted of social mat-
as they fluttered about
ng the booths. Men made
place for talking over busi-
matters and gathering the
cial and political gossip
e day. It was the place
he newspaper man to meet
prominent people of the city
get the daily intelligence
e town.

TROIT AND VICINITY IN 1830

ge are indebted to the Detroit
al for an interesting account
e experiences of an early
in Michigan.
day there are but few

TWO LOUNGERS AT THE PARK

MAIN CANAL AND BRIDGE

of Michigan's young people that know what their forefathers have gone through, and of their hardships as early settlers of the "wilds of Michigan." The following reminiscences are related by one of Michigan's pioneer women, Mrs. George C. Lathrop, now living near Stockbridge, and will doubtless interest young and old:

"September 23, 1828, we were married in East Bethany, Genesee county, N. Y. Mr. Lathrop, like many others at that time, had a great longing for the 'wilds' of Michigan. He had some three years previous visited Michigan and located a farm of eighty acres, two and one-half miles east of Ann Arbor, on what was called the stage road between there and Dixboro road. A week after our marriage we started for Michigan. There was no railroad from Batavia to Buffalo, and it required two days to go with wagons. At Buffalo we boarded a schooner for Detroit. We were finally landed in Detroit, then a muddy little town, inhabited mostly by French. The buildings were poor, though

(Continued on Page 60.)

AT THE REGATTA

La Belle Riviere: Upon thy breast of blue
What moving scene is borne this glorious day,
With current affluent from the Manitou
Of waters? What magnificent array
Of mammoth steamers, schooners, birch canoe,
Low, rakish yachts, skiffs, barges fill the bay!
Along the shores and [redacted] the housetops, gay
Grand stands—where room the tiniest feet have won,
What eager thousands crowd to see the fun,
When you grim warship fires his signal gun!

A puff of smoke, then booms the sullen sound;
Loud hails the Commodore, "All ready? Go!"
And ten long barges, with a sudden bound,
Spring from the river's bosom, with a flow
Of simultaneous breath, as steeds the ground.
Strained every steel-strung muscle as they row;
Is life the prize, and not a pageant show?
Red caps and blue, afar they climb the stream,
'Mid man's loud vivas, woman's tim'rous scream,
Till their oars flash the sun's last ling'ring beam.

What grasp, what strength, what skill each arm endures,
Tho' each receive the plaudits of the town,
And emulation's smile each cheek suffuse,
And each brave brow deserves a victor's crown;
But one can triumph of those noble crews.
Yet sweeter far, above you orange gown,
A love-lit smile lights up the peachy down
Of one dear face among the myriads there:
The oarsman's sweetheart flutters in the air
The scarf he gave her—next her heart [redacted] wear.

* * * * * * * *

Ma Belle Riviere, with loving thought I turn
To look again, into thy loving face,
Born on thy margin, how my heart doth yearn,
Away from thee, to haste to thine embrace,
And kneel, where Nature's love I first did learn.
Such memories rush, thy flow cannot efface;
'Twere my delight thine history to trace.
I've seen the red [redacted] light his wigwam fires,
The voyageurs heap graves of noble sires
Upon thy rose-clad banks, now flushed with spires.

I've seen the gorgeous circumstance of war
Panoply itself in all its pomp and pride
High on the parapets, and felt the scar
Of the rude cannon ball, etched into thy side
I've grown to hate the commerce which could mar
With quays th' expanse where fleets should proudly ride;
And sewered filth pollute thy restless tide.
Hence—peaceful thunders only o'er the roll,
Till earth and heaven shall wither as a scroll!
O, save me with thy spray when my last hour shall toll!

B. N. Willcox.

BRIDGE — HEAD OF BELLE ISLE PARK

A TOOLHOUSE AT THE PARK

DRIVEWAY IN THE PARK

THE GRIFFIN

THE OLD WHARF, BELLE ISLE PARK

NAMING OF LAKE ST. CLAIR

A LEGEND OF LAKE CREUSE

Hearken, stranger, while I tell
Wondrous things that once befel
The people of this drowsy land,
Here on this pulpit where I stand
Preaching my sermon to only one,
Long ago I sat in the sun,
And saw a sight that shook with fear
The hunter fierce, and the trembling deer
The bright warm rays of an August noon
Hushed each sound but the locust's tune:
But a gentle wind blew from the west,
Dimpling with ripples the water's breast,
And catching the swans' wings where they float,
Drove each one on like a well-trimmed boat,—
A stately boat, with canvas white
As a sheet of snow in a starry night.
Now here, now there, the great fish rise
To snap at the gaudy dragon flies;
The loon like a porpoise rolls and dives,
Screaming as if for a hundred lives,
And solemn bitterns stand and think,
Each on a leg, by the rushy brink,
Just as the sun in his path on high

THE OLD TREE AT THE PARK

Floating aloft with its lilies of gold,
The great white flag of France is spread
And the pennon decking the mainmast head,
Bears the chieftain's arms on a field of red
Three black-nebbed fale-ons gaining wide
Scowl through the ports on either side
And the old sergeant says they speak
Back for a common day in the week,
While the great bow gun with its heavy knell
Rings as loud as a Sunday bell.
But another standard is seen to day
As the gallant cruiser wins the bay,
For the cross is waved, and the censer swing
And the seamen kneel as the mass bell rings,
For to-day is the feast of the Abbess Claire,
And the corded priests, with chants and prayer
Sprinkling the lake with holy water
Name it after the church's daughter.
Then in a trice the gunners catch
Each in his place the blazing match, [shot
And the flame leaps out, and the trembling
Quakes at the terrible cannon's roar.
And stout La Fleur with chuckling grin
Said as he patted his culverin
In my church there's never a friar
Sings like the abbot who leads the choir!

LOG CABIN IN BELLE PARK—BELLE ISLE

MICHIGAN YACHT CLUB HOUSE

Stayed his course in the middle sky,
Speeding along with a foaming wake
A great ship sailed upon the lake: [flew,
And the loon dove down, and the white swans
Scared at the sight of the wonder new;
For never had vessel along this shore
Cleft these quiet waves before.
No better craft was ever seen
Than brave La Salle's stout brigantine:
Out from the prow a griffin springs,
With scales of bronze and fiery wings,
And the ship that carried us wide a tame
Bore on its scroll the Griffin's name.
For when the cunning robes of black
Trembled the zealous Frontenac
And strove his venturous hands to keep,
From reaching out to the western deep,
The wrath of the sturdy Norman rose
At the jealous arts of his patron's foes,
And the ship he built for his dangerous quest,
He nowed from the valiant noble's crest,
And vowed he would make the Griffin fly
Over the crows in the western sky.
A gilded eagle carved in wood
On the crown of the quarter-deck castle stood,
And from the staff astern unrolled,

AN EVERYDAY SCENE AT THE PARK

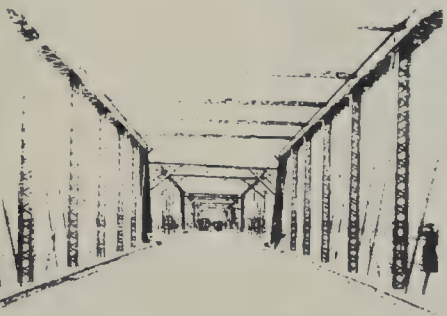
* * * * * *

Out in the lake the Griffin lay
Wind-bound at anchor many a day,
While the ship's company explore
The novel wonders of the shore;
And as they reach upon the way
The bend at Pointe a Guignolet
Before them spreads a lovely bay;
Its limpid waters softly glide
Like the slow creeping of the tide,
Upward and backward on the beach,
But never beyond one margin reach,
And in its lonely beauty there,
So still, so smiling, and so fair,
To their charmed eyes it seemed to be
A sunny strip in Normandy,
Where mermaids in the moonlight play,
And happy children all the day
Beside the shore a cross they plant,
The reverend priests an anthem chant,
And the stern soldier, as he went,
To seek the shelter of his tent,
Cast backward many a yearning look,
Made homesick by that fairy nook
The ship sailed on, but the friendly shore
Saw it returning nevermore.

J. V. CAMPBELL

the capital then — and the legislature
session. My husband met an old
tative here — Judge Rumsey. It
good, even then, to see one we

I thrown good a man to take our
to their distribution, for which he
ty dollars. We started for our
nesia. The roads being poor
little there was — we made slow
stopping for the night near the
ings, at a tavern kept by a man
name of Stott. Things were in
ce with the name — rough. The
bed to be very accommodating
gid to me. When the baby wakes
husband can have the pillow.
ere Ypsilanti now stands there was
dwellings. An old trading-house
converted into a tavern. There
e a show of flowers in the woods.
late in the fall. We reached Ann



Arbor the evening of the second day. That city derived its name on account of the noble forest on the original site of the village. For the pretty "Ann" it was indebted, according to modern Pilgrim tradition, to the first white woman that cooked the first meal there, "Ann Spokane," the Mrs. Rumsey, of our town, Rev. Bethany. She took me down to a little brook or run, as they called it, where some stones were piled together. Here she did her cooking. Though it has been some sixty-odd years, it seems as though I could locate it now, yet. There. It was a delightful place, and here we stayed the second night. There being no bridge across the river we had to hard. I was nightly delighted with my board home, which though wild as its nature, looked like home. Mr. Lathrop was ambitious, and built us a nice house, so that we moved in in April. School privileges being poor, and I having plenty of time, concluded to have a select school at our house. Accordingly, a May-day school began, which served to while away many hours, some days. Occasionally we had local preaching there.

I recall two young ministers that came from Ohio, Pilchard and Colgrosser, who became very eminent preachers.

A Virginian by the name of John Allen, an experimental gardener, furnished me all seed. His garden was upon the ground where the university now stands. I forgot to say that previous to the whites coming here it was the Indians' sacrificial ground.

The Indians were not very troublesome at this time, yet occasionally we found they found women alone and they had been drinking, they would trouble them. I remember one instance. They had been to Detroit for their presents and were on their way home. Near Plymouth the chief's son went into a settler's home and demanded bread. The women told him she had none. He still insisted and killed her. The news spread. They raised a company at Detroit, having Dr. Nichols as captain. They overtook the Indians on the place below Plymouth. They gave the chief to understand if he would deliver up his son they would not molest him, but if not they would shoot him. He made an oration for them to do so, and they did. The spot was called Logan Plains after the chief, and there was no more trouble at that time. Dr. Nichols afterwards located at Dexter and was their leading physician for many years.

"My husband afterwards took up 340 acres of land where the village of Sharon now stands, and lived there many years.

"The howling of wolves was one kind of music we had in those days. Once when my

AQUATIC HIBERNIUM — BELLE ISLE PARK

RIVER FRONT OF BELLE ISLE CASINO

husband was away one came and poked his nose under the door and commenced his tune, which was taken up by others in all directions. At another time one took a pig from the pen, and going a short distance gave a call and soon had plenty of help. Again, when Mr. Latlaop was obliged to go for a doctor they followed him all the way. Men were frequently chased by wolves and had narrow escapes."

THE OLD RED MILL

Soon after the settlement of this lake country there came a time when, owing to the increasing husbandry and cultivation of the smaller grains, the necessity for mills arose. Water power was not easy to obtain in this level region, and the windmill

ISLAND APPROACH TO THE MAINLAND BRIDGE

THE CASINO AT THE PARK

was the natural sequence. Soon the great white flapping sails or wings of these primitive aids to man could be seen slowly revolving, and they formed such a picturesque addition to the lovely but quiet landscape that they were attractive even to the passing manner of savage canoeist, and they were most generally located on the river or lake shore.

Upon some of the little creeks were mills dating back beyond 1734. One was near the present crossing of the Michigan Central Railroad and Twenty-fourth street — upon La Riviere du Moulins à Campau, or Cabacier's Creek — Connors' or Tremble's Creek — mill River: one on or near Jefferson avenue and Bloody Run, and another on Gratiot Road.

We have already reproduced the legend of "The Devil's Geist" concerning one of these windmills.

VIEW OF BRIDGE TO THE MAINLAND

and now add another, from the charming collection of "Legends of Le Detroit," by Maria Caroline Watson, Hamlin, as follows:

In the former district of Springwells (at the foot of Twenty-fourth street), of the present city of Detroit, stood an old red mill. It was circular in form, and had a stone foundation supporting an upright wooden body, with a conical roof.

It was a weird sight on a moonlight night with its long arms stretched out as if beseeching aid, and its tattered sails drooping mournfully, telling its melancholy story like a flag at half mast. The beholder involuntarily felt that creeping shudder of awe which contact with the mysterious calls forth. There are buildings like human beings upon which nature places her signet, — a history.

The Indian, as he returned from his day's hunting, laden with the trophies of his skill pushed his canoe out into the stream far from its shadow. The gay, joyous voices in the pleasure boats of the officers of Fort Lenoult were hushed as they silently glided by, and the coureur des bois who had faced untold dangers, devoutly crossed himself as the old red mill rose in view on his return from his distant and perilous expeditions. On winter evenings, under the genial warmth of a hickory log and the soothing influence of his *cidre au chaudron*, the

NEAR THE NEW BRIDGE

old habitant would tell to his children, who listened with bated breath, the legend of the old red mill.

Many years before, when the English under Colonel Rogers, had taken possession of Detroit, there lived at the mill a Canadian family who had adopted a daughter of the tribe of Pontiac. She was beloved by a British officer, but belonging to the Ottawas, whose haughty chief was disposed to resist the new comers, and residing among the French, who looked suspiciously at the invaders, waiting to see if the promises made in the treaty would be ratified (a suspicion which subsequent events proved not without cause), it is not to be supposed that the course of true love could run smoothly. Yet love, which laughs in the face of all danger and is prolific in resources, soon found a means by which the lovers could meet. It was agreed upon by them that a signal should be given when there was no danger of a surprise, — a lighted candle to be placed in her window; quickly then would the officer obey the summons of his lady love.

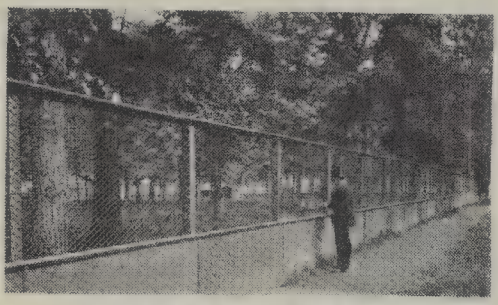
VIEW ON BELLE ISLE — SKETCHED IN 1870 — BY ROBERT HOPKINS

Wasson, a warrior of the Saginaws, allies of Pontiac, had long loved the fair maiden and had laid at her feet the trophies of the chase, but the Indian girl saw them not, nor heard his pleadings, for her ears yearned for the sound of another voice whose soft accents had nestled in her heart like hushed music. Wounded by his rejection, the brave sought the cause, found it, and courted revenge as his companion. Watching his opportunity when the girl was alone, he upbraided her for having forgotten her duties as an Indian maiden and for deserting the traditions of her race, and raising his tomahawk told her that she should pay the penalty of her treason with her life. As the savage's arm descended the girl sank deluged in her blood. The Indian had not completed the sacrifice; one more victim his revenge demanded. He lighted the candle, the secret of which he had learned, and patiently waited. Splashing oars and a low, cautious call soon told him that the lover had obeyed the beacon of love. The savage glutted over his success and waited breathlessly with weapon poised to hurl at his intended victim as he opened the door, when suddenly other footsteps were heard proclaiming the return of the family. In the general confusion which ensued on the discovery of the murder the Indian slipped away unnoticed, balked for the time of half of his revenge. The lifeless remains of the lovely victim were tenderly laid to rest. The officer sought in the busy strife of the period to forget his grief, but the Indian's revenge only slumbered, and shortly afterwards the officer was basely murdered by him while he was detained as a hostage at Pontiac's camp at Bloody Run.

The mill was afterwards deserted, but the lonely wayfarer who passed there at night whispered strange stories of its being haunted by an Indian maiden who stood at a window with a lighted candle.

THE CASS MANSION

All the better class of dwellings of the French habitants were of a very substantial character. They were built of logs squared, and covered with clapboards, the roofs being shingled with cedar. One of the oldest and most noted structures of this class was the Cass house, illustrated on page 68, which has been used by several of the territorial governors of Michigan, and exhibited many marks of the tomahawk and bullets received during the Indian wars. It stood on what was



TWO FRIENDS AT THE DEER PARK AT BELLE ISLE

"THE MAY QUEEN" — IN THE PARK

OLD ICE HOUSE AT THE PARK

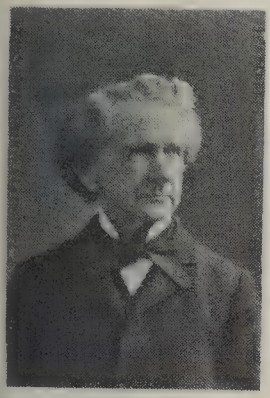
RUSTIC SEAT — BELLE ISLE

THE SOUTH SHORE DRIVE AT THE PARK

THE GOLDEN SUNSET GLOW AT TWILIGHT, FROM PARK HOUSE DECK

known as the Cass farm. It was situated on the immediate bank of the river, where it was abrupt and high and shaded by trees. It was torn down in 1884, being 150 years old. It latterly stood on Lamed Street, not far from its original site. Another old landmark was the Lafferty house, which stood half a mile below. It was erected in 1817 and demolished in 1891.

THIS AND THAT



THE LATE JOHN SWAN

sprinkler had been liberal in its work, and the injured man's clothes were in a sadly drenched condition. Altogether he was far from attractive in appearance. He lay there all in a heap, surrounded by a gaping crowd, not one of whom offered to help him, until a well-known business man made his way through the throng, raised his head and supported him in his arms until the ambulance came, at the same time using his hat to fan the poor fellow. The business man ranks among the "tony" men of the city, and is always well dressed. But that simple act of kindness shows that there is a real man inside of those good clothes, who was not afraid to soil them by contact with the muddy apparel of a suffering fellow man.—Detroit paper.

UNION RAILWAY STATION—CORNER FORT AND THIRD STREETS

OLD HYDE HOUSE—SITE OF WHITNEY'S OPERA HOUSE—FROM OLD SKETCH BY R. HOSKIN

THE CAMPAU HOUSE

The Campau house, pictured on the sixth and seventh pages of this work, was torn down in March, 1880. It stood on the south side of Jefferson avenue, midway between Griswold and Shelby streets, and is said to have occupied the site of the original quarters of Cadillac. It was erected in 1815 on an old stone foundation, for Joseph Campau, at a cost of about $9,000. It was one of the most ancient, and at the time of its destruction the best preserved of any of the French houses of the olden time.

DETROIT NEWSBOYS

Detroit newsboys are an independent army of youngsters at the present time, there being about 2,000 of them, regularly licensed, and in 1877 an amusing indication of their independence was shown when they attempted to prevent the sale of the Detroit Evening News, because the price charged them, in

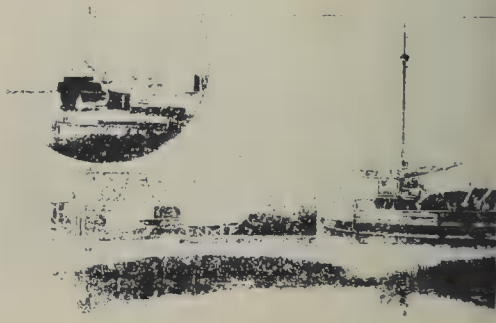
A BIT OF MOONLIGHT

BRIG. GEN'L R. H. G. MINTY—FROM AN OLD WAR TIME PORTRAIT

their opinion, was too high. They would not sell the paper and tried to prevent others from doing so. Their generally unruly character at this time compelled the passing of a licensing ordinance, but that Detroit newsboys are generally a good class of toilers and appreciate what is done for them is shown by the way they treat their friends. Prominent among these is General Alger, whose portrait appears elsewhere. This gentleman gives the news-

THE DETROIT (JESUIT) COLLEGE AND CHURCH OF SS. PETER AND PAUL, JEFFERSON AVENUE

A TOW—LOOKING UP THE RIVER NEAR



boys a suit of clothes every winter, and he is called the father of all the newsboys. When he returned home, a few years since, from a long trip, he was met at the depot by an army of his young friends, who shouted, "What's the matter with Alger? — He's all right!" And this phrase-shout of the Detroit newsboys was the origin of the cry, with variations, which went all over the Union during the presidential campaign of 1888.

DETROIT [illegible] ROMANCE

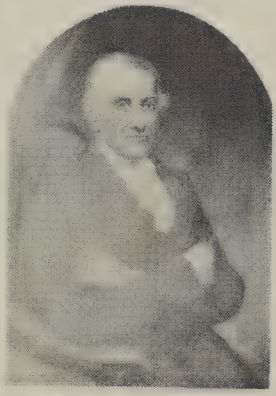
To read the early history of Detroit is like going back in story to the chivalrous days of sunny France, and Detroit and much of the adjacent country was but a France in romantic miniature — a new France. C. M. Burton, one of Detroit's most interesting historical writers, dwells upon this theme in a most interesting way. He says:

"The first colony that settled here came from the France of Louis XIV., and medieval scenes and the savage life of the new world existed side by side.

"Cadillac was the grande monarque, being accorded the homage his name demanded. A maypole was raised in his honor, that was

WAYNE COUNTY JAIL AND SHERIFF'S RESIDENCE—DETROIT

attended with all the pomp and ceremony of an ancient custom. A cask of eau de vie was tapped in celebration of the occasion, cups and flasks were handed round, and Cadillac, raising high his silver goblet, would pledge the king and the health of all present. "Vive de Roi, vive le Seigneur Cadillac du Detroit," was lustrily sung by the habitants, and then la danse ronde followed, in which bonne dames and gallant youths joined, as they made the silent forest ring with their merry voices. Cadillac granted strips of land under conditions which seem absurd to us of the present day; but feudalism was as firmly established as though this were an actual monarchy. During French rule, kings, regents and queens, cardinals, archbishops and generals of religious orders, ladies of high degree, governors and generals exercised authority over the City of the St aits. We can scarcely contemplate these things now in connection with Detroit, but they were part and parcel of its historic evolution."



JOSEPH CAMPAU — LAST OF THE FRENCH

MR. CAMPAU AND THE YANKEES

Joseph Campau, the famous French American, who made Detroit his home, and whose old residence, as one of the landmarks, is pictured on the earlier pages of this work, appreciated Yankee thrift and enterprise. On one occasion, in the spring of 1831, as the ice had gone out of the Detroit river and the upper end of Lake Erie was reported clear, the owner of a steamboat gave notice that he would sail next day. The lower part of the lake was known to be covered with floating ice and the boat started after much anxiety had been expressed concerning her safety. The next day, towards evening, Mr. Campau met the telegraph manager near his (Campau's) residence and said, "Does ye hear anything from te boat — te boat tat went out yestertay mor'n?" "Oh, yes," and the telegraph man, "she has just reached Erie. She got into the ice and floundered about, tearing her paddle-wheels to pieces, but she is in Erie harbor, all safe." "Well," said Mr. Campau, "I t'ot so. Now when de Inglishmen he want to go anywhere, he sit down and t'ink how he get dar; and Franchmen he want to go, and he stop and t'ink how he get dar; but de American, te Yankees, he want to go, and he-gar, he go. He go Heaven, he go Hell, he go anyhow!" So much for Mr. Campau's respect for Yankees, but they admired him as well, for he was as indomitable and persevering as any of them.— there was no hesitation or indecision with him. He knew what he wanted and acted immediately upon the formation of his plans.

JUDGE H. H. BROWN, U. S. SUPREME AGENT

MICHIGAN AVENUE, CLOSE BESIDE — ELMWOOD AVENUE

POINT AUX PRINS — ALLEN'S RESTAURANT

POLITICS IN DETROIT FIFTY YEARS AGO

The rush of immigration into the territory commenced in the year 1830. That period was also reached when old party lines were broken throughout the country; the friends and opponents of Andrew Jackson were forming into lines, that ultimately became the Democratic and Whig parties of the period. One of the earliest political parties bore the name of Democratic-Republicans. This party had an existence in Wayne county almost as soon as the county was organized. The Democratic party afterwards succeeded to the first half of the old name, and about 1832 new life was infused into the Whig party.

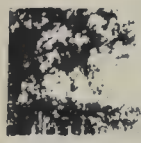
The first copy of The Detroit Free Press appeared on Thursday, May 5, 1831. It was the first daily paper in the state, but a weekly when it started. Some time

GEN. A. TRUMBLE

1832 Gen. John R. Williams, who had been for several terms [illegible] had been nominated at a meeting of adherents of Andrew Jackson, delegate to Congress, and the Free Press strongly advocated his [illegible]

[illegible] 1836 the population was about [illegible] but the capitol still stood far out [illegible] country, away from the business [illegible] dwellings of the city. In months [illegible] during the legislature the [illegible] [illegible] from the capitol [illegible] of the [illegible] their [illegible] [illegible] Bay. Wesselius's hotel [illegible] regular session of the legislature [illegible] closed March [illegible], 1837 [illegible] created intense excitement [illegible] days, and overshadowed [illegible] while the excitement [illegible] the effort to win [illegible] [illegible] between [illegible] and 1841 [illegible] was doomed legislature [illegible] plans were taken to take [illegible] days both parties were [illegible] [illegible] and they made the welkin [illegible] with noisy music, processions [illegible] and buckeye heads.

[illegible] presidential campaign of 1840 [illegible] was marked by [illegible] as the [illegible] the stump speakers [illegible] purpose were [illegible] the [illegible] flames, and the woods on fire [illegible] enthusiasm, zeal [illegible] Tippecanoe [illegible] was the [illegible] [illegible] party [illegible] almost every [illegible] offices. [illegible] the [illegible] Democratic club with [illegible] cabin and fresh cider [illegible] April 14, 1840 [illegible] was [illegible] the northeast corner of Jefferson avenue and Randolph street, a bottle of Henson's brand of hard cider being placed beneath each corner of the building. The cabin could accommodate about [illegible] people, and among the attractions were several stuffed coonskins, axes, wedges and rail-splitters, besides a live bear and a Bible. The walls were decorated with a copy of the Declaration of Independence, Washington's farewell address, and a map of the United States. Strings of dried apples, pumpkins, seed corn, venison and bacon were suspended from the beams and rafters. Prior to the day of dedication, the ladies were called upon to supply for the occasion "corn bread, and such other hard substances as their kind hearts and generosity may dictate."



On April 21, the day fixed for the dedication, the cabin was thrown open at 11 a.m. for the entertainment of the Whigs, who took the good things they had prepared. In the afternoon the ceremony took place, the attendants bringing candles to illuminate the room. After the addresses a dance-house was sounded, and then from tables fairly groaned under the weight of the good things that were upon them, pumpkin pie, pork and beans, hominy, mush and milk, johnnie cake, venison and patched corn were served to all alike. Toasts drank with hard cider finished the day. Many a politician going home from these feasts described every proposition he had to the mud. Shaw bottles, five-week and hard cider were frequently in evidence in the campaign.

On September 28, 1840, a Democratic barbecue was held on the Cass farm. Col. Richard M. Johnson, Vice-President of the United States, was present. Crowds came to hear him:

but the enthusiasm on the other side was against him, and many of the rank and file "only kept their spirits up by pouring spirits

down." Although defeated, a resolution was adopted a few years later at a Democratic meeting in the sixth ward. It ran:

BEAUTY SPOTS ON THE ROUGE

"Resolved. That we oppose the many named monster now designated Whiggery, and fearlessly engage that, though he had as many heads as names, we would chop them off, and trample

his nondescript carcass in the Black Swamp.
"GEORGE ROBB, Secretary."
"Detroit, March 22, 1843."

A BIT ON BELLE ISLE

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT, RANDOLPH ROGERS, SCULPTOR

THE OLD CASS MANSION

AN OLD MAN'S EXPERIENCES

Selah Winfield of Wayne was probabl the oldest living American in Michigan, a the time this work began to be put i type, and his experiences, as narrated to reporter of one of the local papers, are s interesting and worthy of preservation tha we give them place here. He was born i New Jersey 101 years ago and this is hi story:

"Yes, I wuz born in 1792, whil George Washington was President I wuz born in Essex county, New Jersey, and lived there most of my life and now I am over 100 years old and have seen this country unde every president it has ever had

"My first vote was cast for Jame Madison and I have voted at every

BICYCLE RACE ON GROUNDS OF THE DETROIT ATHLETIC CLUB

FIRST DECORATION DAY IN DETROIT

Bring garlands, rosy garlands,
And strew these grassy graves
For heroes here are sleeping,
Where Liberty stands weeping
For the bravest of her braves.

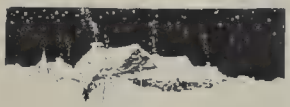
Bring flowers, fragrant flowers
From off Spring's dewy breast,
For those who through the battle
Passed down, amid war's wild rattle,
To the soldier's glorious rest.

Bring amaranthine flowers
From Fame's far shining crest;
For martyrs here lie crowded,
In the nation's flag enshrouded,
With its glory on each breast.

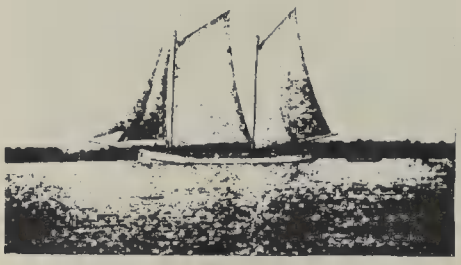
Bring music, plaintive music,
And pour it on the air;
But check, oh, check the bugle's cry,
And hush the snare-drum's wild reply,
Through these quiet aisles of prayer.

D. BRUNE DUFFIELD.

JEFFERSON AVENUE, WEST FROM GLOUD STREET



remember once when I wuz a young man, after I cum out of the war I wuz going
The road where I saw a brown bear sitting on his haunches in the middle of the ro
I first thought it was only a tame one, an' I thought I would get it an' take it home. Well,
up to it and the bear reached out and took hold of me. He drew me up an' give me such
that I thought my back wuz broke. I wuz considerable of a wrastler then an' I caught h
him an' give him a trip, an' he give me a wuss hug than before, and dropped me then. He
pored out an' I got up and started for home and fell down in the door fainting. The bar had
the flesh off my back an' runs on it wuz a long time before I got over it an' when I did, I



THE IDLEWILD ON THE ST. CLAIR RIVER

FORMAL OPENING OF THE BOULEVARD IMPROVEMENTS, AUGUST 10TH, 1891

ckle another one without knowing whether he was loaded or ot."

Again the old man rested and gained composure, and the tle Bible was brought out to show the date of his birth, "January 30, 1792. 'In the year of our Lord.'"

THE OLD SMITH CLOCK, CORNER OF WOODWARD AND JEFFERSON AVENUES

[illegible]

BIRDSEYE VIEW, LOWER END OF WOODWARD AVENUE AND THE RIVER

"It had been a long time since that wuz written there," said the old man again, "an' I wuz the youngest of the family. I don't know why I have been permitted to live so long, but my grandfather lived until he wuz 106 years old, an' when he wuz 100 years old he took a bag of wheat on his shoulder and carried it to the mill himself an' my great-grandfather lived until he wuz 108 years old, an' to this probably I owe my long life."

"No, I don't get any pension," he said in answer to my inquiry, "I enlisted under my brother's name an' if any one got the pension

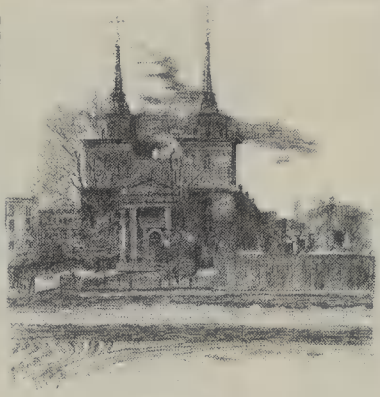
SCOTCH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AND OLD HULL HOUSE (WASHINGTON AVENUE)

SECOND AVENUE, NORTH FROM HENRY STREET

HICKORY ISLAND AND LAKE ERIE

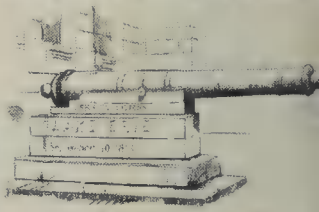
it must have been him or his wife. I have tried once or twice, but my claims have been throwed out. If I could get it, it perhaps would make my life more pleasant for the little time I have to remain, but I have got along so far an' I can live the rest of my lifetime without it, for I have only a few years at the best."

JAMES F. JOY



OLD ST. JOHN'S CHURCH

Mr. Winfield lives with his daughter, Mrs. James Mitchell about one mile north of the village of Wayne. He moved t Michigan in 1851, and has been a sort of a wanderer, havin lived in most parts of the state. About three years ago he le the home of his daughter Sarah, with whom he had lived unt



A RELIC OF PERRY'S VICTORY, AT CITY HALL

that time. He has been a familiar figure to the people of Wayn for twenty years and even last summer he was able to wal about the village or sit hour after hour with his fishing rod o the bank of the river enjoying his favorite pastime of fishing.

OLD UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH — SITE OF GOVERNMENT BUILDING

CREAM PITCHER FROM OLD RAILROAD HOTEL

SUGAR BOWL FROM OLD RAILROAD HOTEL

EUSTER INDIAN CHANE RELICS, IN DETROIT MUSEUM

He is now confined to the house, not by dise but old age.

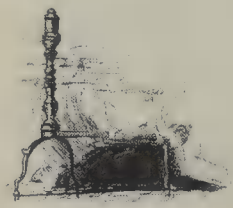
His mind is unusually bright concerning event of his childhood and early manhood, but rathe treacherous about recent happenings. He wa ready to tell of his life, and eagerly devoured an news that was said in his presence. He has bee

(Continued on page 79.)

OLD FISHERY, FIGHTING ISLAND

GEN. HUGH BRADY

OLD FISHERY, HEAD OF NOTRE DAME



OLD ANDIRON FROM THE CASS MANSION

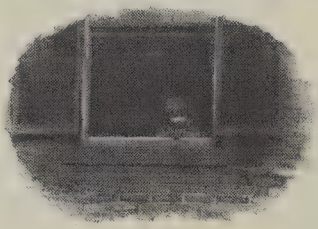
DOORSTEP FRIENDS

CHUMS

CHILD LIFE IN THE CITY

I

The city's din can never drown
The tramp of their restless feet;
What to them are the skies that frown
Or tempests that rave and beat?
On pavement and curb they walk
With laughter and fond exploit—
The light of the street and alley,
Our boys of La Belle Detroit!



EVERY'S HEIGHTSIDER

IN FRONT OF THE SHOE WINDOW

GETTING ACQUAINTED

II.

They bloom on step and window sill,
In bangs and braids and curls,
But if in gutter or by the rill,
Like undiscovered pearls,—
They bud and blossom sweetly, still,
Those flowers, the little girls.

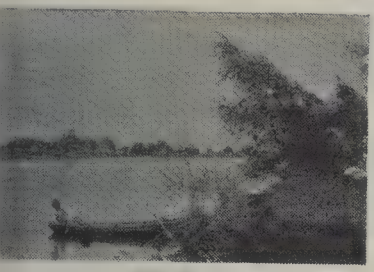
A DAUGHTER OF POLAND

The children crowd the landing
And strangers bless their fates.
No matter what their standing
For all a welcome waits;
Her way there's no withstanding—
The City of the Straits.

LAURA SANDERSON

"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ALGER?—HE'S ALL RIGHT!"

BUYING THE NEWS



ON THE RIVER RAISIN

THE LOTUS GROW IN AUGUST

THE BOAT HOUSE, MONROE

EPISCOPAL CHURCH

MAJ.-GEN. GEO. A. CUSTER, FROM AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH GIVEN BY HIM TO LIEUT. F. T. MILLINGTON, OF GREELEY ARCTIC FAME

CUSTER

ON THE ERECTION OF A MONUMENT TO HIS MEMORY AT MONROE, MICHIGAN

Ay! raise the shaft on Raisin's bank,
Let it be wrought of steel!
And unseen hands shall draw the banks
Lift the lever, turn the wheel!
Hands that held the unerring rifle
'Gainst breasts which fear could never stiffle,
Kentucky's proudest chivalry
Hands that whirled the war club, clutched the knife
Strung with hairy garlands of the strife,
The Red man's fiendish revelry.

And who be ye, ye phantom host,
Gath'ring off yon shadowy plain,
In visored gloom, in casque and plume,
Crowding and crushing war's red lane,
To welcome him, this last Bayard,
Without dishonor's wound or scar,
Our youngest *green* chevalier?
Plantagenet and Lion-hearted!
King Henry of Navarre, departed—
He's with *you* now, our cavalier!

Come, too, ye crescent-bannered host!
Allah's prophet's oriflame,
Horse tails streaming, dark eyes gleaming,
In this sanguinary game;
Grasp ye his hand whose guidon red
Flashed in the front of those he led
So oft to death or victory.
Hail him, Morat and Poil Kearney!
Marion, Hampton, Stuart, Henry—
Salute! Valedictory.

And shall not you in heart's core cherish—
You who survive his name,
Phil Sheridan, and every man,
Who rode the gauntlet-ride to fame—
The memory of [redacted] knightly chief,
Slain midst career, so brilliant, brief?
Where's Lincoln's Light Brigade?
Where Gibbon, Crook and Pleasanton?
Kilpatrick, Stanley, Grierson
In glory's panoply arrayed?

Then lift ye high his monument
Of glittering, gleaming steel,
With sabres crossed and lance embossed—
Ay, lift it to his bugle's peal!
And let his trusty stallion rear
His spray-wreathed mane and neigh his cheer,
Caparisoned for war!
And let his faithful hounds come here
And wail a requiem o'er his bier,
The weird prairie echoing far.

But ere you raise the monolith,
Dig deep and fill the base
With those dread bones—foundation stones—
Of those who followed that wild chase,
Impetuous in his squadrons thundered,
Those thrice, thrice glorious three hundred—
The men who followed Custer!
They wore the chevron, he the sash;
But spur they not as mad a dash
With him in Fame's long muster?

E. N. WILLCOX

METHODIST CHURCH, MONROE

THE MARSH CLUB HOUSE

"CRUMB OF COMFORT"

CONCRETE BRIDGE, MONROE

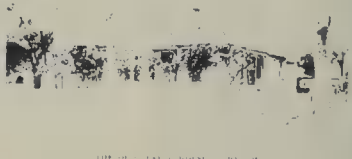
Shore and Michigan Southern Railway the Toledo branch of the Michigan Central and the Flint and Pere Marquette Railway, while in proportion in addition on the of a new division of the Pennsylvania Central system is located at an early date.

It has large manufacturing interests, extensive nurseries and in the rich adjacent country great attention is paid to the raising of beef cattle and high draught horses.

Its municipal improvements, school buildings, court houses, city library, city waterworks, electric system, electric railway, business buildings and private homes will compare favorably with any city. There are flour mills, two large tanneries, four paper mills, several sash and blind factories, a grain elevator, a foundry, a building mill, a cloak, shoes, the of the Sterling Manufacturing Company are among the industries which make for of the city a desirable home and city. In addition, Monroe contributes annually more people than any point in the world.

There are ten churches, convent, St. Mary's Academy and a Catholic academy for boys, so that it is apparent that Monroe is in every sense a model, thrifty city, with the accessories of cities of larger, and with prospects the future most flattering.

"ON THE RIVER"



a Democrat and he felt and as he felt up when the interviewer said that he had cast a ballot for Bryan in favor of Cleveland at the last election.

He is probably the only living man who can tell of the time when Washington was alive and undoubtedly the only survivor of the war of 1812, who does not draw a pension from the country he fought to defend.

ABOUT MONROE

To the pretty little city of Monroe belongs the distinction of being the second oldest city in Michigan, as it was first settled in 1784 by the French from Canada and they were followed by Indians, next followed by Americans.

Monroe is located at the head of western end of Lake Erie about midway between the mouths of the Detroit and the Maumee rivers. The inlet called Brest Bay, into which the river Raisin empties, and at the banks of which river Monroe is located constitutes the largest and best harbor on the upper end of the Lake, and one of the finest harbors along the shore of the great Lakes.

The railways connecting Monroe with Detroit, the Toledo, Ann Arbor and Lake

THE GOVERNMENT CANAL AT THE CITY LOCK

water mills between Detroit and the Maumee river, a distance of seventy miles. Thus the people of the country between these points, and all west for fifty miles, depended upon the mills at Monroe for their grinding, and so in the presence of rich and productive lands, and because of many other advantages, Monroe became a very important place.

The lands on each bank of the river for ten or twelve miles from Lake Erie, west, were settled by French people who were granted homesteads by the French government when they claimed to own and were in possession of Canada and Michigan. When the war between France and England terminated and England acquired possession, these grants were confirmed, and after the war of 1812 between the United States and England the United States ratified their claims. At that time the people claiming, and in possession of those lands were Messrs. Robert, Bertec, Duval, Sozor, Menard, Navarre (James, Isadore, and Francis), Joseph Loranger, Egnew, Lasselle, Godfrey, Leonard, Patterson, Leclaire, Rowland, Glass, Hunt, Bissonette, Knaggs, Campau, Labadie, Cicott, Nadeau, Pelitier, Reaum, Bordeaux, Lacroix, La Plante, Hirons, Duroches, Paxton, Soleau, Beaubien, Caldwell, Bezean and others. I had a personal acquaintance with most of these men, and knew them as a brave, honest, noble class whose words needed no bond; men whose acts were always marked by integrity and whose memories it is well to perpetuate.

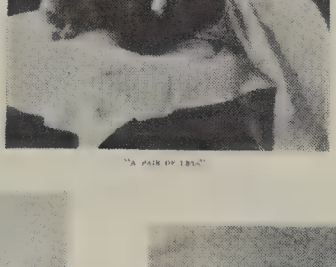
THE ISLE OF PATMOS, MONROE

A WIDE AND WIDE VIEW AT THE CANAL

following contribution from one of the oldest living settlers of Monroe be found of interest.

" In October, 1831, I landed from the steamer Ohio, in the then attractive rude city of Detroit, which contained about 2,500 inhabitants, my intention being to make it my home, but meeting an old neighbor from Berkshire nty, Mass., who was then located in Monroe, on the river Raisin, I was uded to locate at Monroe. At that time Monroe contained about 300 bitants and was the second place in size and importance in the territory, t was located on the river Raisin, about three miles from its mouth. The was navigable for lake boats up to within a mile of the centre of the ge. The river Raisin is a rapid stream, and at that time it had three grist and two saw mills within the village corporation, and they were the only

The names mentioned are still common in Wayne County, and the families, originally from the same stock, visited each other often. In the war of 1812 between England and the United States, the river Raisin and Detroit river were the historical points of the West and when I located in Monroe in 1831 many of the old original settlers were living and occupying their old homes. From them I learned of their suffering and hardships; the country at the time of their settling on the river Raisin, was full of hostile Indians who gave them so much trouble that they were compelled to erect a stockade for their own protection. The stockade was on the high bank of the river just below where the Michigan Central Railroad bridge crosses the river at Monroe, (which was then the head of navigation for coasting boats) and at the foot of the rapids, in 1831 a part of the old stockade was still standing.



"A PAIR OF 1836"

The massacre on the river Raisin took place January 22, 1813. Monroe was then occupied by General Winchester with a part of General Harrison's forces, mostly Kentucky soldiers. On January 20, 1813, Colonel Proctor in command of the British troops then at Malden, near the mouth of the Detroit river and about twenty-five miles north-east

DOWN BY THE CANAL MONROE

PLUM CREEK BRIDGE NEAR MONROE

[illegible] MONROE

[illegible]

[illegible]

of Monroe marched his command accompanied by the Indian forces under their chiefs Round Head and Split Log to attack General Winchester's forces at Monroe. They arrived and commenced the attack about five o'clock in the morning and continued the fight until noon, when the Winchester force became demoralized and retreated followed up by the English and Indians until they had killed and captured nearly all of the American force. [illegible] never learned how many troops were engaged on either side but believe it was about 2,500. Our Monroe people are a moral, Christian people with good prospects for the future, and they prospered equally with other cities until steam power superseded water power. Then Detroit took a start and has continued to grow and prosper until it has become the pride of all Michigan. Meanwhile Monroe has been compelled to stand nearly still. In 1838 Monroe had a population of about 5,000 and we were doing the greatest commercial business of any place in Michigan.

The people of Monroe enjoy life as fully as people do in any large city and they are determined to press forward in improvements as fast and as far as prudence and good sense will warrant without overburdening themselves with debts and a burdensome taxation.

Monroe now contains over 10,000 people and the city is improving year by year. It has one of the finest water supplies in the West, drawn from the clear water of Brest Bay, some five miles away. It has also natural gas in abundance, costing less than coal or wood. It is lighted by a well equipped electric plant and its streets and business places are lighted by it. Briefly Monroe has all the luxuries that any city has, including five schools, with churches and a goodly showing of high grade business men. As a rule its laboring classes have their own homes and are able to live as well as do like conditioned people in larger places. AKON.

MONROE, July 13, 1893.

WINDSOR AND WALKERVILLE

Windsor and Walkerville are our nearest and most populous suburbs or environs, and are but a five minutes ride over the river by the constantly crossing ferry-boats. Both, together — although separate corporate towns — comprise from ten to twenty thousand souls within their limits. Windsor is a busy, bustling little city — decidedly a city of homes — with shady, and as a rule, well paved streets, and is the terminal point of several trunk railroad lines; besides being a large manufacturing and [illegible] center for the Dominion trade and like commerce.

Walkerville is practically a part and parcel of Windsor — adjoining it on the east — and is a [illegible] manufacturing center — almost entirely [illegible]

[illegible]

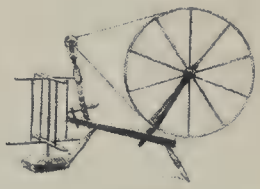
[illegible]

[illegible]

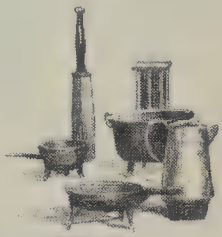
[illegible]

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, MONROE

"A WOMAN THAT FORGETS PAST"

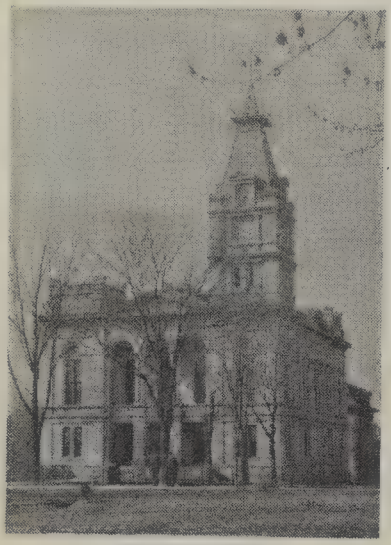


OLD SPINNING WHEEL



KITCHEN UTENSILS

OLD VANE FRAME

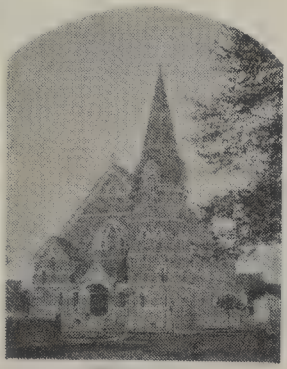


THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY AT MONROE

PAILS AND TUBS

SNOW SHOES

A CRANE AND FIREPLACE UTENSILS



HIGH CHURCH, MONROE

ing one of the largest distilleries in the country, that of Hiram Walker & Sons. The town, however, has its own separate and distinct local government, railroads, electric street car lines, very excellent ones by the way — connecting with Windsor and Sandwich lines, and its own ferries connecting with and running to Detroit every eight or ten minutes.

It is here, at Walkerville, that we come to take the Ferry to one of our most beautiful and attractive summer resorts, the "Mettawas," on the shore of Bosterous old Lake Erie, and but a few minutes ride from the hot and dusty city, where we can stay a day or longer, as inclination dictates, and enjoy the cool breezes and glorious scenery of this most charming place.

SANDWICH

Just above and beyond our beautiful river, high up on its green sloping banks, nearly hidden by the foliage, lies the old and quaint Canadian village

of Sandwich. With its tall cathedral spire towering high above the noble elms and maples, the place always forms a favorite study for our artists and a beacon for the passing mariner.

With the picturesque "ruins" adjoining the cathedral, called the "Bishop's Palace" — once the scene of pomp and splendor, but now of fallen glory — the view is very suggestive. Then there are the college and its lowly surroundings, the narrow streets with their perpetual Sunday air, and old old dormer-window houses, fast going to decay; the old and venerated convent and its unwritten history of good and glory; the pretty little Episcopal church, surrounded by its sanctified dead, lying so quietly, and

yet in a forgotten, at least by the heart and mind of good old Pentland, who keeps the little Acre so sweet and [illegible] can tell you the history of every grave and the buried [illegible] ambitions locked and sealed within their sacred portals. [illegible] buried a Canadian physician [illegible] wrote, "Going to [illegible] wounded and dying of [illegible] troops, on that fatal [illegible] the dogs of war first broke loose [illegible] Patriotic Rebellion of 1837, [illegible] foully murdered by [illegible] villains." Here also [illegible] two wives [illegible] — first [illegible] of Lieut. F. F. Kislingbury, [illegible] infantry. They died far [illegible] and friends, out on the west [illegible] and as one after the other [illegible] the hardships of a soldier's [illegible] her life, they were brought [illegible] faithful, loving husband [illegible] hundreds of miles, by [illegible]

wagon train through [illegible] flood and going thro[illegible] hardships — taking [illegible] to gratify their dy[illegible] that they might sleep [illegible] beside their [illegible] the old church yard at [illegible] was a most noble [illegible] example of self-sacrifice [illegible] characteristic of the [illegible] still more nobly exe[illegible] when, slowly but sure [illegible] to death at Cape [illegible] second officer in comm[illegible] Greeley Arctic expe[illegible]

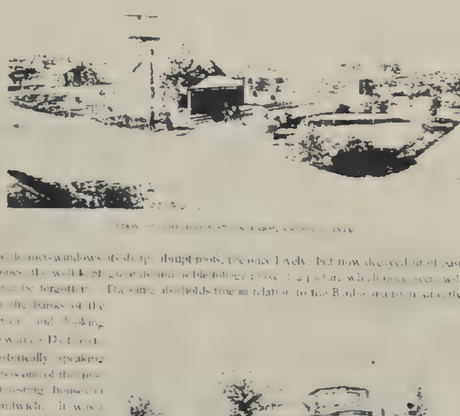
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] allow [illegible] to [illegible] which [illegible] and [illegible] at [illegible] church. With [illegible] brother of George W. Schofield, U. S. [illegible] brother of [illegible] present [illegible] Senator.

[illegible] way from this pretty little church [illegible] stands the substantial [illegible] house and the massive [illegible] building and wall surrounding the [illegible] so many [illegible] a speedy trial and prompt [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] mile from here, due east, at the [illegible] of a very pretty [illegible] and almost [illegible] heavy foliage, the curiosity-seeker will find one of the most unique old and ancient [illegible] houses in America — the old [illegible] mansion. With its [illegible] and porches



[illegible]

and dormer-windows, its sharp, abrupt roofs, [illegible] once lovely, but now decayed [illegible] glories, the well kept grounds and noble foliage [illegible] a picture which once seen will never be forgotten. The same also holds true in relation to the Baby mansion, directly on the banks of the river and looking towards Detroit. Historically speaking this is one of the most interesting houses in Sandwich. It was a famous and favorite rendezvous and trading point of the Indians for a great many years, but notwithstanding its great age it is a remarkably well preserved relic of historic times. The drive from the outskirts [illegible] high banks of Windsor, along the elevated old Detroit river [illegible] Petite [illegible] Sulphur Springs [illegible] Amherstburg [illegible] old Amherstburg [illegible] that you [illegible] the [illegible] river [illegible] passing you. The beau-

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

A GROSSE POINTE DRIVE

ALONG THE BANK — GROSSE POINTE

[illegible]

tiful city just across the river and stretching along the banks so many miles, is all there, and many more attractions we might mention make old Sandwich and its surroundings the most attractive and picturesque "environs" or suburbs that Detroit or any other city in this country possesses or can boast of

THE [illegible] MANSION, SANDWICH, ONT.

[illegible]

A STREET SCENE IN WINDSOR

[illegible]

[illegible]

SABBATH EVE AT GROSSE POINTE

the shadows of the evenly day
[illegible] a Sabbath eve;
[illegible] mirrors grove,
[illegible] borne from sport
[illegible]
[illegible] sweeps by,
[illegible] lowed even,
[illegible]
[illegible] no more [illegible]
[illegible] ing wave
[illegible] while [illegible] shall
[illegible]

That tells the story of that stormy gale
Betwixt his cradle and the watery grave,
Bid higher than the clouds or floating
[illegible]
Or golden stars that now drop down their rays,
For, through the upper depths in notes of
[illegible]
Earth's pilgrims sound with chantings full
and [illegible],
Then thanks to chorus for God's Sabbath days

[illegible]

THE [illegible] SHRINE — GROSSE POINTE

[illegible]

[illegible] — GROSSE POINTE

[illegible] — GROSSE POINTE

[illegible] — GROSSE POINTE

A VALUABLE JESUIT MANUSCRIPT

The work of the Jesuit missionaries has already been alluded to in this work. Mr. Richard R. Elliott has now performed a very valuable service to history in translating the very interesting manuscript left by Father Peter Potier, the last of the Huron missionaries in 1743-1781, and who died at Sandwich in 1781. The extensive grounds on which stands of the present day the church and college of the Assumption, at Sandwich, form a small portion of the domain belonging to the "Huron mission of Detroit." Under Fathers Armand de La Richardie and Peter Potier, Father Richardie acquired possession of Bois Blanc island and had a part of the Lind cleared and cultivated, and Father Potier had charge here for about five years, when, on account of Indian disturbances, the mission was closed in 1747.

To show the quality of men these missionaries were we quote from Bancroft's History of the United States: "Away from the amenities of life, away from the opportunities of vain glory, the missionaries became dead to the world and possessed their souls in

(Continued on Page [illegible])

L'ARGENT IN GROSSE POINTE.

For twenty-even year her dot,
Sinch home Hi'n evans see
Has dem dat face de pinsik
Lem eighteen na mony-tree
De bank she shut hup plants right
Beschuss [illegible] was wick,
Han [illegible] dat seame poor fool
[illegible] gon,
De's sorry han her back

De storr she's say he's gwin to fail
Some day her pooty son
Hi [illegible] neeyhouse don' got good,
Mak [illegible] to her sillon
For man she'll go wadout de cat,
Wadout dat [illegible] for spree,
Hi pay for wheesky nal de day,
Den want hai silk [illegible]

De Grosse Pointe [illegible]
poor
Mes [illegible] ces [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
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[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

unalterable peace. The few who lived to grow old, though bowed down by the toils of a long mission, still kindled with the fervor of apostolic zeal. The history of their labor is connected with the origin of every town in French America; not a cape was turned, not a river entered, but a Jesuit led the way.

Gen. Lewis Cass wrote: "The whole history of human character furnishes no more

[illegible]

illustrious examples of self-devotion than are to be found in the records of the establishments of the Roman Catholic missionaries, whose faith and fervor enabled them to combat the difficulties around them in life, or triumph over them in death. Some were burned at the stake and tortured with savage ingenuity, but nothing could shake their fortitude."

Limited space permits us to copy from the Elliott translations only the following:

"*Account book of the Huron Mission of Detroit, commenced on the feast of St. John, 1740, A. de la Richardie, S. J. Superior.*—

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

"I have paid in full all accounts due at the post of Detroit.

"Courtois, Charles, has received wheat and grain to the value of 204 livres, 15 sols, which he is to pay to me during the month of May, 1741.

"Pirsque has agreed to continue in my service another year,

[illegible]

that is to say, until the arrival of the next convoy in 1742 for 100 livres in kind, a shirt and a pair of mitts. His services for the current year have been paid in full.

[illegible]

[illegible]

The "convoy" living the ten of "Pirsque's" engagement in the above en[illegible] great event of the year in colonial life at Detroit. It was the annual shipment fro[illegible] of the year's supplies, of the government's stores and money, and of the consignm[illegible] factors and merchants at Montreal, Trois Rivières and Quebec to their corresp[illegible] Detroit. The convoy usually took the route of the Ottawa river, the Georgian [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

AN INTERESTING OPENING BETWEEN [illegible] TREES — BOIS BLANC ISLAND

ALONG THE SHORE OF BOIS BLANC ISLAND

A GROSSE ISLE CANOE SAILING

"THE CAVE" — GROSSE ISLE

Huron and St. Clair: it was a fleet of trading vessels, canoes and batteaux with armed protection, and arrived during the month of September.

BEAUTIFUL GROSSE ISLE

"One of Detroit's river jewels," is an expression sometimes used in speaking of Grosse Isle, probably the most notable of the city's river resorts, excepting of course Belle Isle Park. The "Big Island," for such it is also sometimes called, is about nine miles long and one to two wide, and lies only about twenty-five miles south of Detroit. It has an interesting history, which these crowded pages cannot dwell upon. Suffice it to say, therefore, that

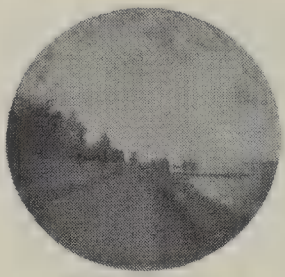
A GROSSE ISLE COTTAGE

BOIS BLANC ISLAND LIGHT AND OLD INDIAN BLOCK HOUSE

A GROSSE ISLE STUDY

BOIS BLANC LIGHT HOUSE

THE HAUG POULTRY FARM, NEAR DEARBORN



EAST SIDE BROADWAY, GROSSE ISLE

GROSSE ISLE YACHTSMEN

EAST SIDE LANDING, GROSSE ISLE

A GROSSE ISLE CROSS ROAD

A GLIMPSE OF THE WEST SIDE — GROSSE ISLE

THE BIG TREE — GROSSE ISLE

STONY ISLAND

William Macomb, one of the three sons of John Macomb, an early emigrant from Erin's green soil, bought the island from one George McDougall, who obtained it from the Indians in exchange for some article he fancied. John A. Rucker, Jr., a lineal descendant of Macomb, is the oldest settler on Grosse Isle, still living, and is owner of the original government grants of three sections of the island. This Macomb family finally became so numerous that it is said the largest tree on the island might be selected and

GROSSE ISLE — THE WHEELMEN'S HEIGHT

MRS. BRIDGEHEAD'S RESIDENCE — GROSSE ISLE

"THE OFFICE" — GROSSE ISLE

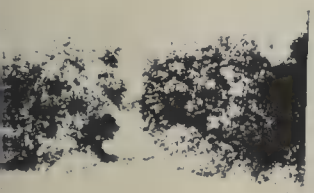
DR. F. Y. ANDERSON'S RESIDENCE — GROSSE ISLE

born on the Detroit river and lived there all his life, and he could not bear to live in any place where he could not shoot ducks, trap muskrat, or fish whitefish.

The old Biddle house is one of the institutions of the island. It has very little about it and its attractive grounds that is suggestive of the hotel. Miss Jane Biddle is the landlady and her classy manner comports well with the cool, breezy stretches she presides over. There are many model summer homes on the island, too many to mention — and

its many branches counted which would yet hardly outnumber the branches of the family of old William Macomb who have lived and are now living on this beautiful island. Of the descendant Rucker family it is notable that so many of the boys entered the United States army, and so many of the girls married army officers.

There are still several old French families on the island, who cling on to their small farms, although their value has been boosted to a sight since wealthy people began to move in upon the island.



Among the summer about two thousand people reside here. About half the number stay on the island through the winter.

Grosse Isle furnishes an ideal camping ground. The foot of the island juts out into the clear water, and on its grassy banks a dozen or more tents may always be found pitched by campers who have come into the city for a breath of fresh air and a few days' fishing. The roadway skirting the east side of the island is a beautiful driveway. Monarchs of the primeval forest, which the old Macomb family found on Grosse Isle, grow on the narrow strip between the roadway and the river at the right and along the side-

Judge Samuel L. Douglas, one of the oldest residents on the island, tells many interesting stories concerning the picturesque French characters on the isle. He says that one time, many years ago when money became scarce, and the Frenchmen were having a hard time of it to get along without any capital, he suggested to one of them that he could sell his little farm on the island for sufficient money to buy a good deal larger farm on the mainland. The Frenchman said he was aware of that, but that he had been

SPRING RAMBLE IN THE VALE OF ROSES

Chide not the intruder, still, sequestered grove!
Your soft, sylvan venture sinks me closely in
Dense are these leafy shades! Mid dreamy wave
Of fragrant blossoms and bewildering scents,
Entranced I wander.

The airs of spring are sighing through the grove,
On plaintive wings
I hear, beath rustling leaves, like murmur-ous
The violet springs;
The river's rippling voice is low and rare,—
How sweet, O spring! thy tender voices are.

And zephyrs faint are sighing round my heart,
On plaintive wings
Which tender voice welling up within,
A thousand springs?
A fairy voice is for a thing, and's near,—
How sweet, O hear!" in Spring thy voices are.

Astray and weak, I know not where, nor what
But yet the shade,
O were the Spring within thy dreamy haunts—
A lonelier maid,
I'd clasp thy dainty beauty at my side,
Though in the fragrance of her breath I died.

From "Eve and Life" by E. Steele, M.A.

TAWA ISLAND

(Written by Kathleen A. Meier, of London, England, while visiting friends on Tawa Island, on at the mouth of the Detroit river, and respectfully inscribed to Mr. George Lowrie, whose residence is situated on this island.)

Tawa, that sweet repose from toil and care
With Detroit River circling around,
This surely is the spot, all the earth
Where, in flowers and pure delight, is found

Surely thro' all the vastness of his sight
This place has felt the sweetness of God's smile,
Far from the city's noise, dir and strife,
A cool retreat is found upon this isle.

Arcadian forests pale before its glow,
And all the bliss of a Elysian age,
Naught will this island ever could compare
Save Eden's garden in its pristine state

Tis Eden's garden, ere the serpent came
And left its cool track, or all within,
For surely, in this sylvan paradise
Thou ever bars the entrance of sin.

Who could be anything but rapture there
And leaving that aloofness so dear for rest,
Yet with such, could fill the air of here
Tawa's sweet influence would make it blest

And blest are we when life's thirst, with glades
We feel our hearts uplifting, o'er the strife
And trouble of the city's ceaseless roar,
And taste a lengthy draught of the purer life

In this oasis of our desert, bare,
Surely more than the sights to us are given
For raise us higher and to make us feel
On Tawa's Isle a little nearer heaven

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

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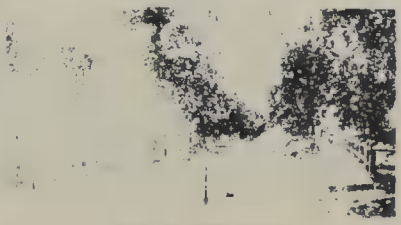


[illegible]

[illegible] ustic fences at the left, fairly making [illegible] of green branches above the road in [illegible] The wheels of the vehicle raise but [illegible] from the hard sunburned clay road- [illegible] view is inspiring. Golden sun- [illegible] ence fantastically on the great plaza [illegible] waters. Here and there a boat [illegible] white bubbling furrow through its [illegible] Taking the shore a long line of gaily [illegible] sandrills spinning to the breeze above [illegible] ing bank of thick foliage would [illegible] Quixote to make his war steed [illegible]

[illegible] might be written of the attractions [illegible] nd, and many chapters of interesting [illegible] egendary lore might be given, but [illegible] appear in some other form. A-

for the island itself, it must be seen to be appreciated.

PORT HURON

This city is located at the extreme lower end of Lake Huron, six[illegible] miles above Detroit and is most widely known as the location of the greatest submarine railway tunnel in North America. The first permanent settlement at this point was made in 1790, although Chronel mil-

[illegible] tary post was established there as early as 1680 and was maintained there for nearly two years. Fort Gratiot was established at Port Huron in 1814 was abandoned in 1822 occupied in 1828 and was continued as a U. S. military post until 1876 when it was abandoned and destroyed. Our pictures of Fort Gratiot were taken some twenty-five years ago, when the post was occupied by the government. At present the city has a popu-

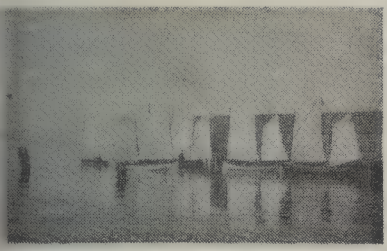
lation of about 20,000, while directly across the river is the Canadian city of Sarnia, with about 12,000 population. As a deep water harbor the river at Port Huron is not excelled by any on the great lakes. Port Huron has an admirable farming country contiguous

and it is very important as a manufacturing and general commercial center. Like all cities and towns between Lakes Huron and Erie, it is very popular as a place for summer residence. The Grand Trunk railway of Canada, the Flint and Pere Marquette railway, the St. Clair River R. R., the Chicago and West Michigan R. R. center at Port Huron.

The important claim is made for the city that here is a deep water harbor, fitted by nature for the discharge and distribution of western products to the Atlantic seaboard by railway. The deep draught vessels which it is claimed will be used in the future cannot navigate the St. Clair lake and Detroit river, and the history of Buffalo will be repeated at Port Huron. The railroads having passed the obstructions to navigation in the Niagara river, are pressing onward with irresistible force and will soon pass the obstructions to navigation in the river and Lake St. Clair and will meet the commerce of the upper lakes above these barriers, in the head waters of the St. Clair river.

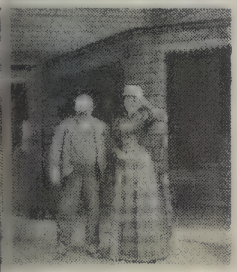
HURONIA BEACH

This is a delightful resort situated at the foot of Lake Huron, three miles north of Port Huron. It is a pleasant place to spend the summer months and is heavily patron-



DOUBLE LAT FLEET AT THE FLATS

by Southern people, who bring their families and rent cottages for the season. The cot-, about one hundred in number, all face the and are situated on an avenue running parallel the beach line. Meals are served in a fine g hall, at moderate rates. Electric cars run een the beach and Port Huron. The ride is lightful one, and every pleasant afternoon



WELCOME!

eds take advantage of it. Marcus Young, rt Huron, established Huronia Beach as a ser resort; and to his efforts and energy its arity and success are largely due.

MT. CLEMENS

e charming, busy city of Mt. Clemens has ulation of about 5,000, and is situated some twenty miles from Detroit, on the Grand Trunk R. R. and on the Clinton river, one of the most romantic and charming streams in Michigan, as can readily be seen by our illustrations. One of the favorite excursions of Detroiters is the trip from Detroit to Mt. Clemens, by steamer — a three hours' ride.

Leaving the dock about 9 A. M., we steam up the Detroit river, past the city and the beautiful park, out into Lake St. Clair. Hugging the northern shore, soon after passing

THE NOOKERY AT ST. CLAIR

LOOKING DOWN THE FLATS CANAL

ALONG THE RIVER NEAR CHAPTER'S

Grosse Pointe lighthouse, we steam into the Clinton and up to Mt. Clemens, in good season for an excellent dinner at one of the numerous and excellent hotels with which the city abounds — in fact the place is famous the country over, for its good hotels, sanitariums and mineral springs. After dinner, one has ample time to stroll about the shady and pretty streets of the city, or enjoy a carriage drive through as well kept and picturesque a country as can be found in Michigan or any other state. Then perhaps we take a row on the dear old Clinton before

AN EVEN DOZEN

tea, and start on the ride home about 8.30 P. M. Or, if one is romantically inclined, he can stay a bit longer, and take the ride by moonlight, which is unsurpassed in loveliness anywhere in this country.

The city itself is well and substantially built, well paved, well governed and prosperous to a

HEAD OF GOVERNMENT CANAL—AT THE FLATS

A FULL SAIL SPRITE

THE STOP AT HUNTINGTON — ST. CLAIR FLATS

SAULT STE. MARIE

ST. IGNACE

the outlet of Lake Superior and opposite the famous rapids of the same name. It was a famous Indian trading and meeting place and was undoubtedly visited by white traders before the Mayflower was thought of even. A palisade was built here by the French in 1750. An international railroad bridge 1067 feet long was built here in

THE LACKAWANA TOWED DOWN

SPORT AT THE FLATS

quaint, old and picturesque place, and abounds of its historic past. Pere Marquette is a part of y of St. Ignace and a prominent part of it too. noble priest lies buried, and over his grave fitting monument to his ever great and good Here, too, we find his church yet standing ministered so well and kindly so many years — to Michigan and the whole North-west a

ON THE ST. CLAIR

A FAMILY STROLL AT THE FLATS

monument is not necessary to perpetuate and keep fresh the memory and life work of this pioneer priest.

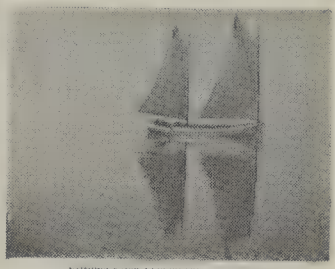
ROCKY MARQUETTE

The rock-bound shore of Marquette has lured many an angler and sportsman hither. Marquette is called "The Queen City of Lake Superior," and is one of the most beautiful places on the south shore of that great inland sea.

This city, built upon and between the hills, is a model of taste and elegance, and affords one of the finest views

HAPPY INDIANS FROM WAUPOKE HEARTH

of lake and inland scenery to be found in the Upper Peninsular. The atmosphere is cool and invigorating, and the place as a summer resort is surpassed by but few places on the continent. The private residences are of an unusually fine character, many of them costing from $20,000 to $50,000 each. The settlement dates only from



DRIFTING DOWN LAKE SIDERT AT THE FLATS

LAKE ST. CLAIR CITY HOTEL

THE FLATS NAVY YARD

OLD HOME OF THE LAKE ST. CLAIR FISHING AND SHOOTING CLUB

STAG ISLAND — ST. CLAIR FLATS

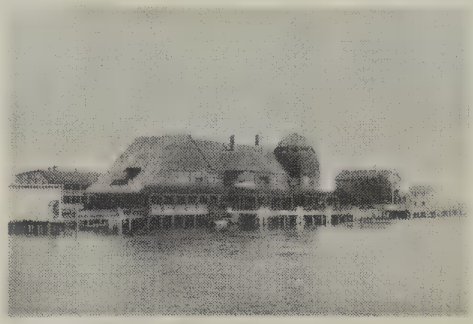
HARD A GROUND — AT THE FLATS

IN SIGHT FROM OAKLAND HOUSE INN, ST. CLAIR SPRINGS

ABOVE WALKERVILLE

1845, in which year the iron deposits first began to be worked. The first iron dock was built in 1854, and the railroad completed to the mines in 1857. Several hundred thousand dollars have been spent in the improvement of the docks within the last few years, and they are now the finest on the coast. Over $10,000 have already been spent in building drives to and about Presque Isle, a great headland north

THE MATT G. AT THE FLATS



LAKE ST. CLAIR FISHING AND SHOOTING CLUB HOUSE AT THE FLATS

of the city, comprising about 400 acres and given to the city by the United States government for park purposes. All travelers will find a visit to this park well worth the time spent therefor.

Marquette and vicinity is the angler's paradise direction from the city, as the home of the brook trout, is already widespread, an number of those who come every year to enjoy the rare thus furnished, is rapidly grow Nearly every species of the game of fresh water fish can be from the waters within a few of Marquette, though the beautiful and gamiest of all

The fame of the streams, in

VIEW AT NEW BALTIMORE

CAMP OF THE LAST CHANCE FISHING CLUB ON THE ST. CLAIR RIVER

BEAVER CLUB HOUSE AT THE FLATS

brook trout — leads in the matter of numbers and popularity. If creek-fishing is distasteful, mains the long stretch of rock-bound shore of the great lake. Off these rocks is splendid for speckled trout — the carrying of the catch frequently making not the least of the labors angler.

THE RAILROAD CAR CONDUCTORS CONVENTION AT THE "OAKLAND," JUNE 23, 1893

THE OLD "ZACK CHANDLER" — FROM PAINTING BY HOPKIN

BAY VIEW

y View is a famous summer resort and gathering place of Chautauquans and university on workers. It is situated on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, is easily reached by rail amer and in the summer has a population of about 20,000.

e history of Bay View is comparatively recent, but in these few years its fame has gone far le. Eighteen years ago, when the site was bought, thirty Indians and their chief united in sfer. All the region was a dense wilderness, but now a well-built summer city of over four l cottages rises among the terraced groves, with all the conveniences and elegance of a nt city. Five lines of steamers on the great lakes and two railway lines to-day make the leasantly accessible, and low-priced summer tourist tickets, sold everywhere, practically e place near to the populous centers.

The assembly hall at Bay View there is seldom less than 1,000 persons present to listen to ing discourses, and the selection of this spot in the immediate vicinity of the other places

ON THE ST. CLAIR

RUSHMERE CLUB WATER WORKS

teachers from all parts of the country is of itself a great inducement to visit the resorts of Little Traverse Bay.

This is the Mecca of hay fever sufferers and their malady is speedily dispelled here, while every intending visitor will be glad to know that flies and mosquitoes are unknown at this place.

Harbor Point, near by, is also much frequented for the same reasons as Bay View, and has many beautiful points of attraction.

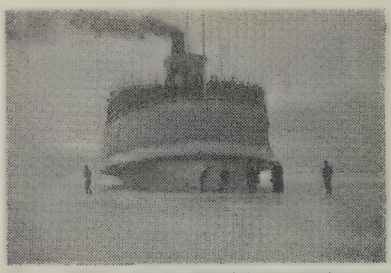
OLD BRIDGE NEAR ALGONAC

l, for summer university studies, is a suffi- nphatic assurance of the delightful social of the several communities. The advantage ing acquainted with celebrated thinkers and

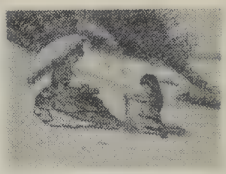
LAKE FREIGHT STEAMER "MAKUSA"

A QUIET SAIL — LAKE ST. CLAIR

A SUMMER HOME AT THE FLATS



STEAMER "PROMISE," ON LAKE ST. CLAIR, MARCH 26, 1893—ICE 12 TO 16 INCHES THICK



ON THE SANDY BEACH

ON THE ST. CLAIR

WHEELING ON LAKE ST. CLAIR, MARCH 26, 1893

THE BLACK RIVER LOOKING WEST FROM SEVENTH STREET BRIDGE, PORT HURON

PETOSKEY

ALONG THE RIVER FRONT AT ST. CLAIR

Petoskey, the famous summer resort, was but twenty years ago the abiding-place of a band of Indians, from whose chief the town derives its name. To-day it is a community of over 4,000 souls and is favorably known throughout the land.

Petoskey is built on table lands which rise in splendid terraces from the sandy beach of Little Traverse Bay. This is a beautiful sheet of water, fifteen miles long by nine miles wide, narrowing gradually so that its inmost end forms a natural amphitheatre. It is the busiest and most important resort in the north part of the state, and the Mecca of hay fever sufferers, who find here absolute relief. The location is on the south side of the bay, and the prevailing wind being from the lake, it is always cool and laden with health-giving freshness.

The accommodations for guests are excellent and extensive, and in the way of amusement and recreation simply complete.

ALONG THE EMBANKMENT AT THE PLATE

GLADSTONE

The picturesque little seven year old city of Gladstone, of between two thousand and three thousand inhabitants, is located on a high promontory which overlooks the little Bay de Noc, the sailors' paradise,—a large inlet from the north or lower end of Lake Michigan indenting the Upper Peninsular of the Wolverine State.

Seven years ago the site of Gladstone, covered with lofty pines, sturdy oaks and the delicious trailing arbutus, was an ideal resort for the devotees of the gun, the rod and the yacht. To-day, in spite of the presence at Gladstone of the noisy din of railways, the whistling chorus of scores of steam vessels and the rattling and clanging on the ore and grain docks, the little city in question is in the center of of the most delightful of summer resorts.

Those who are fond of fishing may find here all sorts of game,—bass, pike, pickerel white-fish, while in the Whitefish, Escanaba and Day's rivers near at hand, will be found excellent brook trout fishing.

Game of all kinds, from the black bear down to the squirrel, from the snipe and plove to ducks and wild turkey are plentiful. For boating and bathing the little Bay de Noc furn ample facilities. Gladstone may be easily reached by rail or boat and the hotel accommoda are exceptionally satisfactory.

THE CLEVELAND BATLING GUN BATTERY IN DRESS PARADE AT THE OAKLAND

MICHIGAN'S MILITARY ACADEMY

side of West Point, the Michigan Military Academy still maintains its place as the leading institution of the country." This is not a quoted from any advertiser's circular, but is ed opinion of Colonel Heyl, Inspector General of the United States Army.

The Academy is situated twenty-six miles from Detroit and four and one-half miles from Pontiac, with which it is connected by railroad. The grounds, comprising one hundred and twenty acres, are on the shore of Orchard Lake, one of the most beautiful and healthful lake resorts in Michigan. The buildings are all new of brick, and built expressly for the purpose for which they are used. There are twenty-six modern buildings, well lighted and ventilated and complete in every respect, as is presented in the engravings on pages 17, 18, 19 of this work.

The Academy is pre-eminently self-made, having started without endowment and never having received pecuniary aid from the state. Yet in a sense the Michigan Military Academy is fostered by the state and is subject to state inspection. It is intimately

connected with the military affairs of the state, and its graduates are eligible as brevet second lieutenants in the state troops. The course in military instruction resembles that at West Point and West Point uniforms are worn by the cadets. Arms and equipments are furnished by the general government, and the text-book department is under the supervision of a military professor, a graduate of West Point, detailed by the United States government from the regular army. The fact that the cadets of this institution took first prize of $[illegible] and a gold medal in the national drill at Washington, in 1877, and won distinction at the Washington centennial celebration at New York in 1880, also at the World's Fair in Chicago this year, is a strong evidence of the efficiency of instruction and discipline.

The graduates of the academy who numbered nearly two hundred and fifty have already proved that this academy affords the ideal school training, imparting physical health and force, which is the best spring of mental activity, manhood, and good citizenship. The institution is an intellectual and moral force in [illegible] minority, and justly merits the high[illegible] tion in which it is held.

[illegible]

LAKE GOGEBIC

Lake Gogebic is one of the [illegible] brated fishing resorts in the [illegible] and our illustrations, on page [illegible] elsewhere, though they may [illegible] sportsman's mouth water, are [illegible] exaggerative of the sport to be [illegible] lake.

It is on the very summit of [illegible] water-shed between Lake Superior [illegible] Mississippi. It is fifteen miles [illegible] one and one-half to three miles [illegible] — 1000 feet above the ocean and [illegible] above Lake Superior, which is only [illegible] teen miles distant. This lake is su[illegible] with a dense and luxurious growth [illegible] indigenous to this high northern [illegible] the fishing in Gogebic Lake and [illegible] lakes is superb. Black bass or g[illegible] may be taken here in greater [illegible] in any other water in the world.

[illegible]

[illegible]

LAKE BLOCK, FORT HURON

[illegible]

DIR. E. R. ARMY AT PORT GRATIOT 1849-60

LIGHTHOUSE, FOOT OF LAKE HURON

Oakland County is a "land of lakes," there being several hundred of them here and it was the earliest settled of any interior county in the territory. For many years it ranked in importance only second to Wayne, and it has always been first among all the counties of Michigan in its varied agricultural products and live stock.

It is thirty miles square, and contains 570,000 acres, 20,000 of which is water.

The general surface of Oakland County is from 300 to 400 feet above the level of the Great Lakes.

In twenty of the twenty-five townships of the county, there are lakes and lakelets on whose shady banks you will often find nooks fit for the gods to dwell in; but those we mention are the best known, owing to railroad facilities, nearness to Pontiac, and other local considerations. Pine Lake is one and a half miles from the city of Pontiac, and may be reached by the famous Orchard Lake gravel road. It is one and a half miles in length, and it is supplied entirely by springs, there being no visible inlet. "The Interlaken," a Detroit club, is located on this lake. Orchard Lake, on which is located the noted Michigan Military Academy, lies immediately west of Pine, separated from it only by a narrow strip of land on which stands the depot of the Grand Trunk.

A SEX-BATH AT HURONIA BEACH

[illegible]

...out abound in all the various streams empty-... the lake, as well as in the lake itself and in ...let. Not alone to anglers is this region of ... but to hunters as well. Deer are plentiful ...reat forest, bears are frequently met with, and ...re abundant, so that lovers of the gun and ...r here enjoy great sport.

...AKLAND COUNTY — PONTIAC, THE LAKES, ETC.

...and of the lakes, upon whose bosom gleams
The varied glory of each jeweled sheen,
...land of lakes and streams"
...airy land of roses and woodland flowers;
... Abode of graceful forms of swan and dove,
...d of wild vines, in many a mystic bower,
... Dream of an angel wafted from above."

A WINTER SYMPHONY AT FORT HURON

[illegible] OF SARNIA FROM FORT HURON

THE BIG POLE

R. R. This lake is nearly round, a little more than a mile and a half in diameter, with a beautiful island in the center, containing about forty acres. The island is owned and has long been occupied by Mrs. Colin Campbell of Detroit and her family as a summer home. Here is an apple orchard supposed to have been planted by the Indians and, from which it derived its Indian name, "Me-nah-sa-gor-ning," meaning apple ground.

LOOKING STREET, FORT HURON

Orchard Lake resembles Pine in its shores, and like Pine is spring fed, having no visible inlet except from Pine. It empties its waters into Cass, the largest lake in the county, being about three miles in length. It lies north of Orchard Lake and possesses many of the characteristics of Orchard and Pine lakes. At Cass park, on the eastern shore, is located the Cass Lake Club, which is the social club of Pontiac. On the south shore, near Orchard Lake, is the palatial home of Dr. David Ward. Sylvan is the name recently given by the Sylvan Lake Improvement Association, to the three lakes situated in the south-east corner of the township of Waterford, north of Cass Lake, and adjoining the city of Pontiac.

These lakes are so united that they may with propriety be considered one lake. On a beautiful promontory is situated the elegant Sylvan Lake Inn, which has just been completed.

The Grand Trunk Railway passes through the property of the Sylvan Lake Association, with a depot near the Inn. The lakes we have named, like most of the lakes in the county, abound in fish, and on these and many other lakes in the vicinity of Pontiac are numerous summer cottages owned by residents of Detroit, Pontiac, and other cities. The Indians, especially those who inhabited this portion of North America before the advent of the white man, were admirers of the beautiful in nature, and the lake district which we have just briefly described was their favorite resort.

Pontiac, "the most princely Indian that ever trod the soil of the mighty west," here had his lodge, and here he is said to have retired after his repulse at the siege of Detroit. The prosperous city which bears his name, numerous thriving villages, and cultivated farms now occupy the hunting ground of the Indian, but art has not entirely usurped the bower of nature. These lakes and much of their immediate surroundings, still remain unmarred by man. Art has added to, but has not taken away the wild and picturesque beauty of those scenes where "under the same moon that shines for us, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate." They paddled their light canoes over the crystal waters of these same lakes, and from these pleasant groves they sallied forth to battle with distant tribes and "when the tiger strife was over," on the shores of these lakelets curled the smoke of peace.

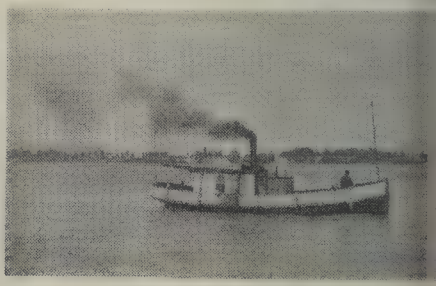
WE'RE ALL IN IT ——

A TOW PASSING THE OAKLAND

Pontiac is one of Michigan's oldest cities, having been settled in 1818, has now a population of 8,000. Situated on the Clinton near its source almost in the center of the most noted lake district of Oakland County, only twenty-four miles from Detroit's hall, with the finest drives, and delightful rural surroundings, it i[illegible] *excellence* the residence suburb of [illegible]troit. Its schools and churches ar[illegible] surpassed by any of Detroit. It con[illegible] many handsome residences and occupants of the humblest cottage with their wealthy neighbors in the of their premises and beautiful [illegible] lawns, closely trimmed as a rule o[illegible] the streets. Pontiac is beginning [illegible] appreciated as a residence city, an[illegible] hundred and fifty new homes [illegible] been built within the last year, (1[illegible]

The city has two electric ligh[illegible] plants, an excellent system of [illegible] works, and one of the best fire de[illegible]ments in the state; an electric [illegible] railway has been incorporated, and the intention to celebrate the fifty [illegible] anniversary of the advent of steam into the county of Oakland, by introduction of electric cars which connect Pontiac with Sylvan, [illegible] Orchard, and Pine lakes.

The Eastern Michigan Asylum, of the many famous institutions fo[illegible]



ST. CLAIR RIVER TUNNEL COMPANY'S FERRY BOAT

—— AND SO ARE WE !—— HURONIA BEACH

care of the insane of which Americ[illegible] boast, is situated here. Pontiac is als[illegible] of the most prosperous business tow[illegible] the state; all its numerous institutio[illegible] flourishing, and it is safe to say, th[illegible] fifty years there have been fewer fa[illegible] than in any other city in Michigan.

The Clinton river affords abundant [illegible] power. Its railroad facilities are exc[illegible] and it possesses many advantages [illegible] manufacturing city. The drive from [illegible]troit to Pontiac and the lakes is a [illegible] delightful one, the roads being as go[illegible] can be found in Michigan not only [illegible] through as beautiful a section of co[illegible] as one desires to behold.

On the way we pass through se[illegible] charming "burgs" or town sub[illegible] of Detroit, including Royal Oak and [illegible]mingham, several good views of whic[illegible] to be seen in our work. Both of [illegible] places are also located on the Detroit, C[illegible] Haven & Milwaukee Railroad and ar[illegible] a few minutes' ride from Detroit's bus[illegible] center, making them very accessible [illegible] pleasant homes for many of Detroit's [illegible]ness men. In our pictures of this [illegible] section, as well as all others, we have a[illegible] to secure the most picturesque and be[illegible]

FLINT & PERE MARQUETTE R. R. BRIDGE AND TRAIN

THE BARRACKS — FORT GRATIOT — 1859-60

nd in no sense the
ercial, and think we
obtained this result
ery high degree, and
t more so than this
section of our state
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s editorially, has not
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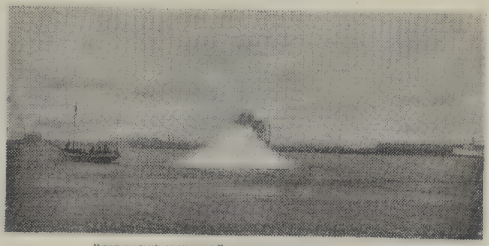
J. E. Sawyer

POINT EDWARD, ABOVE LAPNIA



"THE WRECK'S MONUMENT," ON AN OPPORTUNE EXPLOSION — ST. CLAIR RIVER

THE PASTURE FLATS, NEAR FORT HURON

OFFICERS' QUARTERS — FORT GRATIOT — 1859-60

CASWELL'S SUSPENSION BRIDGE, NEAR FORT HURON

PARADE GROUND AT FORT GRATIOT — 1859-60

TURTLE LAKE

Turtle lake, so called because of its singular resemblance to the "turtle," lies about thirty-seven miles south-west of Alpena, which town is its nearest railroad approach or connection. The lake itself lies in the midst of and is surrounded by one of the grand and impressive old, almost primeval, lower peninsular pine forests. The main body of the lake is about two miles in length and nearly as wide, while the head of the lake, (or turtle) is a small lake connected with the main body [illegible] lake by a little stream called the "neck," which is really the "outlet" of the lake. This "head," or small lake is very deep and no bottom has, as yet, been found to it.

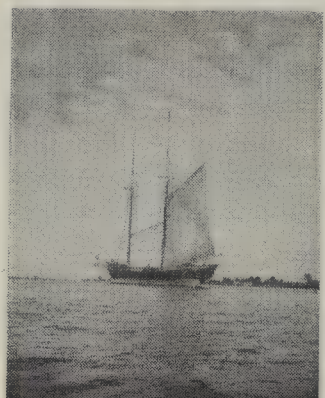
About these lakes and the upper south branch of the Alpena river, the "Turtle Lake Shooting and Fishing Club" own some 4,000 acres of land — a sportsman's paradise, abounding in game and the lakes furnishing abundant varieties of fish for the piscatorially inclined members of the club, — such as the redfin pike, trout, black bass, perch and many other members of the finny tribe.

This "little game farm" also contains within its boundaries several fine brook trout streams where this king of fish abounds.

The Club have good, substantial log cabin buildings which, along with their lands, roads and other property, are posted and looked after by their own men, or "care takers" and always, in the season, are in the best of shape for the "royal sport" afforded members. Among prominent Detroit members, we might mention J. D. Hawks, E. H. Gillman, W. C. Colburn, G. H.

"SH! I'VE GOT A BITE"— ON BLACK RIVER

WATKINS LAKE, DRAYTON PLAINS



ROUND UP, LIGHT

the dying embers of the big fire logs on the hearth and spin yarns of the chase, smoke the social pipe, or sit in silent "sportsmen's reverie," (a la Hopkin) as they meditate over the exciting events of the day.

We are indebted to Mr. F. Island and the Hayes Photo Company for their excellent Camp and

ORION LAKE, NEAR DRAYTON PLAINS

THE INTERLAKEN ATHLETIC CLUB

Barnes, J. C. Black and Mr. L. Hommedieu — all great lovers and devotees of the divine sport.

In the cosy and comfortable club house is a large old-fashioned fireplace and ample hearth, over and about which can be seen numerous trophies of the chase, club prizes and the huntsman's guns and paraphernalia.

Here, after the hard day's work is done the sport is ended, the members of the Club, the old sportsmen, love to gather and watch Lake pictures, which no doubt will be of much interest to our patrons and the public generally, as a typical Michigan hunting range and Camp.

C. L. C.

INTERLAKEN FISHER GIRLS

ORION LAKE

Orion Lake, is as pretty a body of water and inland lake as can be found in Michigan. It is about forty miles from Detroit, on the Detroit, Bay City and Mackinaw branch of the Michigan Central R. R. The topography of the surrounding country is rather high and rolling and is some six hundred feet higher than Detroit. The town of Orion, lying quite close to the lake, is a neat and brisk little place of about one thousand inhabitants and there is a fine hotel where visitors can obtain pleasant accommodations and good cheer, and plenty of it, at very reasonable rates.

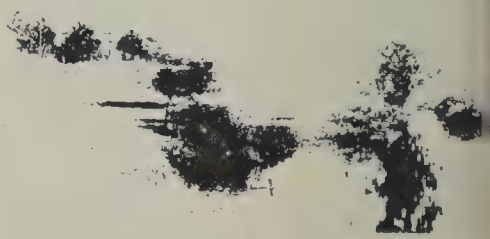
There are many fine summer homes around the lake owned by Detroiters and among them many of our prominent physicians. Just why so many of them seem to prefer Orion as a summer residence I am unable to state, unless it is because sickness is so entirely foreign to the place, they go there for a contrast to their busy lives and a total cessation to the cutting and slashing or the dealing of physic and pills. The lake has many picturesque little islands dotted about its dark blue surface and one, quite a large island has been converted into an attractive park. As a matter of course, every house has its boat-house and every boat-house a complement of yachts, both steam and sailing, row-boats, etc., to say nothing of complete fishing outfits with which while away "Summer's hot and fleeting breath," besides entrapping and catching of the poor unwary fishes, big and little, with which the lake abounds.

Orion is also a very popular picnic resort for Detroiters, particularly the Sabbath Schools — the shady groves, lovely lawns, clean and safe beaches being well adapted for that purpose.

C. L. C.

A PRETTY SCENE FROM OAKLAND COUNTY

PONT AUX RIVERES



GODERICH AND RIVER MAITLAND

The town of Goderich, Ont., is situated on the east shore of Lake Huron, about an eight hours' ride by the Grand Trunk Railroad from Detroit, and it is also a pleasant trip by steamer. It has always been a favorite summer resort of Detroiters. Its bluffs and beaches, an ambient drives, its cool, bracing atmosphere, together with its most unique and grandly beautiful Maitland river scenery, make it a delightful spot for the tourist, artist or sportsman to visit, as can be readily seen by our illustrations on another page.

MACKINAC

Mackinac island is at the [illegible] of Lake Huron, and is much [illegible] traveler and invalid [illegible] its historical interest and peculiar [illegible]

Mackinac [illegible] the [illegible] of the north [illegible] [illegible] and it only need [illegible] better known to become a Mecca where the magnificent and generous [illegible]

WATCHING THE ARTISTS, CLINTON RIVER, PONTIAC

gazes from the rocky battlements of the fort upon the surrounding waters, there steals upon him a sense of security which seems a complete bulwark against the host of summer annoyances.

ANN ARBOR AND MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY

The city of Ann Arbor, a synonomous term with Michigan's great and noble University — a name familiar the world over, is less than a two hours' ride,— forty-five miles from Detroit on Michigan's finest railroad, the Michigan Central. It is also situated on the banks of the beautiful Huron river and in a very hilly, finely cultivated farming section of the state. It has a population of nearly 20,000, more or less, sometimes more, engaged for the most part in the acquisition of knowledge, mercantile and manufacturing pursuits, or vice versa, mercantile and manufacturing pursuits and the acquisition of knowledge. Take it whichever way that pleases the most, as the writer does not wish to reflect upon the great business push, enterprise and thrift of a city that every true and loyal Michigander is justly proud of.

"THE OPEN GATE OF PARADISE," CLINTON RIVER, PONTIAC

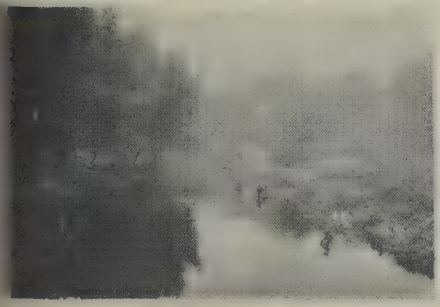
pulations which now exist ill be insufficient for the ultitude that will visit it. present it is the summer me of some of the best and ost widely known celebrities the country. Many of re from Chicago and more tant cities occupy cottages, ich in their appurtenances d appointments are little less n palaces, and thither are ansported for purposes of the mmer outing gorgeous equi ges, blooded stock, liveried ants and other conven- ces afforded wealth. On bilbide, elevated high ove the water with a glori- s view of the straits and tant islands and mainland the cottage sites.

THE CANAL NEAR PONTIAC

Nothing can exceed the beauty of this island. It is a mass of calcareous rock rising from the d of Lake Huron, and reaching a height of more than three hundred feet above the water. Some its cliffs shoot up perpendicularly, and tower in pinnacles like half ruined gothic steeples. The nd shows unmistakable evidence of the water having once been two hundred and fifty feet above present line. It is a mooted question whether the lake has fallen from its original level, or the nd has been lifted up. It is cavernous in places, and in these the ancient Indians were wont to ce their dead.

The harbor at the south end is a little gem, and around it the little old-fashioned French town ttles in primitive style, while above frowns the fort, its white walls gleaming in the sun. This age is a perfect curiosity in itself. Situated at the foot of the bluff, its two streets extend for a tance of a mile along the beach. The buildings are a ridiculous mixture of the modern and tique. Some were brought from Old Mackinaw when the town and fort were removed from that nd after the massacre of June 4th, 1763. Many of the fences are of the original palisade style. e whole area of the island is one labyrinth of curious glens and valleys. There are walks and nding paths of the most romantic character among its hills and precipices. From the eminences rlooking the lake can be seen magnificent views of almost illimitable extent, and as the observer

THE SLUICE NEAR PONTIAC

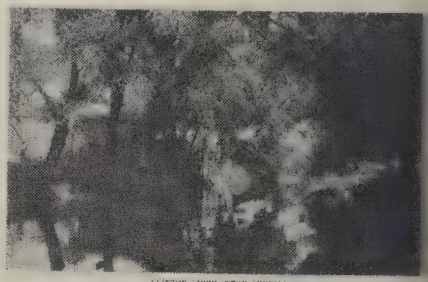


THE IMPROVISED FERRY AT PONTIAC

THE APPLE ISLAND FERRY, ORCHARD LAKE

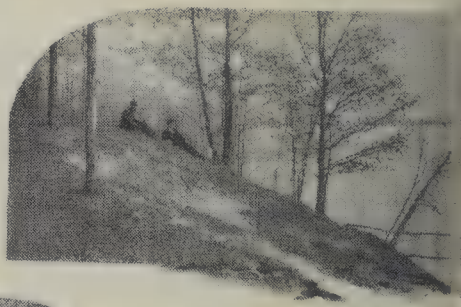
A JULIA INLET, PONTIAC

It is an extremely well and beautifully built city and in proportion to its size has more fine, substantial and imposing structures, not only, but exquisite and charming homes, of any place in this or any other state. Its streets are broad and well paved and the resident portion generally arched with lofty elms, beech or maple and lined with beautiful and tasteful homes, be they large and stately or small and humble, the same neat and thrifty air pervades all alike. All have large lots, beautifully kept lawns and a superfluity of flowers adorns nearly every garden front. Its business streets and buildings are also of the finest class in style architecturally and of solidity in construction, and compare very favorably



CLINTON RIVER, NEAR PONTIAC

SYLVAN LAKE, PONTIAC

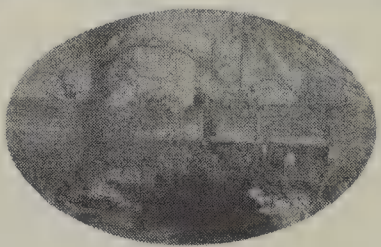


SYLVAN LAKE, PONTIAC

with the largest cities, while its mercantile houses are as large, well and tastily stocked as can be found in Detroit. The public buildings and churches are in keeping with the city's private enterprise and the University's fine complement of buildings, and it also abounds in very many private chapter or college club houses in the most elegant character architecturally and exceedingly well furnished interiors, insomuch that members suffer no lack of comfort, to say nothing about the luxuries of life.

Ann Arbor has a fine system of electric street railways, branching out all over the city's main thoroughfares and at same time connecting with the city of Ypsilanti, a distance of ten or twelve miles away, where is located the State Normal School and many large and prosperous manufacturing institutions.

The city abounds in numerous beautiful and picturesque drives and the writer, who has traveled

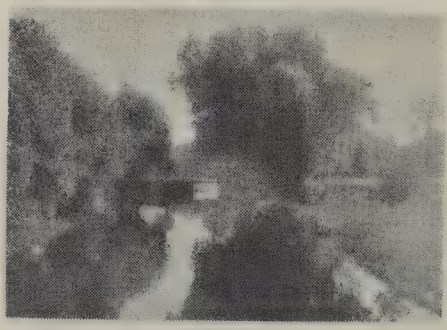


"MEET HE LOOKS AT THE BRIDGE"

considerably, does not recall in this country, at le[illegible] a finer system of country roads outlying the city [illegible] many miles; made over which it is a pleasure to [illegible] in carriage or "bike" any season of the year.

As befitting the city of Michigan's great [illegible] of learning, Ann Arbor is a city eminently cultiv[illegible] and cultivated to a high degree and its society com[illegible] quently is of the highest and best order, embraci[illegible] within its midst men and women of the highest o[illegible] of heart and intellectuality.

As to the University, one of the best and grand[illegible] institutions of its kind in this country, or any ot[illegible] for that matter, I can say but little, if anything, [illegible] add to its fame or grandeur. We all know it, l[illegible] and honor it and the noble man at its head, Presid[illegible] Angell. Every Michigan University graduate [illegible]



ON THE VIRGAN

A [illegible] OF A STREET, PONTIAC

a Michigan man or not, knows him but to ve and honor him, and every Michigander ows him but to praise and honor him and his eat and enduring work.

As this little work is merely descriptive, and ore so pictorially than editorially, we do not etend to go into history or detail, but we cannot ss without bare mention of the magnificent fine ts collection belonging to the University.

The collection was begun in 1855. It contains gallery of casts, in full size and in reduction. some of the most valuable ancient statues and ats, such as the Apollo Belvedere, the Laocoon, e Sophocles, a gallery of more than two hundred ductions and models in terra cotta and other aterials; the statue of Nydia by Randolph ogers; casts of modern statues, busts, etc., and uefs; a number of engravings and photographic ews, illustrating especially the architectural and

HOME OF CHAS. HARDY EATON, ARTIST, AT HOLLY, MICH.

THE CLINTON HILLS, PONTIAC

lptural remains of ancient Italy and Greece; a small collection of engraved pies of the great masterpieces of modern painting; two series of historical edallions—the Horace White Collec-in, and the Governor Bagley Collec-on; and a large collection of coins, iefly Greek and Roman, presented to University by the late Dr. A. E. chards.

The Rogers Gallery comprises the ire collection of the original casts the works of the late Randolph gers, more than a hundred in num-. It was given by that distinguished lptor to the state of Michigan for the iversity museum.

Also the fine botanical, zoological lection or cabinets and the Chinese, hnological and ethnological collec-ns, embracing as it does the interest- and valuable Beal-Steere collection valuable North and South America ximens of clothing, etc., etc.

THE OLD MILL DAM, PONTIAC

A SHADY BEND IN THE RIVER, NEAR PONTIAC

We are indebted to H. Randall of Ann Arbor for some of the best photographs used by us. O. L. C.

PUT-IN-BAY

Put-in-Bay has a prominent place in the history of our country. Here Commodore Perry gathered his war vessels and laid in wait for the British fleet. Near this island was fought the great naval battle of Lake Erie, and to this perfect harbor he "put in" and sent to the authorities at Washington his famous despatch, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." Here, buried beneath a willow tree near the landing, are the remains of six of his gallant officers, and on this spot the United States Government will soon erect a magnificent monument in commemoration of Perry's victory.

In later years Put-in-Bay has become somewhat noted as a summer resort. Its natural advantages have long been recognized, and are unsurpassed by any place in America. Its magnificent scenery (a combination of land and water pictures,) absolutely pure air and water, bracing atmosphere and cool breezes, with its superb boating, bathing and fishing, and perfect accessibility from every direction, combine to make it the natural summer resort of the Central, Western and Southwestern States. This fact is universally recognized by the thousands of people who visit the place annually and are familiar with its many attractive features. The largest summer hotel in the country, "The Victory," is located at Put-in-Bay.

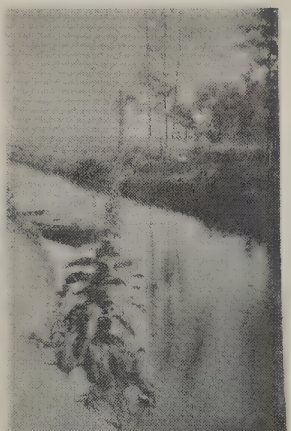
ALONG THE BOULEVARD AT PONTIAC

"IS GOD DEAD?"

A REMINISCENCE OF SOJOURNER TRUTH

There are hundreds now living in the city of Detroit and thousands in Michigan, New York and other northern states, who will very distinctly remember a very original and remarkable character whose tall, striking appearance, epigrammatic and pungent words, and forceful sentences made an impression they can never forget. This singular and most interesting character has addressed and held the closest attention of vast audiences in the above named and other northern states.

The plain, simple, direct, conscientious and earnest manner of this remarkable character made a deep and lasting

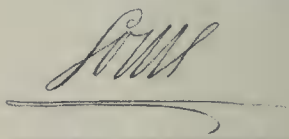


THE MULLEN MONARCH, PONTIAC

THE SECRET PASSAGE, CAMPBELL ISLAND

THE INTERLAKEN NAILS OFF DOTS—PINE LAKE

SMOKY TRAILING—CAMPBELL ISLAND



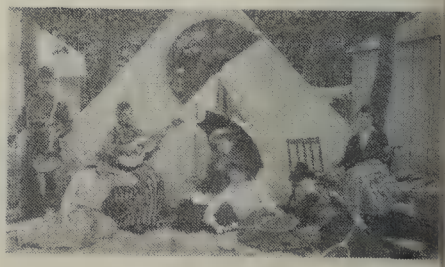
SIGNATURE OF LOUIS XIV, KING OF FRANCE,—FROM AN OLD DOCUMENT GRANTING PENSION TO LOUIS PHELYPEAUX, COUNT DE PONTCHARTRAIN, IN 1702

SIGNATURE OF LOUIS PHELYPEAUX, COUNT DE PONTCHARTRAIN, AFTER WHOM DETROIT WAS FIRST NAMED, FROM AN OLD DOCUMENT, (1702) SIGNED BY HIM AND LOUIS XIV, KING OF FRANCE

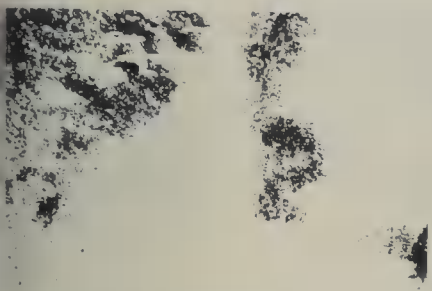
WINTER AT THE "WILLOWS" FARM

impression upon all hearers, for God, for Justice and for Humanity And this remarkab character was a negress! Born and reared under one of the "peculiar institutions of this country, as a "chattel slave," and that in the great Empire State of New Yor remaining in that "cruel bondage" up to the Fourth of July, 1827, sixty-six years ag when that state abolished slavery she became a free woman. From that event up to th time of her death a few years ago, at Battle Creek in this state, did that wonderful worn

CROSS LAKE BEACH



CAMPING GROUP AT CROSS LAKE



SUMMER AT THE "WILLOWS" [illegible]

the most sublime use of her extraordinary powers. By-the-way, I think many who have read these few lines will have recognized the famous old "Sojourner Truth." We seen vast audiences enthused and thrilled by her wonderful and inspiring

On one occasion in anti-bellum days, when we abolitionists were holding anti-slavery convention at Rochester, N. Y., and everything looked dark and dreary, the slave power having obtained complete control and domination over the politics, the churches, and the jurisprudence of the country, and the Supreme Court of the United States had months and months old Judge Taney in the Dred Scott decision decree that "Black men had no rights that white men were bound to respect," Frederick Douglass, who was at this Rochester convention, was asking, in depression and gloom, by a half-despairing speech which the tall, turbaned figure of Sojourner Truth rose up in the audience and amid the silence of death exclaimed, "Is God dead?" It would be difficult to describe in words the electric and electrifying effect of this tremendous, this thrown respect circulation from that devoted and noble old soul. The tide was turned, and in an almost spontaneous and evulsive burst went up from that vast assemblage.

It is a pleasure to record that, through blood and tears and the terrible ordeal of war, this faithful old soul, with millions of other aching hearts, lived to see the glorious day of emancipation to the precious American slaves, to be continued in

CLIFFS OF THE LAKE

her assurance that "God was not dead," and to realize the prophetic prediction of Thomas Jefferson in reference to the wrongs of slave-land, "God's justice cannot slumber forever! I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just!"

GEORGE W. CLARK.

DETROIT, MICH., Sept. 1896.

HENNEPIN'S OPINION OF THE COUNTRY

The following extracts of interest are taken from the narrative of Fr. Louis Hennepin, A Recollect, who accompanied M. Sieur de La Salle on his visit from a point at the foot of Lake Erie, which is now Fort Erie, to the head of Lake Erie, the Detroit river, Lake St. Clair, Lake Huron, "The Sioux" and Lake Michigan, then named Lake Illinois. They left August 7th, 1679, this point

[illegible]

Above Niagara Falls accompanied by thirty-four men in a small vessel of sixty tons burthen which they constructed at that point and arrived at the foot of the Detroit river on the 10th. La Salle took his leave of the party, to return temporarily to Montreal in the following season, when they were all at the head of the Illinois river, leaving Tonti in command. There they built a fort and it was from this point that Hennepin with two other men in his bark canoe sailed down that river to the Mississippi and unknown to La Salle or Tonti made his discovery of the lower Mississippi. It is as what Hennepin says, as they approached the mouth at the foot of the Detroit river: "The next day we doubled two capes and not with all manner of rocks or sand. We discovered a pretty large island toward the south-west, about seven or eight leagues from the northern coast

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

That island faces the strait that comes from Lake Huron. On the 10th, very early in the morning, we passed between those islands and seven or eight lesser ones and having sailed near another, which is nothing but sand, to the west of the lake, we came to anchor at the mouth of the strait which runs from Lake Huron into that of Lake Erie. On the 11th we went farther into

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW — ORCHARD LAKE

THE ONLY "OLD MASTER" — ORCHARD LAKE

the strait and passed between two of these islands, which makes one of the finest prospects in the world. This strait is finer than that of Niagara, being thirty leagues long and everywhere one league broad, except in the middle, which is wider, forming the lake we have called St. Clair. The navigation is easy on both sides, being low and even. The strait runs directly from north to south.

"The country between those two lakes is very well situated and the soil very fertile. The banks of the strait are vast meadows and the prospect is terminated with some hills covered with vineyards, trees bearing good fruit, groves and forests so well disposed that you would think nature alone could not have made, without the help of art, so charming a prospect. The country is stocked with stags, wild goats and bears, which are very good food, and not fierce as in other countries — some think they are better than our pork. Turkey cocks and swans are also very common and our men brought several other beasts and birds whose names are unknown to us, but they are extraordinarily relishing.

ARTILLERY CADETS — ORCHARD LAKE MILITARY ACADEMY

"The forests are chiefly made up of walnut trees, chestnut trees, plum trees and pear trees loaded with their own fruit and vines. There is also abundance of timber fit for building so that those who shall be so happy as to inhabit that country cannot but remember with gratitude those who have discovered the way by venturing to sail upon an unknown lake over one hundred leagues."

JAS. A. RANDALL

THE LOGGING CAMP

We had just broken camp, after a delightful and successful four weeks' hunt. Our party had returned to the nearest town, some twenty miles away from our permanent camp — our base of operations — and were making the final preparations for departure home, when Mr. R., the lumberman called on us at the hotel and gave us a pressing invitation to make him a visit at his lumber camp up E——— river. "Bring your guns and rods, we've got

A LONELY DOG — ORCHARD LAKE

ROADWAY AT TINE LAKE

lots of game and fish, deer, an occasional bear and plenty of the finest trout in the world," said he, by way of tempting us. All of the party but myself had pressing business engagements to meet and were all packed to return, so declined with thanks, while I, never knowing when and where to stop when ever sport is concerned, besides never having seen or visited a lumber camp and not being pressed for time, gladly accepted R———'s kind invitation

aying aside my "biled shirt" garb of civilization — and once more donning he hunting suit and taking with me my "old trusty," all the shells I could arry and my rod, we took a way freight and after a two hours' ride left the rain and took to the woods for camp, about ten miles away, where we arrived n time for dinner. The "camp" consisted of a cluster of rude log cabins, tanding out from the pine forest in a little clearing upon a bluff overlooking he river. The cabins were built of round, rough pine logs, topped off and oofed with rough slabs or boards. There were three of them, one, the "Hall," where the men camped, so to speak, was a long, low building about 50 x 120 At the further end, directly opposite the entrance, was the kitchen. In the enter of the room, divided from the kitchen, partly by the matched board artition was the "dining hall," really dining room and kitchen combined. Here, long plain pine tables ran across the room; single board benches in lieu of chairs, accommodated the hungry crew three times a day. Extending from his aforementioned partition to the front of building, on both sides or walls, were ranged a double tier of wooden bunks, in which the men slept, or

PINE LAKE SHORE

SOUTH SHORE, ORCHARD LAKE

lounged and smoked, as inclinations dictated.

Some had hay, others pine boughs, while others merely rolled themselves nonchalantly in their blankets and slept the sleep of the honest toiler, but no one except "de boss" when in camp, luxuriated in mattress, sheet or pillow. In the center of this, the living room, stood a large stove, surrounded by a few rickety old chairs and stools.

Here, evenings and Sundays, around a good roaring fire, the men would congregate — some in these old squeaky rickety chairs, stools and boxes or on the tables and benches or still

MICHIGAN MILITARY ACADEMY

MICHIGAN MILITARY ACADEMY

MICHIGAN MILITARY ACADEMY

AT ORCHARD LAKE

more comfortably situated, in their adjoining bunks, and spin yarns, sing songs — scrape the fiddles or play cards, while an occasional one could be seen reading some old stray newspaper, letter, or book, or slowly laboring with pen or pencil, writing to the loved ones at home — while above, beyond and around all was a black dense cloud of stifling cheap tobacco smoke. The other buildings, of similar appearance and construction, although not quite so "elaborately" finished, consisted of barns, sheds, tool house, carpenter and blacksmith shops,— quite a little village in all by themselves.

Our cook was a large raw-boned Swede who mastered the cuisine far more successfully

[illegible]

[illegible]

than the English language and while it (the cooking) not the language was not elaborate or varied it was substantial and wholesome.

Breakfast consisted generally of black but excellent coffee, with sugar but no milk, bread occasionally with butter corn beef hash or pork and potatoes. For dinner we had corn beef, hot and cold boiled ham, potatoes, bread and tea and pie always, but not always good pie. Supper gave us jerked beef, fried ham and potatoes, and hot biscuit, now and then canned sauce or dried apples or peaches every time.

This diet regime was broken and varied by the fresh game or fish that I might happen to bag and the boys were *always* pleased to see me coming into camp with the bag well filled — it was always a treat to them to get something fresh — and when I came in with a fine string of choice brook trout — a fitting feast for the gods — nothing in camp was too good for me.

The "call" to dinner was made with a six foot birch bark dinner horn, the farther end of which the cook was obliged to rest upon the house top, stump or tree and a

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

blast from which we could hear for miles. It took an enormous amount of lung power give the blast, but Nelson, the cook, was one of the few who could do it to perfection. [illegible] was always answered with a laugh and a shout of welcome as men and teams do everything in quick response to the odd but glad one call — which seemed to say [illegible] "Come to dinner-dinner-dinner-dinner-dinner! Come to dinner!"

The teamsters were the first men to camp to turn out in the morning and were a[illegible] up and bestirring themselves by four o'clock a king, one of their teams and getting for their usual early start. Next the cook began rattling and banging at his stove, pre[illegible] for the customary six o'clock breakfast which was assigned for all hands to get [illegible] turn out which they usually did with shouts and rough jokes at the laggards, accomp[illegible] at times with flying missiles, such as boots, boxes or bootjacks, etc.

THE LEGEND OF ME-NAH-SA-GOR-NING

By Dr. Samuel W. Legget

In the State of Michigan, in one county alone, that of Oakland, is a chain of beautiful clear s some two hundred in number, many of them miles in length and width. Around these wind adways, over beaches of white pebbles, and shaded by the "forests primeval." Two rivers, Huron and Clinton, run through these lakes, and in their tortuous forms, wind and turn and till after a course of hundreds of miles they at last rest in lakes Erie and St. Clair.

These rivers are in summer dotted with the water lily. As they flow on through the "Openings," eir banks are huge old oaks, under which, in the "days that are gone," stood many a wigwam. The legend which I have attempted to versify, is founded upon an incident occurring at Orchard long before the coming of the white man and while the grand farms now lying around it were y a vast "Oak Opening," its sole occupants the Indian and the wild beast.

Very near the centre of this Orchard Lake, is a large island, wooded to its very shore. On it are apple trees, "old and gnarled," remnants of an orchard planted so long ago, that the Indians have no data concerning it. Its name, "Menahsagoming," meaning "Apple place," still lives tradition. On this island the Algonquin chief Pontiac had his lodge after his repulse at the seige of it. On the high bank of this lake, opposite the island, is still to be seen the ancient burial d of the Sacs, Hurons and Wyandots.

Tradition says: That back beyond the memory of the tribe, a young chief sickened and nly died. The maiden to whom he was betrothed became insane, and whenever she could escape her guardians, she would take the body of the chief from its resting place in the old ground the lake, and carry it back where his lodge formerly stood.

At last, weary of guarding her, with the advice of their medicine man, the tribe killed her, upon efusal to marry. This crime so offended the Great Spirit, that he avowed his intention to destroy the tribe and to give the maiden "as long as water flowed" complete control over it. She alone has power to assume her form at any time. She can compel the attendance of the at any time, by the beating of the Indian drum. At this sound they must gather and wait. an old canoe has been gradually covered by the drifting sands. Upon the signal of her g with her dead, the warriors must meet her on the shore, bear the chief on his bier and lay him by the ashes of his council fire, and waiting beside him until she could caress it, bear him back resting place. All however must be done between sunset and sunrise, a foggy night being s chosen to elude observation.

ME-NAH-SA-GOR-NING.

e cedar-crown'd beach of Me-nah-sa-gor-ning,
re the waves o'er the pebbles roll slowly ashore.
the ruby-eyed gull with her head 'neath her wing,
ps calm on her nest, when her day's flight is over.

n an old canoe, buried deep in the sand
the storms in their fury have over it spread;
e eye white, the fog rolls away over the land
canoe rises up and is launched by the dead:

* * * * * * *

night-hawk whirls by with a sweep over head,
the loon's trilling call rises shrill from the bay,
ston, the calm lake is with diamond dust spread,
in garnet-hued clouds the red sun fades away.

e marsh hangs a fog, and all widely it trends,
ing backward and forward thro' valley and hill,
waves like smoke where the still river bends,
n low, with the adders, yet never is still.

e shadies the days, and its pearly drops press
soft cheek of the sun while filling its urn,
spreads o'er the mosses a spray-woven dress,
it trickles adown the green trends of the fern.

hing a moment, they hasten away
deer foot-fall is heard on the fog-laden breeze.
re seeking faint trails, and they halt, as each sign
n again as of old on their wildering sight,
ey wind thro' the trees till their torches of glare
e like nebulous stars thro' the curtain of night.

re gathered all armed where the stranded canoe,
e was hidden lake floats as light as of yore,
es wait on the beach, till a distant halloo
away on the night from the opposite shore.

e lakes where the pines laugh the wild whoo to
scorn,
till sigh for the dead who are dust on Earth's
breast,
ll wake to old Echo, 'till far distant borne
a play wearied child it sinks down to rest.

sound on the air like the loon's patt'ring feet
it drags o'er the lake as it rises for flight,
a gliding prow cuts the waves as they meet,
mingles their spray with the dew-drop of night.

a swaying of reeds where the ripples pass
here,
murmur of waves seething over the sand;
ero, rises of the fog from a tiny canoe,
a Indian girl slowly guided to the land

and be then shed she is paddling alone
urges along o'er the water-rested wave,
hesitate no sound save a low undertone
of fringe that the mourners chant over a grave.

low o'er a form that seems nodding in sleep,
er paddle she checks the canoe's rapid way,
noiselessly rests where the sentinels keep
ut watch all the night for the coming of day.

light floating bark crush the beautiful weeds
er lapping each stone with their emerald green,
guided its prow where the brown rifted reeds
their buds in her lap as she passes between.

aves her small craft by the stranded canoe,
slips in thro' the mist where the warriors meet,
ch of the night time the shoal water thro',
a dull plashing sound as of moccason'd feet.

hark like the doe, when the wolf's distant cry
g loud on the wind breaks at night on her ear,
e must in deep shadow, while silently by
warriors pass with the chief on his bier.

With a sound like slow rain, each foot moves a leaf
That has mouldered long years in the old forest trail;
While the drone of the wave, and low chant for the chief
Floats quiveringly up over hill-top and dale.

'Neath an old fallen pine, whose bared roots are all torn
And are knotted and twisted like huge serpents in fight,
On dressed skins of the deer, lies the chief they have
borne
Over moss covered paths thro' the darkness of night.

From the rain-dimpled ashes, time-furrowed and gray,
Through the cedars the crescent-like glimmers once
more;
And its faint thro' the mist throws a pale lurid ray
On the maiden's slight form as she comes from the
shore.

She kneels down in the midst of the warriors there,
With her little hands clasped over her blanketed head,
And far out o'er the lake on the fog-thickened air
Floats the dirge that the mourner chants over her
dead:

"I have borne Thee again from the distant shore,
I am kneeling, Beloved, by thy side once more,
And the night goes by.
Dost thou think of me still in the Spirit-Land?
Oh! Love'd, oh! Lost, couldst thou clasp my hand
I would gladly die."

"They will bear Thee away from my sight again,
And the Autumn's dried leaves, and the Summer's rain
Will fall on thy breast.
Will thou think, Love, of me, when the evening showers
Shed their tears with mine on the beautiful flowers
Where thy head shall rest?"

Once again the mute throng with a slow muffled tread,
Went their way o'er the beach to the stranded canoe,
Once again thro' the foam gently bearing the dead,
So the warriors plashing the shoal water through.

Kindly hands take her oars; with a look of despair
While yet warm on her lip breathes the simple refrain,
She moves on in the mist of the sad mourners there
As the fawn follows on when the doe has been slain.

In the silence of grief, peering out thro' the dark,
On the shore with her dead stands the listening maid,
When rocking light on the wave the once stranded bark
Slowly glides where the bier of the chieftain is laid

Not a sound on the beach from that shadowy crew
As they lift the dead form of the warrior there:
Not a sound on the lake as that ancient canoe
Floats as silently out as the mist on the air.

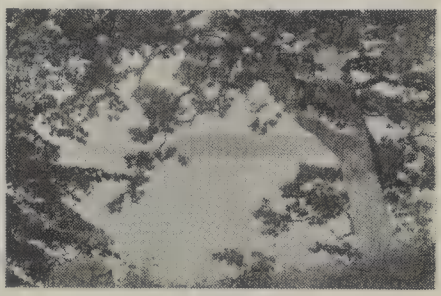
Leaning forward she stands with her hand to her ear,
And she listens where all seems as still as the grave,
And she peers through the gloom,—not a sound can she
hear,
Save the moan and the plash of the incoming wave.

Then the maid stooping down, holds her little brown
hand,
Where the waves flecked with foam die away on the
shore.
Till she knows that the swell surging up o'er the sand,
Is a messenger back, from the lost passed o'er.

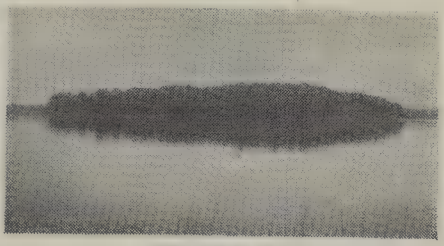
* * * * * * * * * *

She has passed thro' the mist as the sentinel's cry,
Telling day-light is near, rises piercing and shrill;
And again o'er the lake the old echoes reply,
And their murmuring turn in their sleep and are still.

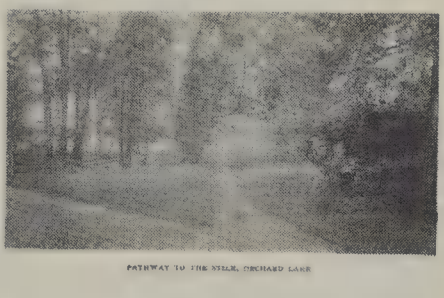
In their old forest graves sleep the shadowy band
And the fog melts away with the first ray of morn—
While the ancient canoe rises again in the sand,
And the gulls scream aloud in their greeting of dawn.



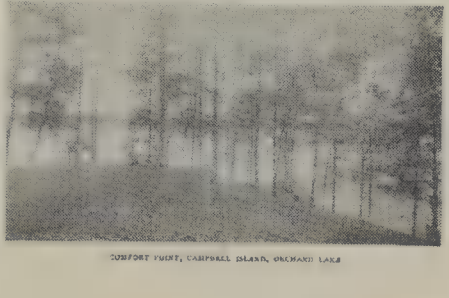
A GLIMPSE OF ORCHARD LAKE



CAMPBELL ISLAND, ORCHARD LAKE



PATHWAY TO THE ISLE, ORCHARD LAKE



COMFORT POINT, CAMPBELL ISLAND, ORCHARD LAKE

me morning soon after the
nsters had gone out, one of
n came hurrying back and
ing to my bunk quietly called
out, telling me that he had
a fine buck hanging around
the camp — only five minutes
had he seen him [redacted] the
s. This was enough for me;
s dressed, hunting boots and
three minutes. Picking up
handiest gun, a double-bar-
breech-loading Remington,
pped in shells loaded with
slugs and hurried out after
majesty, my heart thumping
shot and my mouth watering
taste of venison. Making
circuit of the camp I soon
d the deer's trail and follow-
fast I soon came to a little
about a mile from the camp
I lost the trail in the surround-
marsh. Hoping he would yet
up, I sought a sheltered spot

A FAMOUS AFTERNOON RESORT FOR "US COWS"

THE DOCTOR'S BEACH — ORCHARD LAKE

ORION LAKE BOAT HOUSE

ward, where I could command a good view of his watering place without exposing
o his sharp eyes or keen scent, biding my time for a shot, which came sooner than I
ot or expected. The sun was just coming up and, wet and cold as it was, my blood
and I was warm and blown.
ting myself on a fallen "monarch of the forest" to recover my wind and to rest a
t, I suddenly heard a crashing in the bush at my left; quickly turning I beheld — not
ected and hoped for buck, but my first bear and a big one at that.
ever knew what the buck fever was, but my bear fever, for a moment, was intense.
uld feel the blood move in great surges or waves back and forth, from head to foot
to head and my first impulse was to climb a tree or "leg it" for camp as quick and
he aforesaid legs could carry [redacted] But the trees were big smooth pines and the bear

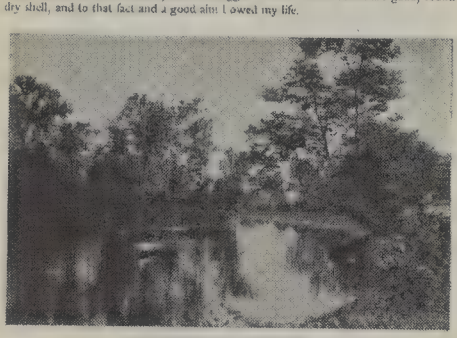
was between myself and the camp, so fight I must.

Up to this time the bear had not seen me; raising my gun I waited until he again came out of the intervening bush, when he gave me his fine profile or side. I gave him a good one in his flank.

Heavens! what a roaring howl did he give. I knew that I had hit him, and unlimbering, to slip, in another cartridge in the empty chamber, I stood at bay and ready to fight it out as hard as possible. I couldn't run away if I wanted to, as there was a thick underbrush and marsh. His lordship, up to the moment of reloading the discharged barrel, had not seen me, but the click of the gun breech attracted his attention. Looking up with almost human intelligence he gave an unearthly howl and came for me with mouth open and eyes glaring with savage fury. Waiting until I was reasonably sure of making both shots count and until he was almost upon me I pulled the trigger for a second shot, but to my dismay the cartridge snapped but did not explode.

The bear was now almost at the end of my gun and was evidently bent on revenge and my destruction and there was but one and only one chance for my life,— only one shot between myself and the wounded and infuriated beast.

Knowing that my life depended on that one shot, I waited a moment longer until he was almost upon me and was in the act of rising on his haunches to strike out for me, when I aimed for his head and pulled the trigger. Thank God! this was a good, sound dry shell, and to that fact and a good aim I owed my life.



A JOLLY POCKET IN THE CLINTON RIVER

A FAMILY OUTING AT ORION LAKE

The shot struck him squarely in the face and while not killing him outright, it rolled him over in almost mortal agony and gave me time to slip in another cartridge and give him a final quietus—after which he gave an almost human groan and expired.

Making my way back to camp, I told the boys of my good luck. They could scarcely believe it, but I finally obtained a party to go back with me and get the carcass. Tying his four legs together and placing a pole underneath, the four men managed, after much puffing and blowing, to get him into camp, where he was duly skinned, quartered and devoured by an appreciative crowd of loggers, who feasted on fresh meat and in plenty for a week. His lovely skin yet adorns my library in the shape of a rug.

THE CLINTON RIVER AT MT. CLEMENS

The "boys" so called are, as a rule a "tough" but not necessarily vicious lot of men. They are free and easy, working like lions in their season, kind-hearted and generous to a fault. They are saving while at camp, simply because they have no ways of spending their money in the woods. But when their time is up and they get their pay, after reaching town, the improvident fellows just make things hum and their money is soon gone to the bad.

Late in the summer and fall the trees are first blazed, then cut by one gang, while others are making tracks and roads solid and level, so that the sleighs with their immense loads w not tip or slew over.

There is no limit to th loads, excepting the capac and strength of the sleighs, some of our illustrations w show — sometimes going high as 70,000 to 85,000 f and 18 or 20 feet long, 12 15 wide and 30 to 40 feet hig weighing from 75 to 125 to — single teams.

These big sleighs are piled with enormous loads of cut lo of even lengths, and are hau to the river side and dumped rolled to the water's edge banking it is called,—wh they await the coming of spr floods and breaking up to co them safely to mill or marke A fairly good "crop" of lo runs up into very big money $50,000 to $250,000. If sno and early floods are plentifu

ON CASS AVENUE, MT. CLEMENS

CANOEING AMONG THE SHADOWS ON THE CLINTON

THE BASS BEND, CLINTON RIVER — MT. CLEMENS

AN OLD CASS HOUSE NEAR BRIGHTON, MICH.

ON CASS AVENUE

MARRIOTT'S BRIDGE — CLINTON RIVER

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

these fine and artistic photos illustrative of our Forgers' Camp.

CADILLAC'S OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE

The Michigan Historical Society, through the enterprise of Clarence M. Burton, local historical expert, has recently come into the possession of the official correspondence and reports of Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, in reference to his commands at Michilimackinac, Detroit and New Orleans.

Among the papers is a description of the location of Detroit before a tree was felled in a building erected by Cadillac's arrival here on July 24th, 1701 — and his description of the "sweet waters," the dense forests, the wild animals, the eagles that soared over the great fresh water stream, the delicious wild grapes and apples and other indigenous fruits, an abundant and finely flavored fish.

Cadillac's written controversy with the Jesuits is also [illegible]. The order wished to establish a mission and [illegible] his post, but Cadillac would not allow them, doubtless [illegible] the prejudice against the order which was very prominent [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

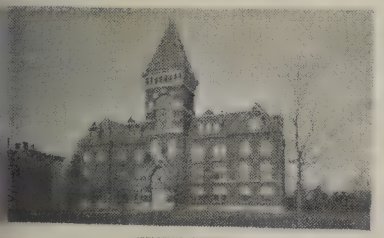
[illegible]

[illegible]

HURON RIVER NEAR YPSILANTI

HURON RIVER NEAR YPSILANTI

RANDOLPH ROGERS' "THE LAST PLEIADES" — UNIVERSITY ART GALLERY



UNIVERSITY MUSEUM

that time and which resulted in its banishment from a majority of European countries. Their property in Canada was afterward confiscated, and the order was only reimbursed for this spoliation by an act of parliament passed a few years ago.

PALMER PARK

On page 97 will be found a very pretty set of views made in Palmer Park, a territory now owned by Senator Thomas W. Palmer. A few recently (the summer of 1903) Mr. Palmer invited the city officials out to this place and informed them that he had given 120 acres of it to the city on condition that it was provided with police protection, and that upon the death of himself and his wife the entire property would go to the city. The park and lake has cost Senator Palmer about $27,000, is now worth about $250,000, and was first owned by his grandfather, after it had been handed down by the Indians to the French and the French to the English.

Our pictures give some idea of the beautiful land and water-scapes on this place, where the stately oaks and maples tower over the most charming spots. The little cabin in the park contains many relics and curios and a Gelt V. Walker piano, nearly a hundred years old.

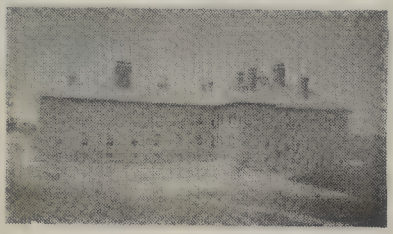
Senator Palmer has the name of treating his guests royally, and on the day of their visit, as above related, all enjoyed themselves hugely, if we may judge by the newspaper reports, which also report the following impromptu verses, as composed, and sung on the spot by the company to the tune of "Maryland, my Maryland":

Tom Palmer's park! Tom Palmer's park!
We take it from him thankfully.
We'll care for it, we'll care for it,
And treasure it so cheerfully,
'Twill be the gem of our fair state
A park to add to its renown,
And keep forever bright our crown —
Tom Palmer's park! Tom Palmer's park!

Home of my heart! I sing of thee —
Log Cabin farm, Log Cabin farm!
Thy woods and glens I long to see,
Log Cabin farm, Log Cabin farm!
From Witherell woods to Merritt vale,
From lake to meadow, field and dale
Thy sylvan beauties never pale,
Log Cabin farm, Log Cabin farm!

D. K. E. FRATERNITY HOUSE — ANN ARBOR

UNITARIAN CHURCH — ANN ARBOR



UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL — YPSILANTI

RANDOLPH ROGERS' "HYDIA" IN THE UNIVERSITY ART GALLERY

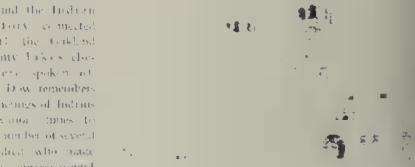
ANN ARBOR—HOSPITAL DEL ESTADO

ST. ANDREWS EPISCOPAL CHURCH, PICTURESQUE BEAUTY—ANN ARBOR

UNIVERSITY—ANN ARBOR

INDIAN ASSOCIATIONS

Much interest, of course, centers around the Indian history as evinced with the Oakland county Tribes, elsewhere spoken of. Mr. Dow remembers gatherings of Indians at various times to the number of several hundred, who would then encamp around as long as they chose. There



village of some seventy [illegible] in a shed in [illegible] Lake, in an old cheese manual, on the Goodly Mormon. Winter saw the Indians two squaws, who were very bright. The Indians were crippled and so troubled that they could be relied on.

[illegible] PLATTSBURGH

OLD BUT HAPPY

Born with the century, and instituted of slavery, at Nickless than a year after the death of Washington, and during the [illegible] of John Adams, a lusty, winning house, at the age of years, and to thirty-five years of Detroit, this is the legend of Rosewin, an aged colored man, a pensioner of the Little Sisters of Poor.

The old man was sitting on a in the pleasant yard of the [illegible] smoking a briarwood pipe, and

[illegible] an old Indian burial ground at the south-west corner of [illegible] Lake where the famous chief Black Bird was buried. All authorities seem to agree that this was a rallying point for Pontiac in his war upon the whites, and that he made it a place of retreat after his failure to capture Detroit by siege.

In the History of Oakland County, published in 1877, [illegible] "on Orchard lake Indians were kind of independent bind not bearing allegiance to any chief." According to [illegible] "Ottawas and Sagenaw Indians lived on the site of the Detroit in considerable numbers and hated Lalli [illegible] the country. A

[illegible] ANN ARBOR

[illegible]

only well-pleased with his surroundings. In answer to a question as to his age, he said, pleasantly, and to the musical [illegible] people, that he was [illegible] years old two weeks past.

"Ah, please God, I'm as well as [illegible] was in my life. I haven't taken a drop of medicine since the wah."

"Which war, uncle?" asked one of the other old men.

"De wah ob de sout'." "Oh, he, he," I spees yoose 'okin' me now 'bout de old Mexican wah." [illegible] my master, Colonel Head, of Vicksburg, and Sam Davis was both in dat wah. Friends me and dey was. Mr. Jefferson Davis lived right back ob us. [illegible] dis-ember if Sam was [illegible] he was one or t'other."

"What was your work as a slave, Mr. Brown?"

"I did de [illegible] at de races at Natchez. I [illegible] I was so little I had to be helped on. I was dust upon red clothes.

[illegible]

[illegible]

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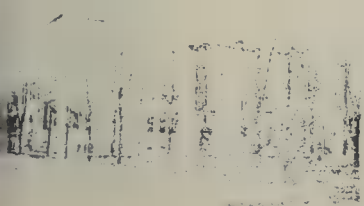

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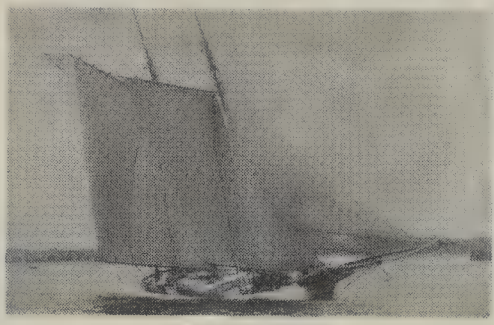


A SMOKY LAKE BREEZE — PUT-IN-BAY

and I jest hung on to dem hosses and rid to win. Yah, yah!"

"Can you remember the names of the horses?"

"Jes as well as I do my own. Dere was Whip, and Bertrand and Lady Elgin, an' Colonel Head be own dem all."

"How did you get away from the south?"

"I jest came," said the old man quietly. "I've lived fifty-five years in Detroit. I oster cook on the Cincinnati, that was an old lake boat under Captain Sweet, and I cooked on the Empire State. I was on the lakes when the Detroit river run right up to Woodbridge street plumb. I tell you, chile, dat's all made land from Woodbridge street to the river."

BURIAL GROUND OF THE SLAIN IN PERRY'S VICTORY, AT PUT-IN-BAY

"Can you walk pretty well, Mr. Brown?"

"Fust rate for a boy of my age. I go out for a day every two weeks, and I regular walk down town an' back, 'bout three mile. An' I want you to say this — I'se a temperate man. I neber yet abuse myself, and dere wasn't neber a key turned on me in all my life. No, I'se neber ben locked up. I'se work hard, but de good Lawd he neber let me make a fool of myself no how."

A DISTANT VIEW OF GIBRALTAR

SOUND FOR BASS ISLAND AT PUT-IN-BAY

A ROCKY POINT, PUT-IN-BAY

A BIT OF CONNEMAR, PUT-IN-BAY

THE KEEPER'S SIDE AT PUT-IN-BAY

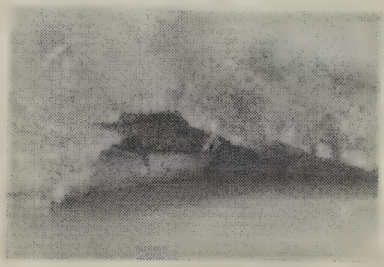
THE FAMOUS CHANNEL, GIBRALTAR — PUT-IN-BAY

Mr. Brown, an octogenarian, still resides, and he has very certain views of the world of to-day, and expresses himself well. He has served in the past for such men as Captain Hunt, Major Forsythe, General Beale, and other well-known Detroiters. He has for twenty years been employed by one family on the market, and it is only within two years that he has been an inmate of the Home for the Aged Poor. — *Detroit Journal.*

A FAMOUS HUMORIST

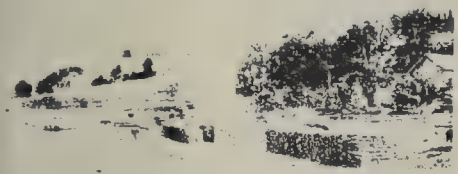
Detroit's famous humorist, "M. Quad," who now lives in New York, deserves more than passing mention in a work of this nature. "Puck's Magazine," of many years ago, said that his pleasing talents:

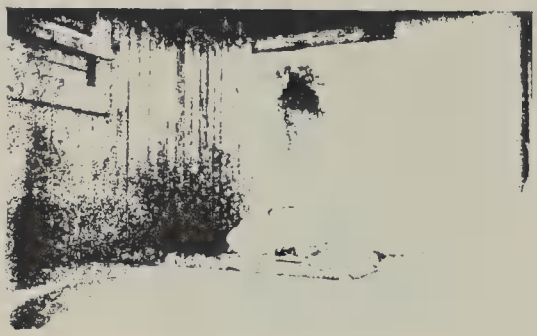
"M. Quad is not a literary 'artist,' — is not a mechanic who manufactures jokes as a carpenter does packing-boxes, with saw and jackplane and much application of putty. He is naturally and spontaneously funny. Humor oozes from him like dampness from an unused bottle, bubbling and effervescent, and inoculating us, whether we will or not, with laughter. And the wonderful thing is, with a strong, homely, common sense mixed with it, a rich, orchard flavor which makes it as welcome as a mellow pear to the palate of the Esquimaux. He is not a product of the soil,

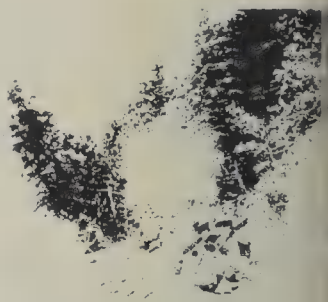


BOATS AT PUT-IN-BAY

POINT VICTORY — PUT-IN-BAY







with a local flavor. He is of universal relish, as is witnessed by the wide popularity that the Detroit Free Press owes to his contributions.

It is not generally known where or when he was born, nor is it a matter of much consequence since his career did not begin till he was blown up some fifteen years ago, on an Illinois steamboat. He is perhaps the only example of a man who has been lifted into fame by being tossed a hundred feet into the air, and coming down, more dead than alive, to tell the story. He did this. Standing at his pinnacle—easy, whoever he was or in recovering it to say about he got into type, "How it feels to be blown up," and the whole West burst into laughter. That laugh made "Mr. Quad" famous. He was then in undertaking the compositorship to the editorial department, and ever since short extracts from the Free Press have been copied into every

one even one has dining—period of a day's great delight to millions.

The man is precisely what we are led to expect from his writings. He is fat, jovial, "Falstaff" and "Rip Van Winkle" with the humor and shrewd wisdom that is peculiar to character. "If there is an oddity going in this country," said a Detroit gentleman not long ago, "we would like to have him along with the circus." He looks his part, even the tones of his voice are peculiar and rich. He talks as he writes, with a drawl, seeming preoccupation. His "dear,"

pointed, unobtrusive, the "corners."

He contributed to other periodicals. His "Stories" and "Rights and Wrongs of Boodle," "Confidence" of the "Lime-kiln club" characters totally dissimilar, but each so natural, original, individual and lifelike as any in American literature. His Homer prestige over a police court and makes sage reflections upon men and things as they come into his field of view. "Brother Gardner" is a shrewd, old-fashioned gentleman of colored, who, in spite of his shiftlessness and characteristics of his race, has a rare, humorous philosophy and a lively wit. He makes his own people, mostly "bad niggers"—the lounders, loafers and wakedowns—of the white's manifold. His sayings, as all his humorous lines, belong to him.

He is not alone to amuse, but also to instruct. He is a writer, a thinker, a philosopher. Section Two of "A Tender Wife," of which he is characteristic, is one of the most pathetic and tender stories in the English language. It shows the

is his "sanctum," in an upper story the Free Press building, is a curiosity op, filled with odd mementoes and icknacks, but the oddest thing in the om is a slender man of about forty, th close-cropped gray hair, heavy moustche, keen, intent eyes, and an earnest, newhat eager expression, who sits at an l-fashioned table, and looks up with a ile of welcome as a stranger enters his artments. This is "M. Quad," known ong his personal acquaintances as C. B. wis; and he works away at that table ht hours in a day writing at high pressure, short paragraphs or political leaders, d now and then seeking relaxation in little merriment with "Bijah" and Brother Gardner," for his best work is ne as a relief from the daily drudgery ejournalism.

Good Humor. — Gayety is to good mor as animal perfumes to vegetable grance. The one overpowers weak nts, the other recreates and revives m. Gayety seldom fails to give some n; good humor boosts no faculties ich every one does not believe in his n power and pleases principally by offending *Johnson*

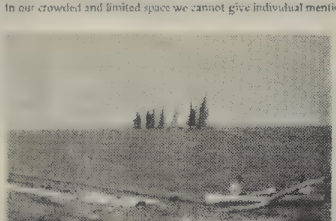
BOLLINGER'S MILLS

SNOW, DAISY AND BEAUTY, IN CLOVER

DETROIT'S NOTED MEN

In a work of this kind portraits must be the exception, not alone from the nature of the work, but from the lack of space. Yet we have found room for quite a number of our distinguished and eminent personages who are, or have been, identified with Detroit's history, or bear more than a local reputation.

In our crowded and limited space we cannot give individual mention



VIEW ON THE SIDEWALKS OF MACKINAW

of each and every personage or portrait, but only in the main and in a general way, passing notice, of the following:

The late Lewis Cass, as a statesman of national reputation; Austin P. Blair as he looked when he was Michigan's sturdy and patriotic war governor; the late Alanson Sheley, Jacob S. Farrand and John Owen, old and greatly esteemed citizen merchants, who amassed large fortunes, but lived plain, pure and blameless lives — and who when alive gave largely and liberally of their means and time to the good of their less fortunate fellow beings. The late John J. Bagley, big hearted philanthropic and patriotic governor that he was; the late H. P. Baldwin, another governor, able, upright and greatly respected; the late General Hugh Brady, whose name and fame are inseparably connected with Detroit's early history. Then there is Colonel John Winder, gray-haired and bent with his many and venerated years, still with us, yet vigorous of mind and body withal. The late Judge Campbell, finished scholar, poet, historian and most able jurist; Judge Brown occupies and honors the bench in the Supreme Court of the United States, and is noted for a recent decision defending government control of monopolies; G. V. N. Lothrop is one of our most esteemed citizens and a most successful lawyer, once Plenipotentiary and Minister Extraordinary to the Court of Russia; Zachariah Chandler was the stern and sturdy father of Republicanism in the state of Michigan not only, but a mighty power in the U. S. Senate and throughout the land. Genial Senator Thomas W. Palmer, ex-U. S. Minister to the Court of Spain, and was the President of the World's Colombian Fair; Don M. Dickinson is eminent at the bar and well known the country over as one of our greatest national Democratic leaders and party managers; Senator James McMillan, is one of our leading and most successful manufacturers, and now represents our Commonwealth in the Senate of the United States; William E. Quinby is publisher and manager of our leading newspaper, the

OLD FRENCH HOUSE, MACKINAW

Detroit Free Press, and was recently appointed United States Minister to the Hague by President Cleveland. Henry T. Thurber is private secretary to President Cleveland. Bronson Howard is the polished scholar, eminent novelist and famous playwright; C. B. Lewis' ("M. Quad's") humorous writings are known and enjoyed wherever the English language is read.

Robert Hopkin is one, if not the greatest, of living marine artists, many of whose pictures are to be found in this work; the late J. M. Stanley, whose fame as an Indian character painter is world wide, has a reproduction of one of his most famous pictures used as frontispiece to this work. The late F. E. Cohen was one of Detroit's early artists, whom doubtless many of our old citizens will recall from our portrait.

James F. Joy is our leading railroad magnate, who by the way

EARLY FRENCH WATER WORKS

INTERIOR VIEW OF FORT AT MACKINAW

FRONT STREET, MACKINAW

has really benefitted Detroit and Michigan more than any other man in good practical results, by bringing and influencing great railroad lines to our doors. General R. A. Alger was a brave soldier, a Presidential possibility, and a millionaire who knows how to do good with his money while living, as our newsboys can readily testify. The late E. A. Brush was one of our greatest realty landlords. The late D. Bethune Duffield was an eminent lawyer, a poet of no mean order and a man greatly beloved in the community, whose memory will always be cherished.

The Right Rev. Bishop John S. Foley, Catholic Bishop of this Diocese, scholarly, advanced and liberal, is always to be found in the advance guard of charity, good works, enterprise, and on the right side of all public questions of the day.

Right Rev. Bishop Thomas F. Davies, Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Michigan, and Bishop W. X. Ninde, Bishop of the M. E. Church, Michigan Diocese, are typical Christian gentleman, greatly beloved and respected by all classes.

BLACK RIVER ISLAND, NEAR MACKINAW

THE LOVERS LEAP, MACKINAW

J. B. Angell is President of Michigan's University, the pride of our great state; Gen. George A. Custer is America's beau ideal of a brave and chivalrous soldier, who lost his life in one of our country's most famous battles and by his deeds made his name immortal and known the world over. Gen. O. B. Wilcox left Detroit as Colonel of the First Michigan Regiment raised and sent to the war; Gen. L. S. Trowbridge served his state and country in the late war with great honor and distinction, as did also that brave and dashing cavalry officer Brig.-Gen. R. G. H. Minty, who left Detroit in 1862 as Colonel of the famous Fourth Michigan Cavalry, whose record is among the best of Michigan's fighting regiments and whose special glory it was to capture the confederate president, Jefferson Davis.

SOME INVENTORS AND INVENTIONS

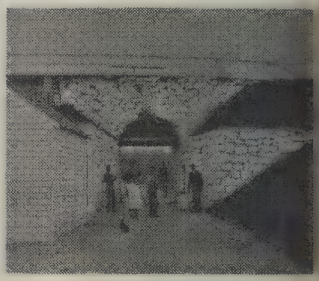
Some of Detroit's inventors and inventions deserve mention in this work. Burt's solar compass, one of the most valuable of inventions, was perfected in 1850. It was examined and commended by Sir John Herschel in 1851, and received a prize medal at the World's Fair of that year. It is called a solar compass, because, by an ingenious arrangement, the rays of the sun are utilized by the instrument, which enables the surveyor to determine exactly the position of a due north and south line. By its use survey can be accurately made in mineral districts where the old style of compass would be almost useless. Its value is so thoroughly appreciated by the government that it is required to be used in government surveys; and without it a large amount of government land could have been properly surveyed only by the outlay of more money than the land was worth. The

OLD INDIAN AGENCY, MACKINAW

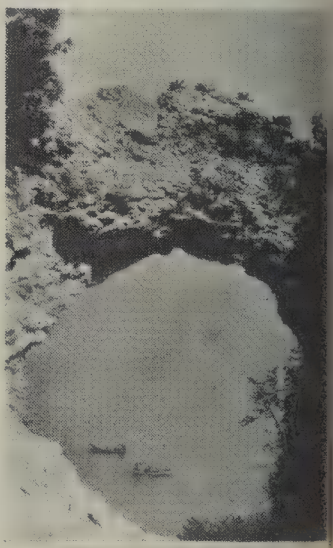
Calumet and Hecla mine of Lake Superior, the largest and most productive copper mine in the world, was discovered through the use of this instrument.

Thomas A. Edison, while a train boy on the Grand Trunk Railroad, was frequently in Detroit, and divided his time between the Telegraph and Free Press offices and the public library. While here he formed the idea of reading all the books in the library, and beginning with those on the lower shelf, he actually read a row of books occupying a shelf fifteen feet in length before other plans and duties caused him to desist. Among the books on that lower shelf were Newton's "Principia," "Ure's Dictionary," and Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."

With his name that of Charles Van De Poele should be mentioned; his electric light was first publicly exhibited on July 4th, 1850. The astronomical clock invented by Felix Meier, was a remarkable invention, superior to many others, but a description of it here would occupy too much space. In connection with this clock mention may be appropriately made of the clock set up by the firm of F. G. Smith, Sons & Co. on the outside of their store on the corner of Woodward avenue and State streets. It occupies the front of the second story and is both a curiosity and a public convenience; the dials are five

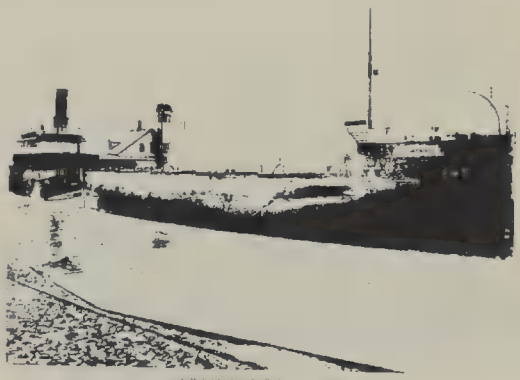


THE SALLY PORT AT FORT MACKINAW



LOOKING DOWN AT THE LAKE, UNDER ARCH ROCK

ROCK AT ST. IGNACE



A WHALEBACK IN THE SOO CANAL

FRONT OF THE TOWER OF THE SOO CANAL

LOCKS IN THE SOO CANAL

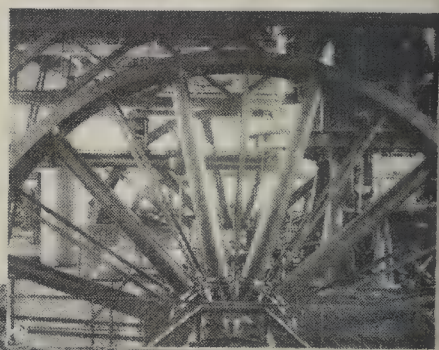
feet in diameter, and are illuminated at night. There are twelve life size figures in connection with the works, one representing a smith with his hammer, and the other emblematic of "Father Time," the figures together symbolizing "Smith's Time." Upon bells hung in full view both figures in quick succession give one stroke every quarter of an hour, two every half hour, and three strokes a quarter of an hour before every full hour; four strokes are given every hour, and immediately thereafter an appropriate number for the particular hour. The clock and its fittings cost $6,000, and were first shown Feb. 27th, 1884. This clock is the only one of the kind in the United States and there is but one similar to it in the world.

FISHING ON THE SOO RAPIDS

THE MARQUETTE CHURCH AT ST. IGNACE

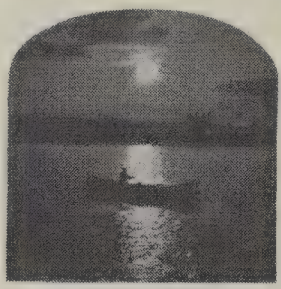
Every Detroit schoolboy, if not every American schoolboy, is supposed to be familiar with the story of Pontiac, and it is hardly worth the while, in a work of this character, to recount the facts of history for the benefit of the purely ignorant, for such will not be apt to look very far, either above or below a picture for explanation. The story of how Pontiac was [illegible] by an [illegible] girl in his attempt to oust and massacre the English, involves a lengthy preamble of cause, in which, if conscience is not stilled, it must be admitted that the [illegible] could [illegible] for liking the French people and hating the English. If our [illegible] on this continent had met with what would

[illegible]

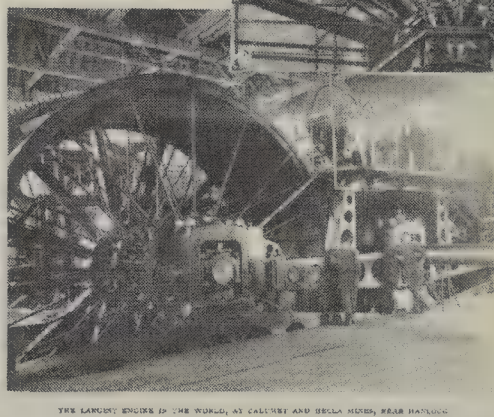


A REVERIE

As we approach the end of this work in some [illegible] inappropriate to indulge in a mixture of historical and moral retrospection, especially as it comes in line with certain important pictures in this book.



MOONLIGHT AT MARQUETTE



THE LARGEST ENGINE IN THE WORLD, AT CALUMET AND HECLA MINES, NEAR HANCOCK

[illegible] to have been righteous punishment for their cruelty and deceit of the aborigines, they would have been wiped out, the whole course of history changed, and this country would have been [illegible] by Gallic blood instead of Saxon. But as

[illegible] the court, the [illegible] grove,

[illegible] heart of an Ojibway [illegible] before the [illegible] gaze of an [illegible] Gold, [illegible] refined thought [illegible] to which the [illegible] submitted without [illegible], while he could hardly feel the stroke of that

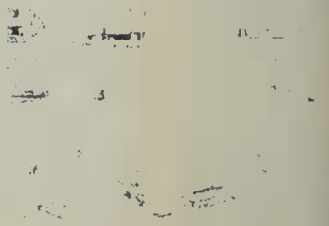
IN THE CANAL, MARQUETTE

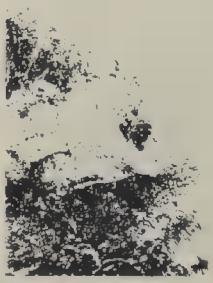
THE LONGYEAR RESIDENCE, MARQUETTE

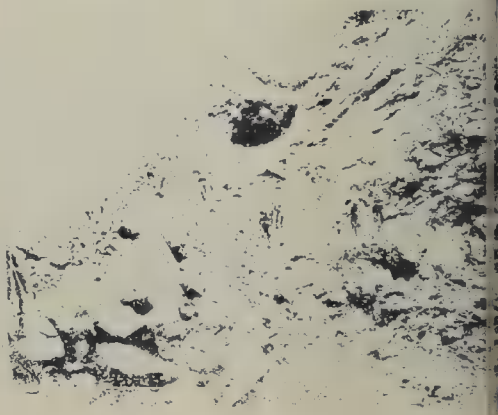
quick mental divination which laid bar his cunning plans and [illegible] treachery
is do the red man justice, as the last remnant of his race disappears over the farthest
mountains. The testimony of history is strong to the effect of the cruelty and
which the "untutored children of the forest" met with following the landing of the
on these shores. The cold analyst of sociology and the evolution of races and
will defend doubtless all that led up to and followed the episode pictured in our
by Stanley, as "the survival of the fittest;" but above and beyond all this is the
[illegible] endeavor, individual more endeavor, toward which all should be working
about the spiritual Kingdom of Man.
this brings is to the sombre and pathetic but inspirational picture of "Pontiac's

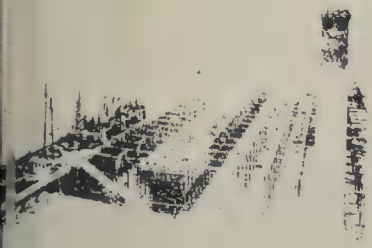
ALONG THE DOCKS

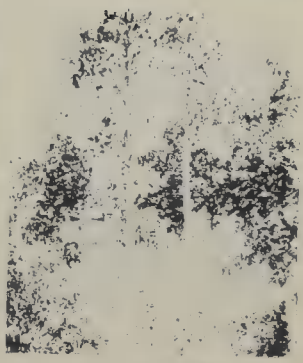
FULLEY ROCK, ISLAND, DOCK





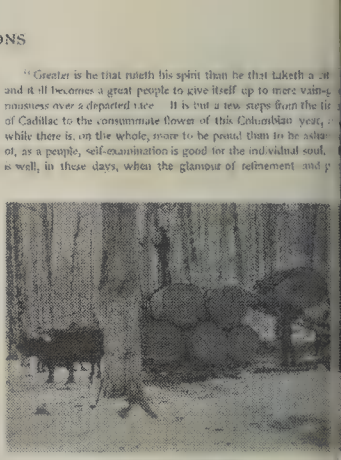






THE WORLD'S FAIR LOAD OF MICHIGAN LOGS

"Greater is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a ci
and it all becomes a great people to give itself up to mere vain-g
mousness over a departed race. It is but a few steps from the lit
of Cadillac to the consummate flower of this Columbian year,
while there is, on the whole, more to be proud than to be ashame
of, as a people, self-examination is good for the individual soul,
is well, in these days, when the glamour of refinement and p



HALF A DOZEN "WHOPPERS"

intellectuality makes temptation so bewildering and enchanting,
pause occasionally, and ask, "Is it I?" of the soul so often
danger of Circe-like betrayal.

Reverie," by Elbridge Kingsley. The past is gone, but it should not be forgotten. Of the aborigines, it is as a tale that is told — vanished away — but for the new, present and coming race, it is full of warning, suggestion and inspiration. The wonders of the Great City, builded on western prairies in this Columbian year, marvelous and beautiful as they were, were probably as nothing in the sum total possible — and yet to be figured up — of human material achievement before the great human race now in process of evolution shall have performed its work. And this in turn shall have been and become nothing — all the future vast accretions of material beauty — when finally all matter shall, as it must, crumble and change its form, into some ethereal substance, and flee away like the clouds of the morning, to be known no more as the grovelings of earth once delighted to know it.

THE DINNER CALL

The question then resolves itself to the old one, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" The daily press of the times teems with accounts of the profligacy, the brutality and sensuality of man, the debauchery of legislatures sworn with solemn oaths to protect the people; public and private business is made a game of shuttlecock and battledore between desperate men and factions, and the "public-be-damned" policy of corporations is accompanied by the "everybody-for-himself-and-the-devil-take-the-hindmost rule of the individual.

"IT'S WICKED TO WASTE WOOD LIKE THIS"

Yet who is there of the myriads seemingly content with material achievements merely, that does not, at some time, have moments of regret, and confess that what he flattered himself was a ripe consummation was, like Dead Sea fruit, at the last, and turned to ashes on the lips? History corroborates the theory that the early Indian was comparatively a mild and peaceful individual until the white man's brutality and treachery cultivated in him a frenzy of savagery. That the great chiefs of the race saw the inevitable end is now no less certain. Legend and authoritative speech teem with evidence of it. When the hour of reverie came, it is quite certain that the Indian must have longed for the "happy hunting grounds" where human greed and avarice could pursue and taint him no more.

FIRST TELEGRAPH LINE IN DETROIT

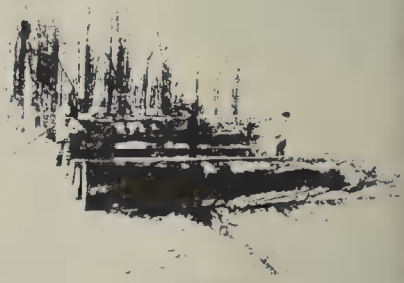
Detroit's first telegraphic communication was with Ypsilanti, in 1847, by
Speed line, and some of the stories connected with its introduction are amusi
The office was in the rear of the second story of a building owned by Mr. Newbe
on the north-east corner of Jefferson avenue and Cass street, afterwards the Garri
House. There was no manager as such, but there were plenty of instruments
batteries, and a number of young operators from the east, who had obtained a kno
edge of telegraphy on the Albany and Buffalo line, or its branches, were congrega
at Detroit in expectation of obtaining an office when the line was fully oper
These lads, in the absence of Mr. Wood, the temporary manager, had things pr
much their own way, and seemed to use all their ingenuity in hatching mischi
Among their implements was an electrical machine with two brass balls, one
held in each hand, and so arranged that when the current was turned on it

NOT ENTIRELY EASY MOVING

LOADING THE CHIEFTY-SECOND LOG

CAPA'S [illegible] WHITE FOR EAST

Mr. Wood appeared at the door. The boys dropped the connecting wires and ran for the battery room, and the delegate from the [illegible] old [illegible] down stairs muttering to himself that he had "seen enough of the dominant telegraph."



ADDING THE SCOW

THE LAY-MASTER IS LIFE

MICHIGANIA

It is probable that, in proportion to its population, Detroit, and, in fact, the entire state of Michigan, has a larger percentage of New York and New England people than any other western city or

OUR NEW HOUSE [illegible] WHITEFISH LAKE

OUR CAMP AT WHITEFISH

"SAY WHOA!" — TURTLE LAKE

c At one time it seemed as though New England was coming. The emi- gion fever pervaded almost every hamlet New England, and the following song very popular and is known to have n largely influential in promoting gration:

ll ye Yankee farmers who wish to change your lot,
ve spunk enough to travel beyond your native spot
leave behind the village where Pa and Ma lie cozy,
e, follow me, and settle in Michigania
Yea, yea, yea, in Michigania.

heard of your Penobscot, way down in parts of Maine,
e timber grows in plenty, but darn the bit of grain
I have heard of Grandby and your Pisca- tiqua,
They can't hold a candle to Michigania ...
Yea, yea, yea, in Michigania.

there is old Vermont; well, what d'ye think of that?
e ware, the gals are handsome and the cattle very fat;
ehe among the mountains, held clouds and snow would stay,
n he can buy a prairie in Michigania.
Yea, yea, yea, in Michigania.

STATION NO. 2 ON THE KNOWN

THE CAMPUS MARTIUS

The reader, that "to the manor born," will notice, with some curiosity, doubtless, frequent reference in these pages, to the "Campus Martius," and wonder, perhaps, just what this locality is, and what are its limits. The Campus Martius can hardly be called a park, for it is paved with stone and asphalt and is in the midst of the business part of the city, with none of the verdure of nature about it. It faces the City Hall, and in its centre is the soldiers' monument, designed by Randolph Rogers, and erected at a cost of sixty thousand dollars. The figure of the Indian maiden which surmounts it is intended to symbolize the state, and the inscription it bears tells that it was "Erected to by the people of Michigan in honor of the martyrs who fell and the heroes who fought in defense of Liberty and Union." The confines of the Campus Martius may be readily determined now by reference to the pictures showing the monument and City Hall.

A HARVESTER AND HIS CROP, AT TURTLE LAKE

But when you come up yiew here,
I'll be bound you'll say
She falls quite far below our Michigania —
Yea, yea, yea, our Michigania.

Then there is Indiana and Illinois too,
Besides the grand Missouri which rises in our view,
All these are fine indeed, and stand in nice array,
But they must all knock under to Michigania.
Yea, yea, yea, to Michigania.

Upon the Clinton river, just through the country back,
You'll find in shire of Oakland,
The town of Pontiac,
Which, swinging up a sudder,
scared wolves and bears away,
They used to roam about there, in Michigania —
Yea, yea, yea, in Michigania.

where's your Massachusetts, once good enough, be ure,
ow she's always saying it was upon manure;
ave you seeks of trouble, which the de il a peck can ay,
all is free and easy in Michigania ...
Yea, yea, yea, in Michigania.

is the land of blue laws, where deacons cut your hair,
ar your locks and tenets will not exactly square,
beer that works on Sunday a penalty must pay
and is Scripture measure in Michigania.
Yea, yea, yea, in Michigania.

there's the state of New York, where snow are very
plows and a few others have dug a mighty ditch,
Yon it more easy for us to find the way,
of upon the water, to Michigania.
Yea, yea, yea, to Michigania.

there's your bold Ohio. I've often heard them tell,
the other chance she surely wears the bell;

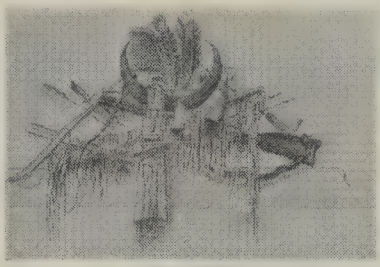
And if you follow downwards, why Rochester is there,
And further still, Mt. Clemens looks out upon St. Clair,
Besides some other places within Macomb,
That promise population to Michigania ...
Yea, yea, yea, to Michigania.

If you had rather go to a place called Washtenaw,
You'll find the Huron lands the best you ever saw;
The ships sail to Ann Arbor, right through La Plaisance Bay
And touch at Ypsilanti in Michigania ...
Yea, yea, yea, in Michigania.

Or, if you keep a going, a great deal further on,
I guess you'll reach St. Joe, where everybody's gone;
There everybody like Jack's bean, grows monstrous fast,
they say,
And leaves the rest all hollow, in Michigania ...
Yea, yea, yea, in Michigania.

Then come ye Yankee farmers, who see mettle here is meet,
And choose great in plenty to hew the forest down,
Come take a quarter section, and I'll be bound you'll say,
This country takes the rag off, this Michigania.
Yea, yea, yea, this Michigania.

THE HUNTER'S RENDEZVOUS — FROM PAINTING BY HOPKIN



HUNTS OF THE CHASE

ONE DAY'S WORK WITH THE RODS AT GOODRICH'S

READY FOR SPORT

GIRTY THE RENEGADE

Just previous to and during the Revolutionary war, Detroit was in possession of the English, and all rebels against "his Majesty," George III, who expressed their sentiments within hearing of the British commandant at this point, had to suffer severely. Citizens known to be in sympathy with the Americans were subjected to many annoyances. Garret Goverot, a leading merchant, was compelled to give bail in £400 not to give Americans aid for the space of a year and a day. James Sterling and John Edgar, well known tradesmen, were banished because they favored the rebellion. The last named was compelled to leave all his goods and go to Kalkaskia. Congress, in after years, gave him 2,000 acres of land, to help make up his losses. Other citizens also were compelled to leave and some were compelled to work on the fortifications. Those who tried to escape were put in irons by the order of Governor Hamilton. This Hamilton was a fiend incarnate and used the Indians to make war upon the "rebels" in the country round about, paying them so much money for every scalp they brought into Detroit. At one time Hamilton boasted a pile of human scalps higher than his head.

As may well be imagined, such inhuman warfare, bred

A WARM CORNER AT TURTLE LAKE

THE STUDIO AT TURTLE LAKE

THE TURTLE LAKE CLUB HOUSE AND ITS GUEST

SUNSHINE AT TURTLE LAKE

"HOW FAR IS IT TO BAY VIEW"

[illegible] renegades. American[illegible] had to leave Detroit and [illegible] of loyalists and renegades [illegible] in the city, among them [illegible] savages James Simon and [illegible] Simon, however, being [illegible] continent. At the attack on [illegible] now Wheeling, Va. [illegible] proclamation, which [illegible] to the defenders [illegible] Girty, promising humane [illegible] protection if they would [illegible]. His force con[illegible] of twelve men and boys [illegible] refused to surrender. Girty's force, consisting of [illegible] Indians, after a brief attack withdrew a short distance. As the stock of powder in the fort was low, it was resolved to attempt to get a supply from the house of Mr. Zane, sixty yards away. Several of the men desired to go, but Elizabeth Zane, who was in the fort, insisted on going herself, and although the bullets whistled about her, she went and returned unharmed, and soon after, the Indians [illegible].

The [illegible] attack was made upon the ill-fated village of Wyoming, and the English and Indians [illegible] the attacking party were largely from

THE VALLEY WATER [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

The party consisted of about [illegible] white men and [illegible] pioneer and painted [illegible] They appeared before the place July [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] paid dearly for being [illegible] [illegible] was destroyed [illegible] people massacred for carried into captivity.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Before evacuating Detroit the British [illegible] said to have destroyed the windmills and filled the well at the fort with stones leaving the key of the garrison with a negro. This may be true, but [illegible] history declares it [illegible] of official record that immediately after the evacuation the British commissary at Chatham was authorized to deal fifty barrels of pork to Mr. [illegible], the United States commissary, as he had not enough for the American troops at Mackinaw. Since [illegible], the [illegible] remained behind when the British troops took their leave. When the boats laden with [illegible]

EVENING

SAM

A COUNTRY BOY

A country boy by the old stone wall,
That keeps the meadow and road apart,
Stands handsome and manly and strong and tall;
And sturdy is he as the maple tree
That's by his side. For Sam is young;
And his honest heart is as light and free
As the bird that sings in the summer skies.
He looks far off over the distant hills,
While a soft light shines in his hazel eyes;
And leaning there by the meadow wall,
He gives his sweet, familiar call,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co', boss!"

Now to manhood grown, and the bells sound sweet
As the cows come slowly from out the wood;

"A country boy by the old stone wall"

"Twas a day in June such as poets love"

And he leaves the wall and hurries to meet
The mild-eyed creatures, for they all know
The hand that strokes them as they pass
Along the road where the daisies grow,
And each one stands by the cow-yard bars
Turning well content with the strong brown hand
That milks their udders the summer warm,
And Sam's eyes look love as he sings again
The well-remembered, sweet refrain,
"Co', bess! co', boss! co', bess!"

"Twas a day in June, such as poets love,
There by his side a fair girl stands,
And the flying clouds in the sky above
Seem to play at hide-and-seek with the sun
How well Sam knows that a lover's heart
Throbs 'neath his coat, and that every one

Of the clover blossoms in the field
Is breathing to him an old love song,
And that every bud a joy can yield,
So the maiden there by the broken wall
Takes up and sings the old-time call,
"Co', bess! co', boss! co', boss!"

Once more Sam stands by the meadow bars
With his wife beside him, and her arms
Enfold a dear form, whose baby prate
Is sweeter to them than the brook's gray song
As it flows away at the foot of the hill.
Happy they wait, for they know ere long
The cows will come from the meadow side,
So Sam caresses his little son,
While the young wife looks with joy and pride;
And a piping voice o'er the old stone wall
Just breathes in baby notes the call,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co', boss!"

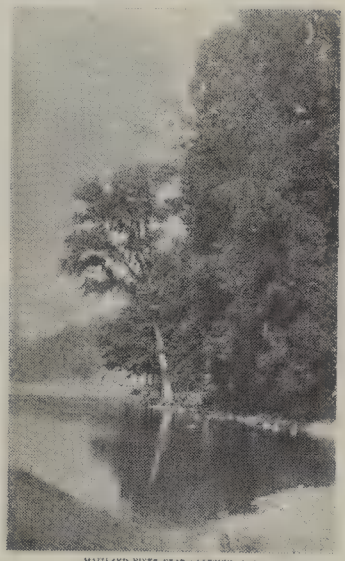
ALBERT HARRIS

"And a piping voice o'er the old stone wall"

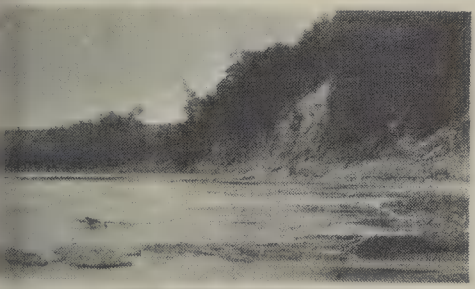
VIEW FROM THE MAITLAND BLUFFS NEAR GODERICH, ONT.

and fife and ginger-bread of training day; and those who prepared the soup for the soldiers, which was served in iron kettles, enjoyed them because of the emoluments of the occasion; others enjoyed the rough merriment always caused by certain reckless and unruly spirits. Mrs. William Y. Hamlin has preserved this story of one of the most awkward captains of an awkward squad of that period. His name was Jean Cecire. He was full of conceit and exaggerated self-importance, and when dressed in the uniform prescribed by General Hull was, in his own eyes, hardly second to the great Napoleon. Jean went frequently to see the regular troops drill. Their wondrous discipline and military exactness sorely puzzled him, but he thought it must be owing to the fact that the words of command were given in English, and that there was some hidden magic in the language. Calling the roll was also serious business to him, as his own and his sergeant's knowledge of English was almost as limited as their use of the pen, but his ingenuity conquered the latter difficulty. The names of the members of his company having been printed in order, a pin was used to punch a hole after the names of the absentees. His tongue, however, so easy to control in French, could not be drilled to speak other than the most broken English. Assembled on parade, Captain Jean ordered the Sergeant to call the roll. He proceeded to obey, the Captain standing by in full glory.

THE MAITLAND SHALLOWS — NEAR GODERICH, ONT.



MAITLAND RIVER NEAR GODERICH, ONT.



DOWN THE MAITLAND — NEAR GODERICH, ONT.

appeared in sight he became so much
d that he could not wait for the return
ferry-boat, but forced his black mare
a steep bank into the river, and, at
s of drowning, made for the Canadian
and, as he rode up the bank, he
the United States government and
ps, with all the oaths his fury could
When the British were again in
ion, in 1812, he returned to Detroit,
s end was deservedly ignominious,
ve being under an ordinary pig-
Bois Blanc Island.

ORY OF THE OLD "MILITIA"

militia parades of the olden time
lise the joy and dread of the inhab-
so Farmer's History tells us. The
enjoyed them because of the drum

THE BIG BEND ON THE MAITLAND — NEAR GODERICH, ONT.

Sergeant — "Attentione, Compagnie Francais Canadians! Answer your name when I call it, if you please. Tock, Tock, Livernois." No answer, at last a voice says, "Not here, gone catch his *lambrener* (fast-pacer) in the bush."

Captain to Sergeant — "Put peen-hole in dat man! Go 'head!"

Sergeant — "Laurant Bondy!" "Here, Sah." "Claude Campau!" "Here, Monsieur." "Antoine Salliette?" Some one answers, "Little baby come last night at his house, must stay at home."

Captain — "Put one preek on dat man's name."

Sergeant — "L'enfant Riopelle?" "Here, Sah." "Piton Laforest?" "Here, Sah." "Simon Meloche?" "Not here, gone to spear musk-rat for *l'argent blanc*" (silver money).

Captain to Sergeant — "Take pen and scratch dat man."

After the roll was called and the absentees pricked, the Captain proceeded to drill his company.

Captain — "Marchee, men comrades, deux et deux, like oxen, and when you come to dat stump, stop."

They all made for the place and got there in a heap, looking with their various colored dresses, like a rainbow on a spree. Disgusted at their awkwardness, the Captain gave them a few minutes relaxation. Instead of resting on entering, they rushed off, one to smoke his beloved pipe, another to polish his carbine, whilst others

"And gaily guided the boat goes by"

amused themselves by sitting on the grass, and talking about the race. The Captain called them to try again. This time he said, "Marchee as far as dat *[illegible]* (old shoe) in the field, den turn." Right gauche, left about; speckle nose-keele. Avance donc, back! Drill finish!"

CHILD LIFE IN THE COUNTRY

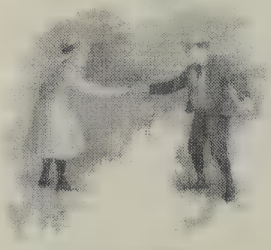
I

(SPRING)

Sing as a song of your State, so wide,
Merriest children of Michigan;
Nature is waking on every side
And blossoming sweet again;
Leap every rill,
Climb every hill,
Happy is he who can.

(SUMMER)

Blue is the lake 'neath a summer sky,
Slumber the waves on the sedgy shore,



"Leap every rill"

And gaily guided the boat goes by
Where lily buds bloom galore;
Free as the air,
Who thinks of care,
Sailing the waters o'er.

(AUTUMN)

Flashes the forest in lines of flame,
Straw time and apple-time now appear,
While boys and squirrels hold rival claim
To fruitage from tree tops sere;
Eatable hard
Sent by the gale,
Lies in the grasses here

"O'er stories of life"—

(WINTER)

Whistles the West wind and whirls the snow,
But childish voices laugh out in cheer,
While fast and faster the frolics go
To chase off the flying year;
Over the ice,
All in a trice
Quickly they disappear.

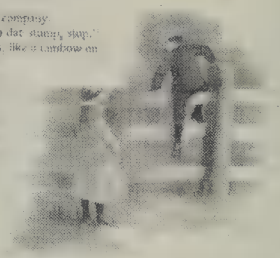
LAURA SANDERSON.

"The country boy cries 'Jump on'"

CHILD LIFE IN THE COUNTRY

II

The pavement patter of childish feet,
Mid the tramp and roar of a city street,—
Can never appeal to the heart within,
Like the country children's merry din.



"Daring each other to climb so high"

Spanging o'er brooklets which prattle by,
Daring each other to climb so high,
Dancing away through the long bright hours,
To come back wreathed with sweet wild flowers.

Bending with mingled wonder and pity,
O'er stories of life in the far off city.
Then tossing away the printed sheet,
To match the speed of their restless feet.

"In the shady nook by the cider mill"

"The sweet new cider thro' a straw"

The ground pine fruit is a fork, to tined,
The ash tree seed is a knife so fine,
The mud pie baked in the sun on leaf,
Is a delicate morsel for hunger's relie

The poppy seed is a teapot rare,
The crook-neck squash a lady fair,
The oak tree furnishes saucer and cu
The squirrel and field mouse are sui to sup.

Or strolling home they stop at will,
In the shady nook by the cider mill,
And choosing places gaily draw
The sweet new cider thro' a straw.

When lingering summer and autu are past,
When Winter sounds his warning blas
The children shout as aw they run,
"Jack Frost is here! Wh glorious fun!"

When the snow lies deep, th country boy
Cries, "Jump on!" and th girl cries back in her joy,
"The very best part of all th year
Is the time when Christmas drawing near."

MARY DAWES WARNER

THE INDIANS IN 1825

In 1825, the Indians, who i Detroit and vicinity were su ported by the governmen became so troublesome th the City Council, through th Mayor, sought aid from the Governor of the state, to quiet and control them.

When the city finally came under American control, Colonel Cass was obliged t feed great numbers of the Indians. In one communication to the war department h states that for several years he fed an average of four hundred indians a day. Betwee 1814 and 1817 he disbursed $200,000 for their benefit. All the year round they cam and went, and the agent's family was "driven from one end of the house to the oth by them." There was always some excuse for their coming, and citizens were n surprised at any time to see a swarthy face at the window-pane; oftentimes the clic of the latch was the only warning of the entrance of one of the nation's wards. Th squaws were not left behind, for there was always some burden for them to carry, and the procession ceased on one day only to begin on the next. Indians lazy and Indians drunk, Indians sick and Indians hungry, all crying "Give, give!" After receiving their payments, hundreds of them would lie about the city, stupidly drunk, until taken or driven away.

"Jack Frost is here"—

THE MONTHS

POEMS BY [illegible]
ILLUSTRATED BY CLIFTON JOHNSON

JANUARY

Clear is the air to the ringing
Of the first of the year's twelve strokes
The wind o'er the white fields bringing
Sounds of the wood as swinging
Courage and strength invokes.

FEBRUARY

What though the brooks are all fettered
By the bonds of the Frost King bold?
What care has the life snow-sheltered —
Covering not to be bettered
While winter continues its hold?

MARCH

Bleak are Michigan's forest wilds
And winds blow fierce in wrath
Delaying still the glad spring-tides,
Yet giving time for last sleigh rides
Along each country path.

APRIL

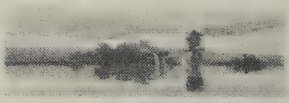
Soft warm rains the wild flowers know
Sent from low gray skies;
Streams swell broad in onward flow,
On willow limbs new leaf buds grow,
Harsh winds become mild sighs.

MAY

In orchard lanes are blossoms white;
Fair earth says, "List child, play;
For the world is bright
All day, all night
When the year clock rings out May."

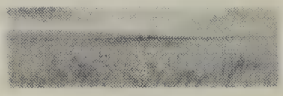
JUNE

A gleam of gold in the grasses
Where the daises love to grow;
And roses, whose short life passes
Where the bee his honey amasses
On the hillsides all aglow.



JULY

Time of harvest now draws nigh,
The grains to ripeness grow,
And through the golden fields of rye
The reaper goes in rich July
And lays the tall heads low.



AUGUST

The torrid thunder storm comes on,
Bred in the languorous skies.
With flashing eye and sullen tone
It rushes on, bursts forth, is gone,
And a freshened earth behind it lies.

SEPTEMBER

Then Earth has its fullest and ripest days
Brief rest between summer and fall;
And yet with a boding of end of ways,
For old Earth's fullness never stays,
But ever must follow Queen Nature's call.

OCTOBER

Color glories where green leaves grew,
And ripe year's fruitage all.
Trees spread gay banners, and 'tis true,
These days of splendor have their due
For nature spent from bud to fall.

NOVEMBER

Once more tell the Puritan story
Of the trials of the fore-father's days.
In peace and in plenty we glory,
While the maize guards the hillsides hoary,
And prepare for the Thanksgiving praise.

DECEMBER

Sound long the note of December,
Last of the twelve-stroked chime.
Christmas glories long to remember
Are out-borne on thy fading ember,
And the year yields up to time.

THE END

,OME REPRESENTATIVE DETROIT BUSINESS INTERESTS

THE DETROIT FREE PRESS

book relating to Detroit would certainly be like the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet out, if a considerable mention were not made in it of that one of its most tant institutions, the Detroit Free Press, which, through the popularity of many of its outors, has become known all over the country.

is one of the best indications of the popular n this great newspaper was the crowd (with its sion of approval and satisfaction) which attended eption at the new house of the paper June 10,

A picture of the building shows on this page hen the place was first opened to the public nany people were in the city, attending the nies of laying the corner stone of the Chamber merce, but the visitors divided their time en the two buildings and commented kindly provingly upon the enterprise of the Free Press. se assurances of approval did not come from iers alone, for none spoke in kindlier tones of dition than did those from various sections of le who were taking an outing in Detroit. The ness was evidently their paper. They seemed end upon it for their news, their information, eh entertainment, if not for their political views. ning — to them — must be looked for as that of friend, and to miss it must be as distinct an ence as though a favorite guest had failed to at the appointed time. Traveling men dropped ccordance with their custom of seeing all that h seeing, and the sentiment frequently heard them was: "Everybody knows The Detroit ers. Get any distance from Michigan and no Detroit paper is heard of We find it on all the stands from New York to San Francisco. It's paper and a hot favorite." More than once this remark was heard in fact or substance: Republican, but I can't get along without The Press. I sometimes get my back up at an edi- at rakes against the grain, but it's a newspaper, clean, fair, reliable and entertaining." hbleacher said as she stood admiring the artistic quarters of the president: I use The ess as one of my authorities in teaching current history. It is bright, affords a carefully variety of matter, keeps right up with all of importance that is transpiring in the world. to, you never encounter anything objectionable in its columns."

e home of a great newspaper and its occupants are always an object of interest to the and a brief description of the quarters occupied by The Free Press and the busy men will doubtless be appreciated in this connection. The exterior of the handsome block or itself in the engraving, and the interior is simply devoted, throughout, to the many ents and conveniences which now enable the management to daily evolve such news-product. First, one naturally passes, from the outer rooms, to the handsome H. W. Quinby, the secretary, treasurer and business manager who has all business on hand under a system like that of a train despatcher. Mr. Quinby has been in ten years and has acquired a fund of experience as valuable to the public as to the e serves.

In passing from Manager Quinby's room to the main exit one goes through the pleasant little office occupied by Assistant Business Manager Edward A. Meiser. His connection with The Free Press has lasted for eleven years, and few men could be found so well equipped for the responsible place in which he is now employed.

Directly opposite is the wire-framed office of the cashier, Charles W. Lokie, a man who left the position of receiving teller of the American Exchange National Bank to accept the important position he now occupies.

Back of and facing the office of the cashier is that of the manager of the advertising department, Charles F. Waterman. In point of service he is the oldest man now in the business department, having commenced work for the paper seventeen years ago.

In the counting-room, conceded to be one of the finest in the country, is shown the progress of the paper since it first went into quarters corner of Larned and Shelby streets, where a six-foot counter was adequate for the transaction of business. Now one four times that length is required and room about it to match. Under the general supervision of Mr. Waterman, the daily details of the work are looked after by Chief Clerk George H. Waltensperger, who began his career with The Free Press as a mere boy and in ten years won his way to the front.

In the rear of the counting-room is the office of the accountant, Ed. R. Hopper, Charles Bassett and Robert Kimball being his efficient assistants. Mr. Hopper is entering upon his tenth year with the paper, Mr. Bassett has been with it for seven years. Following are others who are employed in the business department, with their respective positions: Chas. B. Waystaff, advertising solicitor; W. P. Pettibone; Otto G. Mrosewski, entry clerk; Fred. Eaton, collector; E. T. Billings, collector; Theo. Clark, messenger; Robert Mills, watchman.

Upon the editorial floor is a handsome reception room and in the west front room presides the editorial chief of the Free Press and the president of the business corporation which controls it. This is Wm. E. Quinby, for thirty-five years connected with this paper, from the position of reporter upward, until now it is unnecessary to consider him as other than an old friend and acquaintance of the people of Detroit and Michigan. Mr. Quinby's room is an elegantly furnished one and ornamented with tasteful decorations.

To the east of Mr. Quinby, is the tastefully furnished room of Judge A. G. Boynton, who has been with The Free Press and its political editor for the past twenty-two years, a period covering some of the most eventful epochs in the country's history.

Theodore E. Quinby, vice-president and managing editor, occupies another room. His inviting room presents a unique feature in having the walls covered with matrices of The Free Press, each of which is the original of some page of the paper appearing in years past.

Other rooms are occupied by C. C. Colbrath, telegraph editor, of long experience on the paper; T. H. Moran, night editor, also of long service; John C. Lodge, day city editor; Phil J. Reid, night city editor; and one room is used by the busy local reporters who attend to specified departments.

Besides those who do their daily work at the Free Press office, it has a large staff of

special correspondents and general writers, some of them in constant service and others on whose work this paper has first claim. Prominent among the regulars is Robert Barr, who is in personal charge of the London edition of the Free Press and whose varied accomplishments as a writer over his nom de plume of Luke Sharp have given him a world-wide fame. The Detroit Free Press issued from its London office, is read wherever there is civilization on the eastern continent, no one contributing more directly or effectively to its success than does Mr. Barr.

In charge of the Free Press bureau at Washington is F. H. Hosford, who is also its correspondent from that point. Few men have a wider knowledge of political affairs of this country or of the men most prominent in shaping the course of our public affairs.

Among the other well-known contributors to the Free Press is Mrs. M. L. Rayne, a lady whose productions have secured a strong hold upon the popular mind. For eleven years Mrs. Rayne has been a constant contributor and to-day her name is a household word.

The Free Press is also accommodated with first-class art and telegraph service, on its own premises, and other rooms are devoted to the use of several telegraphic instruments, photographic apparatus, etc.

Still other rooms accommodate the literary editor and his stenographer; the sporting editor, dramatic writer, state news editor and assistant, etc. It is hardly necessary to state that all apartments are well furnished, many of them elegantly, and that toilet conveniences, telephones, annunciators, and in fact, all the accommodations demanded by modern enterprise are at hand in The Free Press building, but the great newspaper office of the present day is such an advance upon that of even a quarter century and a decade ago, that some mention should be made of those important forces in labor-saving inventions which have revolutionized the make-up of the paper. Most important of all is the type-setting machinery which has displaced, in a great measure, the deft fingers of the old-time "sub," and here the Free Press is fully equipped, eighteen type-setting machines, arranged in three rows on a platform in the room devoted to their use. The head machinist is N. A. Larkin, who came with the machines when delivered to the Free Press, August 8, 1892, by the Mergenthaler Linotype Co. From the time they were placed, when many newspapers of the country were skeptical as to the outcome, the machines have given perfect satisfaction and have devolved even a greater degree of efficiency than was then claimed for them. The seventeen machines have a capacity of 6,000,000 ems per week in actual work, about equal to the work of 125 old-time men "compositors." Such is the perfection attained in the machines that on any of them six different varieties of type can be used, and all display news headings, except the top lines, are set by them.

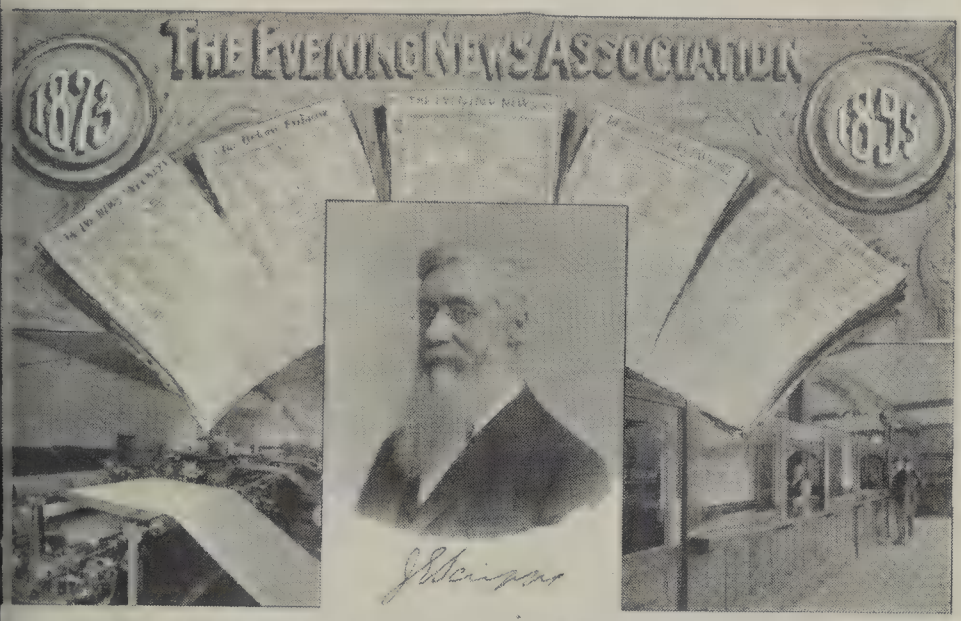
A veteran in the type-setting department, who has not yet been displaced by machines, is Henry R. Dumey, who has been with the paper thirty-eight years. There other long-time employes on the mechanical force of the Free Press, and this paper is singul fortunate in being able to so boast in this respect.

Those who are admirers of fine machinery would be specially interested in visiting basement of the main building. In the rear to the left of the central passageway is the bo room, made fireproof with its brick walls and arched ceilings of the same material. Here two huge steel tubular boilers of the most approved pattern and finest workmanship, built John Brennan & Co., of Detroit. They have the New York consolidated injector valv the American injector water columns and the Ashcroft steam gauges, and are constructed carry one hundred and twenty pounds of steam. Oil is used exclusively as fuel. The sup is carried in a seventy-five-barrel oil tank of steel built in a small apartment immedia adjacent, and supplied to the furnaces by Way's hydraulic system of feeding.

Almost directly across the passage is the engine room. Here is a large vertical engine one hundred and thirty-horse power. There is a finer piece of machinery in its class, as workmanship is the finest and all approved appliances of the most modern date have b used in its construction. There is also an automatic horizontal engine of sixty-five-ho power, to which the same words of commendation as above must be given. They models of mechanical art and can be used singly or the united power can be employ if desired.

Back of the boiler room and the same side the dynamos. Two of them h a capacity of three hundred and fifty lights each, and combined they supply the build when all lights going. Should they temporarily fail, the office has connection w the Edison plant. They are compound machines in which the most advanced knowle of construction is exemplified, and are furnished by the Fontaine Crossing Co. T building is fitted with miles of wire and with all lights on, in front and throughout the bu ing, the dynamos are called upon for their full supply. In the rear of the same room is elevator engine, built by the Michigan Elevator and Engine Co., is the handsome stea hoist elevator which runs in the centre of the building.

The superintendent of the mechanical department is A. J. Whitmore, who has been his present position since 1866. He came from the navy, in which he served his coun during the war, and at once found employment with The Free Press. The office was t on the of Woodbridge and Griswold streets. It had one small engine, an old thr revolution press, a trifling circulation compared with that which it now employs in its th editions—Daily, Weekly and Twice-a-Week. This gives some idea of the wonderful devel ment of The Free Press, which has come to be the most widely known paper of Michig



he Evening News Association is, without possibility of successful contradiction, the est and most influential organization of similar character in this part of the country. It bes The Evening News, the Daily Tribune, the Sunday News-Tribune, the Evening Weekly, devoted to commercial interests, and the Weekly Tribune, in Detroit, being largely interested in the publication of a number of the most successful newspapers ous other leading cities of the country. The establishment and growth of this mammoth disseminating enterprise forms one of the most striking business chapters of the past er of a century. From modest beginnings, it has steadily grown until to-day its power uencing public opinion, as well as in a financial sense, is almost beyond computation, embers of the association have thoroughly mastered the always difficult problem of stully catering for the masses, and their success is, in consequence, only limited by the of the population within their reach. Their aim has always been to print all the news day, regardless of expense, and place it before their readers at a trifling cost. That stimate of the public demand was a correct one, their almost unexampled success is rovertible evidence.

very large measure of this success must be attributed to the wisdom and sound business tent of James E. Scripps, the president of the association. He belongs to a family for at least three generations, have been closely identified with successful journalism, n the United States and England. The present generation have contributed more ful newspaper men to the annals of history than any other family in the entire country. ers of the family are at the present time in control of highly prosperous and eminently ful newspapers in Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, and Maryland, to the founding owth of all of which James E. Scripps contributed very materially, both financially and us wide experience.

e was born in England, and came to this country when still a lad. He settled with his in southern Illinois, where he was given the advantage of a combined common school ademic education. He began his newspaper career on the Chicago Democratic Press, onducted by his uncle, John L. Scripps, in 1857. After two years of experience, he ered his services to the staff of the Detroit Tribune, where his energy and love of the ion quickly pushed him to the front rank. He specially acquired a large proprietary t in the paper and was made its manager, which position he filled with credit and during most of the thirteen years of his original connection therewith. Under Mr. management, the Tribune achieved an enviable position among the republican news- of the country at that time, and was also thoroughly satisfactory as a business enterprise. servatism in politics, however, did not please the radical element of the Republican

This led to the founding of the old Detroit Post, whose first editor was the afterward Carl Schurz. For a time the rivalry between the Tribune and Post was very intense, business of both suffered more or less in consequence.

ernal dissensions arose, and Mr. Scripps finally retired from the management of the e. As matters subsequently turned out, this was the luckiest move he ever made. hrough consideration, he decided to enter upon the boldest experiment which, up to ne, had ever been attempted in connection with Western journalism. This was the ng of the Detroit Evening News, the first two-cent paper ever published with success the Alleghenies. The first number appeared in the fall of 1873, and, despite numerous spoken predictions of certain failure, within two years a most phenomenal success had ended. This was almost wholly due to the energy and superior journalistic ability Scripps. He covered all the news of the day in a nutshell, and gave the public just the newspaper for which they had been waiting.

om the outset, the paper made a specialty of a thorough state news service, a feature still one of its leading attractions. Expenses before which other less enterprising per managers quail are always cheerfully borne by The News, in order to daily keep its apprised of all happenings of importance, in even the most remote nooks and corners higan. Another strong and popular feature has always been perfect independence of party trammels, and an absolute freedom of opinion on every subject, political and otherwise. This has created a wholesome respect for the editorial columns of the paper which is not enjoyed by servile party organs. The business management has also always been exceedingly liberal and enterprising.

After scoring his memorable success with the Evening News, Mr. Scripps, in conjunction with other members of his family who had been thoroughly trained in the office of that paper, founded the Cleveland Press, the Cincinnati Post, and the St. Louis Chronicle, all of which have been phenomenal successes, both in a journalistic and business sense.

In January, 1891, Mr. Scripps learned that the Tribune, after a long series of business reverses resulting chiefly from mistaken policies and bad management, could be purchased on favorable terms. He determined to buy the paper upon which he had done his first newspaper work in Detroit, and which had held a warm place in his heart since he retired from its management, and imbue into it some of the life and energy which had made The News one of the most phenomenal newspaper successes of the age. After less than a week of negotiations, the property from which he had retired with what was for that period a heavy financial loss was again in the possession of Mr. Scripps. Its editorial and business management was thoroughly reorganized on a more liberal and enterprising basis, and it soon began to regain the influence and prestige which had been lost during its vicissitous career. Its principles were broadened and liberalized, and while its republicanism was still unquestioned, it advocated the subordination of men to principles and measures, and the ambitions of leaders to the larger interests of the party.

There could be but one result. Gradually, but surely, the utterances of the Tribune began to carry more weight with them, and the public showed an interest in the opinions and attitudes of the paper which had long been lacking. The business also increased in the same ratio, until the Tribune today must be classed among the other successful newspapers which have had the benefit of Mr. Scripps' guiding hand. It is a thorough newspaper, as well as a party organ, and enjoys a wide popularity among discriminating readers, not only in Detroit, but all over the state and country. The same enterprising methods which rendered the Evening News so phenomenal a journalistic and financial success have been brought to bear upon the Tribune, with telling effect.

For several years past, Mr. Scripps has had the advantage of the co-operation of George G. Booth, the general manager of the Evening News Association. Possessed of the same enterprising ideas which characterize his chief, Mr. Booth has been an invaluable coadjutor and assistant. Upon his shoulders have rested much of the weight of the more active management during recent years, and they have never been found wanting. All the details of the gigantic combined enterprise are constantly at his finger tips. He exercises the most untiring supervision over every portion of the complicated machinery, and his judgment is always sound and trustworthy. Still a young man, Mr. Booth is possessed of restless energy, and every onward step bears the unmistakable impress of his individuality. The unvarying success of the enterprises since he assumed his present responsible position furnishes ample proof of the wisdom of Mr. Scripps in reposing such absolute confidence in his able lieutenant and associate.

The success of the Sunday News-Tribune is now well known to the public. It is conducted on the same general principles which characterize the Evening News, everything within its pages being condensed and to the point. Mr. Scripps is no friend of windy syndicated effusions which very few care to read, but prepares a Sunday paper which is conducted strictly on legitimate newspaper principles. The success achieved by the Sunday News-Tribune is only another evidence of his correct business judgment.

The Commercial Weekly occupies a field peculiarly its own, and, although still comparatively in its infancy, is making rapid strides toward the front rank in that class of journalism. It is designed as the organ of merchants and business men generally, and is faithfully fulfilling its mission. The same is true of the Weekly Tribune, which has an immense circulation among both republican and non-partisans, all over the state.

THE DETROIT JOURNAL.
LAST EDITION
DETROIT MICH. FRIDAY, JUNE 14, 1895.
PRICE TWO CENT
OFFICE SEEKERS
BOILER BLEW UP
TROUBLE IS IN STORE
WHILE HE RESTS
UGLY CHARGES
SIGNS FOR HIS MOLLIE
TOMORROW THE DAY.
Men's Fine $18.00 Suits
CUTAWAY and SACK STYLES at $14.00.
Negligee Shirts—A Red Hot Bargain for $1.00.
Underwear at under prices.
Boys' Clothing—Special sale for Saturday.
R. H. TRAVER
171-173-175 Woodward Avenue.
SATURDAY
Children's Day
Millinery Dept.
SAILORS, All New And Fresh
NTER, GLENN & HUNTER
Suit, Skirt and Shirt Waist Dept.
Tourist Suits
$5.00
SEPARATE SKIRTS
MILLINERY
SILK DEPT.
HOSIERY
GOLDBERGS
225-227-229
WOODWARD AVE.
HAMS
11c lb.
LARD
10c lb.
R. DOWNIE & SONS.
Imperial Tea Co.
Tea and Coffee Dealers
MONEY TO LOAN
ASTHMA

PRESTON NATIONAL BANK

One of Detroit's most important and strongest financial institutions is the Preston National ink, a view of whose principal interior is given herewith. With a capital of $1,000,000 and ficered by men of sterling integrity and long approved business ability and prompt executive pacity, this institution commends itself to conservative investors as well as the man exchange.

This bank receives the accounts of mercantile and commercial houses, manufacturing tablishments, private individuals and ms, in accordance with the prevailing stom of similar establishments, reives ■ deposit, without discount, ecks and drafts on the principal ies of the country, and important ices in Michigan and other states, counts approved commercial paper d loans money on satisfactory ities or collaterals, at market rates. ys and sells foreign exchange in ge or small amounts, and having ounts in foreign money centres can the highest rates and quote the vest selling prices for bankers' bills l commercial drafts drawn on for-n countries.

The bank has long been an impor-t and successful factor in the develop-nt of the commerce and manufac-es of Detroit and Michigan, and the ls of those keeping accounts with institution will be cheerfully sup-d when not inconsistent with the dent principles of banking.

Capitalists, trustees, executors, ad-istrators, guardians, agents and ers, having funds in their possession, investment or safe keeping, or iting the happening of certain events, such ■ the determination of legal questions, can make favorable arrangements with the bank for special accounts, on which proper rates of interest will be allowed, on conditions of withdrawal to be agreed upon.

It has come to be quite a general custom for men of means to place ■ allowance in the hands of their wives for the purpose of defraying the family expenses, and this method has created a demand for banking accommodations and facilities for women. The Preston Bank has a number of such accounts, and extends every needed facility for the transaction of business of this sort.

The keeping of a bank account obviates the necessity of carrying money in the pocket, or the having it in the house, and, of course, the danger of loss is greatly lessened. The payment of bills by checks practically secures a double receipt, as a check made payable to the order of the person to whom the money is due must be endorsed before the bank will pay it.

Widows and women having separate estates, desiring to transact their own financial business, will be afforded every convenience of the several departments, and assistance cheerfully rendered in the buying and selling of investment securities. Information upon subjects of business, value ■ stocks, bonds, securities, &c., will be given upon application by letter or in person.

The present officers of this institution are as follows; F. W. Hayes, President; A. E. F. White, Vice-President, H. L. O'Brien, Cashier; J. P. Gilmore, Auditor; Directors: F. W. Hayes, A. E. F. White, C. A. Black, A. L. Stephens, Wm. H. Elliott, Jerome Croul, Jas E. Davis, J. B. Book, Jas. D. Standish, H. K. White, John Canfield.

PRESTON NATIONAL BANK — AN INTERIOR VIEW

PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK

Who can estimate the beneficent influence exerted by a good savings bank in community, in encouraging habits of thrift, saving, temperance and economy? nd only to the influence of the church seems to be such an institution, and could story of many a bank book deposited at the People's bank be told, it would an instructive educator of the rising generation.

In January, 1871, the People's Saving Bank opened business with a capital stock of $50,000. To-day ■ has a capital stock of $500,000 and has paid out to depositors, during its corporate life more than one million dollars in interest.

The first president and founder of the People's bank, Francis Palms, did much to give the institution its high character, and his family are still prominently identified with it. Besides affording a place for savings, the institution transacts a general banking business, receives deposits subject to check, discounts commercial paper and makes loans on approved collaterals. It also buys and sells foreign exchange and issues letters of credit.

The state banking law of Michigan is very strict regarding safeguards for the protection of depositors and limits the quality of securities in which saving deposits ■ invested to those deemed absolutely safe, requires five sworn reports to the Bank Commissioners, of each bank on such past dates as he may select, and at least one examination of its condition, each year.

The engraving on this page shows the interior of the bank in the Moffat block, corner of Fort and Griswold streets. The present officers are M. W. O'Brien, president (who has been connected with the bank since its organization), Anton Pulte, and F. A. Schulte, vice-presidents; Geo. E Lawson, cashier; R. W. Smylie, auditor; James T. Keene, attorney, and these directors: F. F. Palms, John Mark, Joseph Schulte, W. C Yawkey, M. W. O'Brien, Clarence Carpenter, P. Fitzsimons, Geo H. Barbour, Jas. L. Edson, Jer. Dwyer, F. A. Schulte, Homer W. Candler, F. T. Moran, G. E. Lawson.

This bank solicits the accounts of clerks, mechanics, laborers and married women and business men generally. Loans money on real estate mortgage in amounts small or large to suit the wants of applicants, without any charge for attorney fee or commission.

A cordial and general invitation is extended to all who desire to do so, to visit the new banking offices, and to inspect the massive vaults and safes which embrace in their construction all the most effective appliances and inventions known for the protection of treasure.

PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK — INTERIOR VIEW

STATE SAVINGS BANK BUILDING

THE STATE SAVINGS BANK

ADMIRABLE LOCATION AND HANDSOME APPOINTMENTS — STRONG DIRECTORATE — NOTABLE GROWTH IN BUSINESS

Among Detroit's many excellent banking institutions, none occupies a more prominent place than the State Savings Bank. It was established in 1883 with a capital of $150,000. Three years afterwards this was increased to $200,000, and it now has a surplus fund of $100,000. The bank began business in the Buhl Block, adjoining the Post Office; but in 1890, recognizing the pronounced trend of business northward, its managers had fitted up its present quarters on the principal corner of the Hammond Building. Here it is now permanently located.

The situation of the bank is most excellent. The southeast corner of Gibswold and Fort streets affords frontage on two of the principal business thoroughfares of the city. It is only one block from the new Post Office and is in the very heart of Detroit's financial circulation, as it were. The interior appointments are of the very best description, and comprise every improvement known in the banking business.

SEAL

CUSTOMERS' LOBBY

CUSTOMERS' LOBBY

The intention of the management of the State Savings Bank was to make t permanent quarters equal in elegance and comfort to any similar institution in th West; and that the idea was fully carried out, is well known to every busine man in Detroit. No device of approved utility was omitted. The result of effort dictated by practical experience and a desire to afford every facility for the ra transaction of work, as well as to insure the comfort of the public doing busine therein, was to make this bank what it is. The banking room is a model of archi tectural and decorative elegance and the furniture is no less magnificent.

Its directorate is especially strong. Some of the most prominent and mo enterprising men in a community noted for so many conspicuous examples o financial sagacity and moneyed strength are on its Board. These are:

Gen. Russell A. Alger, ex-Governor of Michigan, member of the firm o Alger, Smith & Co., dealers in timber.

Henry N. Campbell of the well-known law firm of Russell & Campbell.

Wm. C. Colburn, Secretary and Treasurer of the Detroit Bridge and Iro Works.

Wm. H. Elliott, the well-known successful dry-goods merchant.

Chas. L. Freer, Managing Director of the Michigan Peninsular C Company.

Rufus W. Gillett, of Gillett & Hall, the leading grain commission firm in th city.

Frank J. Hecker, President of the Michigan Peninsular Car Company.

Henry B. Ledyard, President and General Manager of the Michigan Centr Railroad Company.

Hugh McMillan, President of the Commercial National Bank, Detroit.

Wm. C. McMillan, Managing Direc- of the Michigan Peninsular Car mpany.

Robert S. Mason, Cashier of the nk, a man of long experience in the ncial world.

Geo. H. Russel, President of the ssel Wheel and Foundry Company.

Henry Russel, General Attorney the Michigan Central Railroad mpany.

Martin S. Smith, Treasurer of Alger, ith & Co.

Chas. Stinchfield, of Whitney & nchfield, extensive lumber dealers.

The present officers of the Bank are: Geo. H. Russel President, M. S. ith, Vice-President, Robert S. son, Cashier and A. E. Wing ditor.

With such a combination of practical trustworthy business talent at the d of its affairs, it is not surprising the State Savings Bank rapidly eloped. From its inception its wth was not only continuous, but marked by immense strides. In July, 1800, its deposits aggregated ttle over $1,995,000. On May 7, 1895, the date of the last state- nt published, they were $3,880,207 57. The following tabulation is resting as showing that the dull season of a year and a half, now pily passed, had but slight effect on the business of this strongly estab- ed and favorite bank. Its deposits were on the dates of published ements:

May 4, 1894	$3,112,033 15
July 18, 1894	3,[illegible] 72
October 6, 1894	3,407,869 16
December 10, 1894	3,[illegible]745.30
March 5, 1895	3,[illegible]
May 7, 1895	3,880,207.57

owing that in one year, over three quarters of a million of dollars e added to its care by its commercial and savings customers.

The resources named in this last statement are:

CUSTOMERS' LOBBY

Loans and Discounts secured by Real Estate and other approved collaterals	$3,415,306.77
Overdrafts	5,622.44
Furniture and Fixtures	7,000.00
Cash on hand and deposited in other banks subject to check	$28,245.81

And the liabilities:

Capital Stock	$ 200,000.00
Surplus Fund	100,000.00
Undivided Profits	67,097.45
Due Depositors	3,880,207.57

Making total footings of $4,250,405 02

As a depository for savings the State Savings Bank has been very successful. It has always enjoyed the full confidence of the thrifty working people who know that saving is gaining. A large and rapidly increasing commercial business is also shown, until now the State Savings Bank does a larger commercial business than any other bank in Michigan under State charter. The commercial and savings

DIRECTORS' ROOM

A TELLER'S WINDOW

business is conducted in distinct departments, under the excellent banking law of the State and under the supervision of the Commissioner of Banking. Around the interests of both departments are thrown the safeguards invented and approved by conservative and at the same time accommodating modern bankers.

The foreign exchange department of the bank does a large business in letters of credit for travelers. It draws its own drafts on the principal cities of the world. Its system affords the greatest convenience to tourists and business men, and its resources in this line are liberally appreciated. Every facility is afforded the individual customer consistent with the well-being of all the stockholders and depositors.

The State Savings Bank, with its immense money backing, its experienced and courteous officers, its central location and its magnificent offices, is an institution of which our city is exceedingly proud. In the new era opening for Detroit it promises to keep pace with the splendid growth of the beautiful metropolis of Michigan.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

The First National Bank is a United States depository and receives the accounts of banks, bankers, corporations, firms and individuals, and will give prompt and careful attention to any business entrusted to it.

This bank was organized in September, 1863, and began its record of business on November 16 of the same year, and under auspices which have advanced its fortunes to their present high standard, a hint of which may be obtained from the statement of the bank's condition and the list of officers given below.

In December, 1864, the charter was transferred to the State Bank of Michigan and the offices were removed to the southeast corner of Jefferson avenue and Griswold street, where the business of the bank continued to be transacted until March 1, 1866, when it acquired by purchase the National Insurance bank, and has since controlled its business interests at its present location, the southwest corner of Jefferson avenue and Griswold street. The first president of the bank, and who held that office up to December 27, 1864, was Philo Parsons, who was succeeded by S. P. Brady, who was president until January 14, 1868, when Jacob S. Farrand assumed the duties of that office. Prior to December 20, 1864, several change were made in the relation of cashier, Mr. Emory Wendell succeeding to the position on that date. Mr. Farrand continued as president and Mr. Wendell as cashier until 1882, when, the charter having expired, a reorganization took place and a new charter was granted, under which the bank resumed business June 19, 1882, with a capital stock of $400,000, and under the following directory: Jacob S. Farrand, Wm. B. Wesson, James McMillan, Emory Wendell, Alanson Sheley, D. M. Ferry, M. L. Mills, L. E. Clark and Geo. V. N. Lothrop.

The following statement (March 5 last) and list of officers will give an index to the character and capacity of the management.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	$3,066,861.48
Overdrafts	33.47
U. S. Bonds to Secure Circulation	150,000.00
U. S. Bonds to Secure Deposits	150,000.00
Premiums Paid	35,000.00
Due from Reserve Agents	$424,044.18
Due from other Banks and Bankers	256,984.60
Due from U. S. Treasurer	19,068.32
Cash on Hand	581,315.89 1,282,013.21
Total	$4,691,958.78

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	$ 400,000.00
Surplus Fund and Profits	215,034.66
Circulating Notes	135,000.00
Deposits	3,771,954.12
Total	$4,691,958.78

DIRECTORS

Hon. Geo. V. N. Lothrop, Lawyer.
Emory Wendell, President Pro Tempore.
Hon. Don M. Dickinson, of Dickinson, Thurber & Stevenson, Attorneys.
William J. Chittenden, of Chittenden & McCreary, proprietors of the "Russell House."
Edwin S. Barbour, President Detroit Stove Works.
Lorenzo E. Clark, Vice-President.
Wm. C. McMillan, Managing Director Michigan Peninsular Car Co.
D. M. Ferry, President.

THE DETROIT TRACK HARNESS

Modern manufacture of carriage and racing track gear has for some time been callin loudly for an improved harness. The racing rig will find just what it wants in the Detro Track Harness, recently invented and patented by M. L. Knowles of Detroit, Mich. M Knowles is the editor of the Horse and Sporting News, the only paper of the kind in Michigan and has invented a humane and valuable article in this harness, which is the only one in th world without breeching, breast strap or whiffle-tree, and is the best and lightest thin obtainable in the way of harness for any rig on the racing track. It gives perfect freedom o every muscle, does not chafe or gall, prevents kicking, hitching or hopping, quarter-grabbing etc., and is as far ahead of all other harness as the pneumatic tire is ahead of the high whe sulky. Testimonials go to show that the Detroit Track Harness improves a horse sometime 100 per cent., contributes largely to the development of his speed and keeps him squarer o the track than any other harness on the market.

M. L. Knowles, the inventor and patentee of the harness, may be addressed for particu lars concerning it at Detroit, Mich., and horsemen will be interested, too, in seeing a cop of the paper so ably published by him,— one of the brightest and breeziest of its professio in the west. It is a sportsman's journal of international interest, circulating throughout th United States and Canada. It is a live weekly paper for the horseman, breeder, farmer, an sportsman, devoted to the horse, his owner and his friend and all outdoor sports. It give the sporting news in a nutshell from all parts of the world, and is a high class advertisin medium with low rates. The subscription price is only $1.00 a year. Sample copy will b sent free. Address Horse News Publishing Co.

MIDSUMMER VOYAGES

BY THE MAGNIFICENT BOATS OF THE DETROIT AND CLEVELAND STEAM NAVIGATION CO.

The engraving herewith given shows the new steamer "Mackinac," of the Detroit and Cleveland Steam Navigation Co., one of the five magnificent boats of the fleet which ply between all the principal ports of Lakes Erie and Huron. All these boats are of steel, equipped with water-tight compartments and all the appliances and conveniences which make a boat safe and comfortable.

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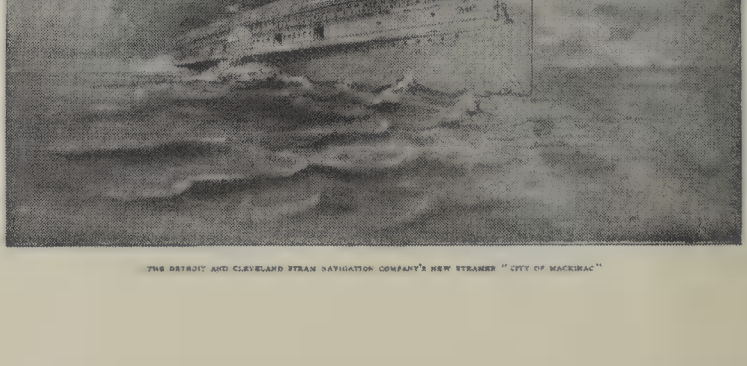

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ERRATA.—For title of picture at foot of page 30, read "Distant View of Old Capitol Building," instead of "Old Hospital Building." Transpose the titles of Second Avenue and Memorial Presbyterian churches, on page 33.

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